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LITTLE CLASSICS

WITH INITIATIVE STEPS IN
VOCAL TRAINING
FOR
ORAL ENGLISH

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TO THOSE WHO USE THIS BOOK:

The sweetest song was ever sung
May soothe you but a little while:
The gayest music ever rung
Shall yield you but a fleeting smile.

The well I digged you soon shall pass:
You may but rest with me an hour:
Yet drink, I offer you the glass,
A moment of sustaining power.

And give to you, if it be gain,
Whether in pleasure or annoy,
To see one elemental pain,
One light of everlasting joy.

A. E.

The aim of this book is to present a method of developing the voice in reading and speaking which will avoid imitation or artificial and mechanical modes of teaching. The underlying principle is that thinking and feeling cause voice modulation; that expression is an outward manifestation of mental activity; and that there are three ways in which expression can be improved: first, by stimulating the cause; second, by making the voice and the body more normal and responsive; third, by understanding the elements of vocal expression or the right voice modulation.

One peculiarity of this book is the presentation of questions which are to be answered by rendering extracts, printed with the questions or problems. Methods of studying and of teaching are treated in foot-notes.

Some may think the book impractical. The method, however, has been tried and the results have been astonishing. Treating impression and expression as co-ordinate reveals not only imperfections of expression, but inadequate or wrong modes of thinking. Others may regard it as too difficult. Practice will show that it is simple and even easy, if patient, persevering attention and work be given the successive steps.

The method employed is so different from all others that great care should be exercised, especially at first.

The teacher must guide; nothing can be given as mere intellectual information. "To know a thing we must do it." If the answers be given intellectually as mere explanations they will mean little. Instinct must be awakened, the conscious connection between thinking and the natural modulations of the voice and body must be realized. This will develop naturalness, simplicity and power. Each student will be developed according to his own peculiar nature. His thinking and feeling will also be improved.

The problem of improving the voice and expression is not an easy one. The spontaneous energies of being must be awakened, or the results will be superficial. Imitation or mechanical rules have been proven superficial; they do not awaken instinct.

The book is founded upon the principle advocated by the best psychologists, that vocal training should precede language training; that speaking should precede writing. If the student can be made to realize his thinking in the natural modulations of his voice he will receive inspiration to express himself in simple writing.

No words can express the thanks due to the many authors who have allowed the use of selections from their copyright works: to Mr. John T. Trowbridge, whose good counsel has been extended to me for thirty-five years; to Mr. Clinton Scollard, Mr. Nixon Waterman, Mr. Wm. J. Long, Mr. Charles Keeler, Mr. Hamlin Garland, the publishers of the books of Mr. Sam Walter Foss, and to many others.

A Home Study Course for teachers using any of my books in teaching has been arranged. This Course will endeavor to make suggestions as to methods. Address, stating name of school and the book used.

S. S. CURRY.

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INITIATIVE STEPS

I

HOW WE RECEIVE IMPRESSIONS

I. THINKING IN TALKING AND READING

My window is the open sky,
The flower in farthest wood is mine;
I am the heir to all gone by,
The eldest son of all the line.

From "Immortality."

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

1. If you first read a short passage in the ordinary way, and then talk about it or express its meaning in your own words, what are some of the differences that you note between the way you read and the way you talk? What causes these differences?

Robins in the tree top;
Blossoms in the grass;
Green things a-growing,
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes;
Showers of silver dew;
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew.

From "Marjorie's Almanac."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

To Teachers: All the headings, except the numbering of the problems, correspond with the companion volume of "Oral English." The two books are intended to go together — the other to furnish discussions and explanations; and this book to furnish additional selections and pointed questions for inductive self-observation in interpretation.

Some teachers prefer books with only selections; others prefer books with full discussions; still others like both books to complement each other.

These two volumes will serve all three classes. Some teachers will have only this book in the students' hands, and will have "Oral English" for reference. Others will use the "Oral English" in class, and in it will find a sufficient number of selections for a good course; still others will give students both books — one for better explanation of principles and the other for more independent self-study.

Footnotes and references to the author's other books will enable teachers or students to make still further investigations into the more important subjects. As there is a correspondence in topics and numbers, references to "Oral English" are omitted.

2. What differences did the little brother feel between his sister's reading and her story-telling or talking?

The finest stories in the world
May tells to us at night.
Giants and dwarfs jump all around
When we put out the light.
But once I crept close to her school,
And peeped right through the door;
I heard May reading from a book —
She never talked like that before,
“I- have- a- dog,” she slowly said,
“My- dog- can- jump- and- run,”
She drawled and dragged word after word,
As if she did not like the fun.

THE PROCESSION OF THE FLOWERS

Then came the daisies,
On the first of May,
Like a banner'd show's advance
While the crowd runs by the way,
With ten thousand flowers about them
They came trooping through the fields.

As a happy people come,
So came they,
As the happy people come
When the war has roll'd away,
With dance and tabor, pipe and drum,
And all make holiday.

Then came the cowslip,
Like a dancer in the fair,
She spread her little mat of green.

There danced she,
With a fillet bound about her brow,
A fillet round her happy brow,
A golden fillet round her brow,
And rubies in her hair.

Sydney Dobell.

In the very beginning the pupil, no matter how young, must in some way be brought to realize that all talking, reading or speaking is the effect of thinking. In talking we think; in reading we are apt merely to call words. See “Lessons in Vocal Expression,” pp. 1-17; “Foundations of Expression,” pp. 9-12. The references to other books will enable the teacher to add questions, or to change the problems according to the needs of different classes. The questions, it can be seen at once, are meant for nature-study, and self-observation. The faithful teacher will, of course, recognize just how much guidance the pupil needs — the less the better.

II. ATTENTION AND MENTAL PICTURES

The linnet is singing the wild wood through;
The fawn's bounding footsteps skim over the dew,
The butterfly flits round the blossoming tree,
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as they?

Mary Russell Mitford.

3. When you speak these lines naturally, what do you find your mind doing?

See the man that long has tossed
On the thorny bed of pain
At length repair his vigor lost,
And breathe and walk again;
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

From "Ode to Vicissitude."

Thomas Gray.

4. As you tell about some interesting event, what do you catch your mind doing?

IN APRIL

The poplar drops beside the way
Its tasselled plumes of silver-gray;
The chestnut pouts its great brown buds
Impatient for the laggard May.

The honeysuckles lace the wall,
The hyacinths grow fair and tall;
And mellow sun and pleasant wind
And odorous bees are over all.

Elizabeth Akers.

The pictorial action of the mind, the sustaining of the pictures in the mind while one is speaking, should be realized early. See "Lessons in Vocal Expression," pp. 26-34. Do not dominate the child or expect specific pictures. Each child, if he thinks carefully and gives up to his own thinking, will have more or less unique action. See "Lessons in Vocal Expression," pp. 35-44.

The actions of the mind in thinking must govern expression. These actions are concentration of the mind at one point, and leaping to another in a series of successive pulsations. See "Lessons in Vocal Expression," pp. 18-24; "Foundations of Expression," pp. 19-23. There are other things, of course, which the mind is doing and the teacher may possibly bring out some of these — such as making pictures. Spontaneous mental activities should never be repressed. Wrong mental actions may also be discovered — skipping about, for instance, or thinking of other things.

5. Tell a story, letting your mind receive the ideas as it chooses. Let it do likewise in reading or reciting. Does the action of your mind seem to have anything to do with the changes in your voice?

SPRING SONG

Spring comes hither,	White light pours,
Buds the rose;	Flies away.
Roses wither,	Soft winds blow,
Sweet spring goes.	Westward borne;
Summer soars, —	Onward go,
Wide-winged day;	Toward the morn.

George Eliot.

6. If you increase or prolong your attention at any point or upon any idea, what comes to your mind? What are some of the effects of such mental pictures upon your reading and talking?

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch, when owls do cry:
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough!

William Shakespeare.

7. As you talk or read aloud can you see, or hear, or feel successive ideas in your mind? Let your mind live ideas one at a time before and as you give them.

WHITE CLOVER

The distant hills, the long day thro',
 Have fainted in a haze of blue,
 The sun has been a burning fire,
 The day has been a warm desire —
 But all desire is over;
 The lights are fading from the west,
 The night has brought a dreamy rest,
 And deep in yonder wood is heard
 The sudden singing of a bird —
 While here an evening wind has stirred
 A slope set thick with clover.

Lessons or exercises in conversation should be given from the first. This will make students more natural and simple, and help to awaken thinking in their reading.

The fields have lost their lingering light,
 The path is dusky thro' the night —
 The clover is too sweet to lose
 Her fragrance with the gathering dews —
 The skies are warm above her;
 The cricket pipes his song again,
 The cows are waiting in the lane,
 The shadows fall adown the hill,
 And silent is the whippoorwill;
 But thro' the summer twilight still
 You smell the milk-white clover.

The glory of the day has ceased,
 The moon has risen in the east,
 The distant hills, the meadows near,
 Are bathed in moonlight soft and clear,
 That veils the landscape over;
 And born of rare and strange perfume,
 Pure as the clover's odorous bloom,
 Dear hopes, that are but half confessed,
 Dim thoughts and longings fill the breast,
 Till lost again in deeper rest
 Among the blossomed clover.

Dora Read Goodale.

III. OBSERVATION AND IMPRESSION

Oh, for boyhood's painless play;
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day;
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules;
 Knowledge never learned of schools, . . .
 How the tortoise bears his shell;
 How the woodchuck digs his cell,
 And the ground-mole sinks his well;
 How the robin feeds her young;
 How the oriole's nest is hung;
 Where the whitest lilies blow;
 Where the freshest berries grow;
 Where the ground-nut trails its vine;
 Where the wood-grape's clusters shine; . . .
 Nature answers all he asks;
 Hand in hand with her he walks
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part and parcel of her joy, —
 Blessings on the barefoot boy!

From "The Barefoot Boy."

John Greenleaf Whittier.

It is not wise to give too much attention to the peculiarities of the individual pupils, but sometimes the teacher may experiment, giving the word "rose" and asking what color each one saw; "oriole" and asking whether the mind saw it or heard its song; and so with other words, "brook," "pine tree." Observe any children whose apperceptions do not quickly respond. See "Les-

8. Does your mind form pictures of the scenes, animals, and objects of the preceding lines? Receive, live, and give one thing at a time with a boy's enjoyment. Which of the things mentioned do you see in your mind most quickly and easily, and why?

CALLING THE FLOWERS

Sweet Lady Pea, fly hither to me;
Light and white are your wings, I see.

Golden Rod, touch me, I pray you, over
The thousand heads of the low sweet clover.

Snap-dragon, quick! There's a bee in your bonnet.
Pinch him and send him off thinking upon it.

Lily-bell, whisper and tell me true
What was the humming bird saying to you?

Poppy, flaunting your silken dress,
You'll yet wear a seedy cap, I guess.

Buttercup, bring your gold saucers to me;
Here are two butterflies coming to tea.

Daisy, daisy, look over the way —
Why do you stare at the sun all day?

Pansy, what are you laughing about?
"Born to the purple" were you, no doubt.

But, violet sweet, O violet sweet,
Fairer are you at the Pansy's feet.

Mary A. Bathbuty.

sons in Vocal Expression," pp. 27, 28. It will be observed that there are three problems for picturing, though the first, number four, may not bring in the idea of picturing but simply the movements of the mind from one idea to the other. Others can be introduced according to the necessity of pupils, but as a rule it is not wise to dwell too long on this subject. Many have made too much of it, and have introduced an effort to make pictures, which should never be. The seeing of pictures should be spontaneous, and the way to develop spontaneity is by the study of nature, observation, and storing the mind full of beautiful things.

All expression must be associated with observation, with nature-study. Pupils will remember what they have seen. Teachers must be sure that everything read about has been seen and observed at first hand. Leaves, flowers, even animals should be taken to the school. Sometimes pictures may be used, but only to help students to identify objects. Children in crowded sections should be taken to the country, or should be recommended to go to the parks with their parents. One such trip may cause more awakening than months of labor in school. The school without nature can hardly accomplish the work.

Reading is so apt to be considered a mere matter of words that some will not see the importance of this. But the teacher who is patient and who awakens the mental energy of pupils will discover, gradually, the effect of thinking upon the voice and the unfolding of naturalness. Many things will be accomplished without the teacher's knowing how they are done.

9. At sight of a word or phrase do the pictures of the flowers here mentioned spring up in your mind at once and of themselves? Can you leave your mind to act freely and promptly as the eye grasps the word or phrase?

The glory has passed from the goldenrod's plume,
The purple-hued asters still linger in bloom;
The birch is bright yellow, the sumachs are red,
The maples like torches aflame overhead.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

IV. OBSERVATION AND FEELING

ALL THINGS WAIT UPON THEE

Innocent eyes not ours
And made to look on flowers,
Eyes of small birds, and insects small;
Morn after summer morn
The sweet rose on her thorn
Opens her bosom to them all.
The last and least of things,
That soar on quivering wings,
Or crawl among the grass blades out of sight,
Have just as clear a right
To their appointed portion of delight
As queens or kings.

Christina Georgina Rossetti.

10. Not only picture with your mind, but enjoy each successive idea; always both see and feel before you try to tell. Observe, too, that you must see and feel but one thing at a time.

THE BIRD'S NEST

Eliza and Anne were extremely distressed
To see an old bird fly away from her nest,
And leave her poor young ones alone;
The pitiful chirping they heard from the tree
Made them think it as cruel as cruel could be,
Not knowing for what she had flown.

Pupils should be awakened not only to picture things, but to feel and enjoy them as well. The human mind is a unit, and all faculties and powers should act harmoniously.

But, when with a worm in her bill she return'd,
 They smil'd on each other, soon having discern'd
 She had not forsaken her brood;
 But, like their dear mother, was careful and kind,
 Still thinking of them, though she left them behind
 To seek for them suitable food.

Elizabeth Turner.

11. How many birds do you know by their colors, by their songs? Can you put your feeling for the robin into your voice as you give these words?

SPRING TWILIGHT

Singing in the rain, robin? Rippling out so fast
 All thy flute-like notes, as if this singing were thy last!
 After sundown, too, robin? Though the fields are dim,
 And the trees grow dark and still, dripping from leaf and limb.

Surely, thus to sing, robin, thou must have in sight
 Beautiful skies behind the shower, and dawn beyond the night.
 Would thy faith were mine, robin! then, though night were long,
 All its silent hours should melt their sorrow into song.

Edward Rowland Sill.

V. TRAINING THE MIND TO USE THE EYE AND EAR

SUPPOSE

How dreary would the meadows be
 In the pleasant summer light,
 Suppose there wasn't a bird to sing,
 And suppose the grass was white!

And dreary would the garden be,
 With all its flowery trees,
 Suppose there were no butterflies,
 And suppose there were no bees.

And what would all the beauty be,
 And what the song that cheers,
 Suppose we hadn't any eyes,
 And suppose we hadn't ears? . . .

Alice Cary.

12. In reading the preceding what do you see or hear; or, in the following, how many birds do you see in your mind? How many sounds do you hear and enjoy?

One bird that has been listened to, and observed, and named by the children will be worth a hundred that have been seen just as birds without being discriminated. Ideas, to be of consequence, must be specific, definite and exact.

O Larks, sing out to the thrushes,
And thrushes, sing to the sky!
Sing from your nests in the bushes,
And sing wherever you fly.

13. Does the reading of this poem bring butterflies to your mind? Do you see them colored, and flitting about as you see them in life?

THE BUTTERFLY'S TOILET

Oh, butterfly, how do you, pray,
Your wings so prettily array?
Where do you find the paints from which
To mix the colors warm and rich?

The butterfly in answer said:
"The roses lend me pink and red,
The violets their deepest blue,
And every flower its chosen hue.

"My palette is a rose-leaf fair,
My brush is formed of maiden-hair,
And dew-drops shining in the grass
Serve nicely for my looking glass."

Nixon Waterman.

14. Listen for the difference in pitch between the hum of the honey-bee and that of the bumble-bee. Give with the voice the honey-bee's tone; then the bumble-bee's after it. Observe the differences.

When the apple trees are in blossom you may hear a thousand honey-bees in a continuous complex hum, hum, hum.

The bumble-bee loves the clover best and you can hear him from morning till night with his low bum, bum, bum.

TO A HONEY-BEE

"Busy-body, busy-body,
Always on the wing,
Wait a bit, where you have lit,
And tell me why you sing. . .

"Come, just a minute come,
From your rose so red."
Hum, hum, hum, hum—
That was all she said. . . .

Alice Cary.

One of the first faculties to awaken in the child is the sense of color. The awakening of the sense of action probably precedes that of color, and the sense of sound follows soon after. All these should receive attention from the earliest

15. When you talk do you make tones on one pitch as the bumble-bee does? Speak "No" very emphatically, and then as a question. What did your voice do, and how did it differ from the hum of the bee? Read these lines and let your voice jump about freely. What makes it jump about? Sing a word and then speak it. What is the difference?

HAREBELLS

Blue sky and bluer sea,
And harebell at my feet
Blue yet more utterly,
Why is your hue so sweet?

What fiber of my soul
Thrills at your loveliness?
Why should a tint control
My heart like a caress?

Blue sky and bluer sea
And harebell at my feet,
How can mere color be
Beyond all telling sweet?

Arlo Bates.

16. What birds have disagreeable voices? What birds sing very beautiful songs? Have you ever stopped to wonder why the robin's note is joyous and pleases you?

TO THE ROBIN THAT SINGS AT MY WINDOW

Robin, abob in the top of the sycamore,
Swinging and singing and flinging your song
Out on the April breeze,
Over the maple trees,
Like a gay cavalier lilting along
Over the hills to the valleys of Arcady,
Through dewy dells where spring blossoms blow,
Out of gray shadow lands
Into May meadow lands
Starry with wind-flowers whiter than snow,
Oh, let me ride with you, Robin, to Arcady,
Swift through the cool of the dew and the dawn—
Oh, let me sing with you—
Make the road ring with you,
Gaily and gallantly galloping on.

years, even months, of the child's life. But frequently this training has been neglected. To stimulate this sense butterflies, flowers, autumn leaves, may all be used.

Sing, Robin, sing a wild ballad of Arcady,
 Fresh as the fleet rosy clouds of the dawn.
 Sing as I ride with you,
 Sing side by side with you,
 While we go galloping, galloping on.
 Sing of the deeds that were done while yet the world was young,
 Sing of brave stories that never were told,
 Sing of the olden time,
 Sing of the golden time,
 Sing of the glory that never grows old,
 Sing the grand hymn of the pines and the summer seas,
 Sing the wind's song and the rush of the rain,
 Sing of the mystery,
 Older than history,
 Sung by the seed in the growth of the grain.

Sing me the song of the sun and the summer-time,
 Sing me the song that the bumble-bee drones,
 As he goes blundering
 Home from his plundering
 Deep down in orchards that nobody owns.
 Flute throated herald of June and of Hollyhocks,
 Ripple-tongued singer of roses and rain,
 Earliest, merriest,
 Bravest and veriest
 Promise of summer and sunshine again.
 Come, let me ride with you, Robin, to Arcady
 Over the hills in the dawn of the day,
 Out of the shadow lands
 Into the meadow lands
 Where it is summer forever and aye.

John Bennett.

SEPTEMBER

'Tis the radiant rare September,
 With the clusters ripe on the vine,
 With scents that mingle in spicy tingle
 On the hill-slope's glimmering line.

And summer's a step behind us,
 And autumn's a thought before,
 And each fleet sweet day that we meet on the way
 Is an angel at the door.

Not known.

The training of the ear is best initiated by a study of the sounds of nature. In my opinion training to recognize qualities should come before training to recognize changes of pitch. Still it does not much matter which is first, both are so necessary. The joyous song of the robin and bobolink is a perpetual teacher, an example both in quality and in variety of pitch.

VI. LIVING OUR IDEAS

OLD MAXIMS

A good many workers
I've known in my time —
Some builders of houses,
Some builders of rhyme;
And they that were prospered,
Were prospered, I know,
By the intent and meaning of
"Hoe your own row!"

From "Hoe Your Own Row."

Alice Cary.

17. Read a fable, letting the animals or objects think as well as talk. How would these buckets differ in the way they speak, and why?

THE TWO BUCKETS

"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion as they were going to the well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was thinking how useless it is for us to be filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me! how strange to look at it in that way!" said the other bucket. "Now, I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full."

THE BANNER AND THE CARPET

The royal banner bent his head,
And to the royal carpet said:
"In the palace at Bagdad
Different duties we have had;
Different, too, is our reward,
Though servants both of one great lord.
While the storms beat on my head,
For a queen's feet you are spread.
I, on marches blown and torn,
Into the jaws of death am borne.
You are kept from dust and rains,
Battles, winds, and rents and stains.
Yours, a calm and happy life;
Mine is full of pain and strife."
Then the royal carpet said:

The teacher will observe that the aim here is to awaken dramatic instinct. It usually does not need much awakening; it simply needs to be used as a help in education. Games may be used, and dialogues extemporized from fables and stories, until the children become free and spontaneous.

" You to heaven may lift your head.
I lie here beneath men's feet,
A slave to tread on and to beat;
You, in battle's stormy night,
May lead heroes to the fight."

William R. Alger.

18. Tell a story just as if you were living it over at the moment.

A man blind from his birth asked another who could see, " What is the color of milk? "

The latter replied, " The color of milk is like white paper."

The blind man asked, " Does white, then, rustle in the hands like paper? "

The man who could see replied, " No, it is simply white like a rabbit."

The blind man asked, " Then is it downy and soft like a rabbit? "

The man who could see replied, " No, white is a color exactly like snow."

The blind man then asked, " And is it cold like snow? "

And in spite of all the comparisons that the man who could see made, the blind man was wholly unable to apprehend what the color of milk really was.

Leo Tolstoi.

THE PERT CHICKEN

There was once a pretty chicken;
But his friends were very few,
For he thought that there was nothing
In the world but what he knew:
So he always, in the farmyard,
Had a very forward way,
Telling all the hens and turkeys
What they ought to do and say.

" Mrs. Goose," he said, " I wonder
That your goslings you should let
Go out paddling in the water;
It will kill them to get wet."

" I wish, my dear Aunt Dorking,"
He began to her, one day,
" That you wouldn't sit all summer
In your nest upon the hay.
Won't you come out to the meadow,
Where the grass with seeds is filled? "
" If I should," said Mrs. Dorking,
" Then my eggs would all get chilled."

"No, they won't," replied the chicken;

"And no matter if they do:

Eggs are really good for nothing;

What's an egg to me or you?"

"What's an egg!" said Mrs. Dorking;

"Can it be you do not know

You yourself were in an egg-shell

Just one little month ago?

And, if kind wings had not warmed you,

You would not be out to-day,

Telling hens, and geese, and turkeys,

What they ought to do and say?

"To be very wise and show it,

Is a pleasant thing, no doubt;

But when young folks talk to old folks,

They should know what they're about."

Not known.

II

IMPRESSIONS AND HOW CONDITIONS RESPOND TO THEM

VII. IMPRESSION AND THE BODY

Howe'er it be, it seems to me

'Tis only noble to be good;

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood.

From "Lady Clara Vere de Vere."

Alfred Tennyson.

19. Suppose you hear a drum and someone cries, "Hurrah, the soldiers!" What effect does such a sudden surprise have upon your body? What do you find your body doing when you give a joyous shout?

Hurrah! hurrah! let us build a snow man as big as a giant.

Some simple surprise can be used which will show the student that the whole body responds before speech. Action is premature language. Nature has a certain order of unfoldment. We may violate this order but we accomplish tenfold when we follow it. The training of the whole body should precede training of the part. Vocal training should precede language training. Great care should be exercised to make the actions of the body spontaneous responses to thinking and feeling — not simply volitional acts.

The first effect of emotion is expansion. The teacher should choose passages illustrating joy, patriotism or such exalted emotion as will stimulate the expansive activity of the body.

20. When you say "Hurrah for the flag!" or give words full of joy and excitement, how is your body affected?

A BOY'S SONG IN SPRING

Hurrah, for the snow is over,
And the merry brook is free!
We'll soon sip sweets from the clover
Along with the bumble-bee.

We'll track the soaring swallow
As he eddies above the trees,
And follow him and follow,
And dream of the things he sees.

We'll watch the insects springing
Till they seem like roguish elves,
And hark to the brown thrush singing
Till we want to sing ourselves.

Hurrah, for the snow is over!
And Winter, the poor old soul,
Has gone to play the rover
On the meadows of the pole.

From "A Boy's Book of Rhyme,"
G. W. Browning, Clinton, N. Y., Publisher.
By permission.

Clinton Scollard.

21. How does patriotism affect the body? What is the difference in effect between courage and fear? What is the difference between an ignoble and a noble emotion? Between tenderness and resolution? Why should we practice selections full of joy, patriotism and exalted emotions?

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land?"

Walter Scott.

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

From "Lady Clare."

Tennyson.

The next step is elevation. The two should generally go together, though problems should be given for both—see 21, for elevation. For response of body and voice, see "Foundations of Expression," pp. 61-96; "Mind and Voice," pp. 54-64.

Bright flag at yonder tapering mast,
 Fling out your field of azure blue;
 Let star and stripe be westward cast,
 And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
 Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
 Point home, my country's flag of stars!

Nathaniel Parker Willis, 1806-1867.

Where may the wearied eye repose
 When gazing on the Great,
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state?
 Yes — one — the first — the last — the best —
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeathed the name of Washington,
 To make man blush there was but one!

Byron.

THE FLAG

Symbol of hope to me and to mine and to all who aspire to be free,
 Ever your golden stars may shine from the east to the western sea;
 Ever your golden stars may shine, and ever your stripes may gleam,
 To lead us on from the deeds we do to the greater deeds that we
 dream.

Here is our love to you, flag of the free, and flag of the tried and
 true;

Here is our love to your streaming stripes and your stars in a field
 of blue;

Native or foreign, we're children all of the land over which you fly,
 And, native or foreign, we love the land for which it were sweet to
 die.

Denis Aloysius McCarthy.

VIII. HOW IMPRESSIONS CAUSE VOICE

Hark, hark, with what an open throat
 The joyous robin tunes his note!

Adapted from "Spring's Welcome."

John Lyly.

22. How does deep or sudden feeling affect you in
 giving some exclamatory word, phrase or passage?

Just then the branches lightly stirred —
 See out o' the apple boughs a bird
 Bursts music-mad into the blue abyss.

From "At Dawn."

Edwin Markham.

Away, away, from men and towns,
 To the wild wood and the downs —
 To the silent wilderness
 Where the soul need not repress
 Its music lest it should not find
 An echo in another's mind,
 While the touch of Nature's art
 Harmonizes heart to heart.

From "The Invitation."

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

No; thus I rend thy tyrant's chain,
 And fling him back a boy's disdain!

From "The Polish Boy."

23. The taking of breath and the opening of the tone passage naturally respond to an impression. Do they act separately or together? As two things, or as one?

Awake! arise! and come away!
 Radiant Sister of the Day,
 To the wild woods and the plains,
 And the pools where winter rains
 Image all their roof of leaves.

From "The Invitation."

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

"Oh! mamma, there is a bluebird! Spring is come!"

"A bluebird! Impossible so early in March. You must be mistaken."

"No. Come to the door; you can hear him just as plain!"

Sure enough, on the highest top of the great button-ball tree opposite the house sat the little blue angel singing with all his might — a living sapphire dropped down from the walls of the beautiful city above. A most sanguine and imprudent bluebird he must certainly have been, though the icicles on the eaves of the house were actually commencing to drip. But there undoubtedly he was — herald of good days to come.

The boys and little Dolly ran out, shouting wildly: "Hurrah! There is a bluebird. Spring is coming — spring is coming!"

Yes. Spring was coming; the little bluebird herald was right, though he must have chilled his beak and frozen his toes as he sat there. But he came from the great Somewhere, where things are always bright; where life and summer and warmth and flowers are forever going on while we are bound down under ice and snow.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Vocal exercises for young students should be given with great care. The best are simple exclamations full of joy and heartiness. These can be originated by the teacher or taken from poems. Joyous excitement not only expands and lifts the body, but causes the taking of breath, and the opening of the tone passage just before the exclamation. In training children's voices the primary emphasis must always be on the mental action. See "Mind and Voice," pp. 17; 19-31; 45; 59-67.

24. Give definite attention to some idea, or situation, and receive such a vivid impression that your body expands, that you take breath, and open the tone passage. Before speaking such an exclamation as "Ah," from the following passage; "Good-night," from the second passage; "Ha!" "Hurrah!" or any exclamation, accentuate all the primary preparatory actions or conditions for speech. Repeat this many times till both actions take place easily and naturally together.

"Ah, the wise little bees! they know how to live,
Each one in peace with his neighbor;
For though they dwell in a narrow hive,
They never seem too thick to thrive,
Nor so many they spoil their labor. . . .

"And wherever you stay, or wherever you roam,
In the days while you live in clover,
You should gather your honey and bring it home,
Because the winter will surely come,
When the summer of life is over."

Good-night! ye merry, merry birds,
Sleep well till morning light;
Perhaps if you could sing in words,
You would have said, "Good-night!"

To all my pretty flowers, good-night!
You blossom while I sleep;
And all the stars that shine so bright
With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there;
'Tis time to shut our weary eyes,
And say our evening prayer.

From "Good-Night."

Eliza Lee Follen.

25. Can you receive such a decided picture or impression of each successive phrase that the taking of breath and the opening of the tone passage immediately follow your ideas, and, as in the case of an exclamation, cause the conditions which will support the speaking of the words of the phrase?

Technical exercises must not be too much separated from words; nor physical training from expressive action of the body; nor either of these from the direct action of the mind.

THE BELL BUOY

They christened my brother of old —
 And a saintly name he bears —
 They gave him his place to hold
 At the head of the belfry stairs,
 Where the minster towers stand
 And the breeding kestrels cry.
 Would I change with my brother a league inland?
 (Shoal! 'Ware shoal!) Not I! . . .

When the smoking scud is blown,
 When the greasy wind-rack lowers,
 Apart and at peace and alone,
 He counts the changeless hours.
 He wars with darkling Powers
 (I war with a darkling sea);
 Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk?
 (Shoal! 'Ware shoal!) Not he! . . .

Through the blur of the whirling snow,
 Or the black of the inky sleet,
 The lanterns gather and grow,
 And I look for the homeward fleet.
 Rattle of block and sheet —
 "Ready about — stand by!"
 Shall I ask them a fee ere they fetch the quay?
 (Shoal! 'Ware shoal!) Not I! . . .

From "The Five Nations."

Rudyard Kipling.

IX. EASE AND FREEDOM OF TONE

Yo ho! Yo ho! to the sea we go,
 Three sailors gay are we;
 The tide is full and the sun drops low,
 'Tis time we put to sea.
 Heave up, heave up our wide-winged sail
 And let the wind blow free;
 No fears have we though it blow a gale,
 For sailors bold are we.

26. Feel yourself a sailor in giving this "Yo ho!"
 Let it express the sailor's heartiness and joy at going
 to sea.

The greatest hindrance to freedom of tone is constriction in the tone passage. The cause of this is embarrassment, lack of attention, indifference, antagonism, a mechanical manner, elimination of feeling, or a habitual cramping of the jaw. When a pupil is reading be sure that all his body, especially the throat and face, is easy and free, and that there is interest and enjoyment in his mind. See "Mind and Voice," pp. 119-165.

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night —
 Ten to make and the match to win —
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
 An hour to play and the last man in.
 And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
 Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
 But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!" . . .

This is the word that year by year
 While in her place the School is set
 Every one of her sons must hear,
 And none that hears it dare forget.
 This they all with a joyful mind
 Bear through life like a torch in flame,
 And falling fling to the host behind —
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

"Life's Torch."

Henry Newbolt.

27. Why are joy and heartiness so helpful to the voice? Read a very joyous passage letting each successive idea cause you to breathe deeply and open the tone passage; let the breath then come out freely, easily, and naturally.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray
 Of the good time coming.
 Cannon balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger;
 We'll win our battle by its aid; —
 Wait a little longer.

Charles Mackay.

WINDLASS SONG

Heave at the windlass! — Heave O, cheerly, men!
 Heave all at once, with a will!
 The tide quickly making,
 Our cordage a-creaking,
 The water has put on a frill,
 Heave O!

Fare you well, on shore! — Heave O, cheerly, men!
 Fare you well, frolic and sport!
 The good ship all ready,
 Each dog-vane is steady,
 The wind blowing dead out of port,
 Heave O!

Once in blue water — Heave O, cheerly, men!
Blow it from north or from south;
She'll stand to it tightly,
And curtsey politely,
And carry a bone in her mouth,
Heave O!

Short cruise or long cruise — Heave O, cheerly, men!
Jolly Jack Tar thinks it one.
No latitude dreads he
Of White, Black, or Red Sea,
Great icebergs, or tropical sun,
Heave O!

One other turn, and Heave O, cheerly, men!
Heave, and good-bye to the shore!
Our money, how went it?
We shared it and spent it;
Next year we'll come back with some more,
Heave O!

William Allingham.

X. TONE AND SPEECH

Hark! hark! Who calleth the maiden Morn
From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn?
The horn! the horn!
The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

28. In "Hark!" and other exclamations, give as large, free vowels as you can — not loud, but with open relaxed mouth, observing the conditions of the tone passage, as in the last lesson. Read also whole sentences and make all vowels easily, large and open.

Oh, the night brings sleep
To the greenwoods deep,
To the birds of the woods its nest;
To care soft hours,
To life new powers,
To the sick and the weary — rest!

B. W. Procter.

A most important step is the development of articulation. All work for articulation must center in the vowels. There must be no work or labor, especially on consonants. If the vowels are open and free and the voice is properly modulated, the correct consonants will ordinarily follow of themselves. If not, some specific attention may be given to them, but must not be associated with labor. There are no labor elements in the language. All must be simple, easy, and natural. See "Foundations of Expression," pp. 193-198; "Mind and Voice," pp. 402-418.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
 Sweep through her marble halls!
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
 From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might
 Stoop o'er me from above;
 The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
 As of the one I love. . . .

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
 What man has borne before!
 Thou lay'st thy finger on the lips of Care,
 And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
 Descend with broad-winged flight,
 The welcome, the thrice-pray'd for, the most fair,
 The best-beloved Night!

H. W. Longfellow.

29. What is the effect upon the tone and on your words when you cramp your throat, tongue, or lips? Render something full of tenderness and joy, and feel the relaxation of your whole mouth and tone passage.

No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
 My oldest force is good as new,
 And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
 Gives back the bending heavens in dew.

From "Song of Nature."

Emerson.

There is dew for the flow'ret,
 And honey for the bee,
 And bowers for the wild bird,
 And love for you and me.

There are tears for the many,
 And pleasure for the few,
 But let the world pass on, dear;
 There's love for me and you.

Thomas Hood.

Hear the skylark in the cloud,
 Hear the cricket in the grass,
 Thrilling blitheness clear and loud,
 Chirping glee to all who pass.
 Oh! ha! ha! the merry lay!
 Earth and sky keep holiday.

Hear the leaves that kiss the air,
Hear the laughter of the bees;
Who remembers winter care
In the shining days like these?
Oh! ho! ho! the merry June!
All our hearts are glad in tune.

Adapted from "The Lay of June."

Mrs. Augusta Davies Webster.

XI. LAUGHTER AND VOICE

FOREST SONG

A song for the beautiful trees,
A song for the forest grand,
The Garden of God's own hand,
The pride of His centuries.
Hurrah! for the kingly oak,
For the maple, the sylvan queen,
For the lords of the emerald cloak,
For the ladies in living green.

A song for the palm, the pine,
And for every tree that grows,
From the desolate zone of snows
To the zone of the burning line.
Hurrah! for the warders proud
Of the mountain side and vale,
That challenge the thunder cloud
And buffet the stormy gale.

So long as the rivers flow,
So long as the mountains rise,
May the forests sing to the skies,
And shelter the earth below.
Hurrah! for the beautiful trees!
Hurrah! for the forest grand,
The pride of His centuries,
The Garden of God's own hand.

William Henry Venable.

30. What are the conditions of voice and body in genuine, hearty laughter? Laugh "ha, ha!" easily, and observe that you naturally strengthen the primary conditions of voice; you take and keep breath freely in the middle of your body, and open the tone passage. Make sure that these conditions respond easily and naturally without any labor.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way
 And merrily hent the stile-a;
 A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Autolycus in "A Winter's Tale."

William Shakespeare.

31. Give tender or gentle laughter, such as that of the flowers in the next passage, or of the robin in the next following. While expressing the feeling of tenderness, retain the breath in sympathy and preserve the openness of the tone passage. Observe that these conditions may be greatly strengthened while the tenderness is not lost but rather intensified.

Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
 Of laughter soft and low,
 From the millions of flowers under the ground—
 Yes— millions— beginning to grow.

Not known.

THE ROBIN

The robin laughed in the orange tree:
 "Ho, windy North, a fig for thee!
 While breasts are red and wings are bold
 And green trees wave us globes of gold,
 Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me,
 Sunlight, song, and the orange tree.
 "I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;
 My wing is king of the summer time;
 My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
 And I'll call down through the green and gold,
 Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me.
 Bestir thee under the orange tree!"

Sidney Lanier.

32. Can you render these lines with the spirit of good nature and laughter — without the "Ha, ha!" — yet full of joy, as naturally and easily as a smile? Let your tone express joy and heartiness by its quality, rather than by "Ha, ha's" or "Ho, ho's."

Laughter, although a spontaneous and involuntary act, may be studied carefully, and used as an exercise. It must not be made too voluntary, though it can be made semivoluntary, the breathing greatly quickened, and the conditions established. See "Mind and Voice," pp. 193-198.

Laughter may be very delicate and fairy-like, and thus the imagination be so awakened as to create change in the exercises. See "Mind and Voice," pp. 199-201.

Ah, toward the Depot of Content,
Where no red signals stream,
I go by ox-team just as quick
As you can go by steam.

From "The Ox-Team" in "Whiffs from Wild Meadows." Sam Walter Foss.

GUESSING SONG

Oh ho! oh ho! Pray, who can I be?
I sweep o'er the land, I scour o'er the sea;
I cuff the tall trees till they bow down their heads,
And I rock the wee birdies asleep in their beds.

Oh ho! oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

I rumple the breast of the gray-headed daw,
I tip the rook's tail up and make him cry "caw;"
But though I love fun, I'm so big and so strong,
At a puff of my breath the great ships sail along.

Oh ho! oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and sail o'er the sea?

I swing all the weather-cocks this way and that,
I play hare-and-hounds, with a runaway hat;
But however I wander, I never can stray,
For go where I will, I've a free right of way!

Oh ho! oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

I skim o'er the heather, I dance up the street,
I've foes that I laugh at, and friends that I greet;
I'm known in the country, I'm named in the town,
For all the world over extends my renown

Oh ho! oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

Henry Johnstone.

XII. IMPRESSION AND STRENGTH OF VOICE

But vain the sword and vain the bow,
They ne'er can work War's overthrow.
The hermit's prayer and the widow's tear
Alone can free the world from fear. William Blake.

33. What determines the number of times you breathe? Read this passage, increasing attention and giving very definitely one idea at a time, and note the effect upon voice conditions, especially upon breathing.

Conditions for voice are established by the action of the mind. The way we think determines the number of times we breathe. The teacher will continue to indicate to the student the necessity of using his mind. No mere mechanical obedience to a rule, or imitation of the teacher is of any advantage.

THE DAISY

With little white leaves in the grasses,
 Spread wide for the smile of the sun,
 It waits till the daylight passes
 And closes them one by one.

I have asked why it closed at even,
 And I know what it wished to say:
 There are stars all night in the heaven,
 And I am the star of the day.

Rennell Rodd.

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
 Rescue my castle before the hot day
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.
 Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

From "Cavalier Tunes."

Robert Browning.

34. What determines the amount of breath you take in speaking? What effect has deep and intense feeling, or its control upon breathing or the actions and conditions of the voice?

A life on the ocean wave,
 A home on the rolling deep,
 Where the scattered waters rave,
 And the winds their revels keep!
 Like an eagle caged, I pine
 On this dull, unchanging shore:
 Oh! give me the flashing brine,
 The spray and the tempest's roar!

From "A Life On the Ocean Wave."

Epes Sargent.

35. When you shout or call to someone at a distance, as to a person over a river, what special things do you do to make yourself heard?

LINE UP, BRAVE BOYS

The packs are on, the cinches tight,
 The patient horses wait,
 Upon the grass the frost lies white,
 The dawn is gray and late,
 The leader's cry rings sharp and clear,
 The campfires smoulder low;
 Before us lies a shallow mere,
 Beyond, the mountain snow.

Observe that the amount of breath is determined by the genuineness of emotion or resolution, or by the degree of animation and excitement. See "Mind and Voice," pp. 286-309.

"Line up, Billy, line up, boys,
The east is gray with coming day,
We must away, we cannot stay.
Hy-o, by-ak, brave boys!"

Five hundred miles behind us lie,
As many more ahead,
Through mud and mire on mountains high
Our weary feet must tread.
So one by one, with loyal mind,
The horses swing to place,
The strong in lead, the weak behind,
In patient plodding grace.

"Hy-o, Buckskin, brave boy, Joe!
The sun is high,
The hid loons cry:
Hy-ak — away! Hy-o!"

From "Songs of Nature."

Hamlin Garland.

36. Speak the word "co" as the boy does when calling the cows. If your tone comes out open and free, what conditions do you find increased? What happens when you suggest this call as far away over the hill?

Over the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling; —
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

From "Farm-Yard Song."

John Townsend Trowbridge.

The pleasure of a king
Is tasteless to the mirth
Of peasants when they bring
The harvest of the earth.
With pipe and tabor hither roam
All ye who love our Harvest-home.
Hurrah! for the English yeoman!
Hurrah! he yields to no man!

From "Harvest-Home Song."

John Davidson.

37. What conditions of thinking and of feeling directly affect voice conditions?

HARK TO THE SHOUTING WIND

Hark to the shouting Wind! Hark to the flying Rain!
 And I care not though I never see a bright blue sky again.
 There are thoughts in my breast to-day that are not for human
 speech;
 But I hear them in the driving storm, and the roar upon the beach.
 And oh, to be with that ship that I watch through the blinding
 brine!
 O Wind! for thy sweep of land and sea! O Sea! for a voice like
 thine!

Henry Timrod.

38. What effect upon your breathing and tone passage have earnestness, resolution, gaiety, joy, heartiness?

My strength is as the strength of ten
 Because my heart is pure.

Tennyson.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the flyers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light;
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look, the land is bright.

Arthur Hugh Clough, 1819-1861.

Merry, rollicking, frolicking May
 Into the woods came skipping one day;
 She teased the brook till he laughed outright,
 And gurgled and scolded with all his might;
 She chirped to the birds and bade them sing
 A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring;
 And the bees and butterflies she set
 To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet
 She shook the trees till the buds looked out
 To see what the trouble was all about;
 And nothing in Nature escaped that day
 The touch of the life-giving, bright young May.

George Macdonald.

THE WORLD'S VICTORS

Hurrah for the beacon-lights of earth, —
 The brave, triumphant boys!
 Hurrah for their joyous shouts of mirth,
 And their blood-bestirring noise!
 The bliss of being shall never die,
 Nor the old world seem depressed
 While a boy's stout heart is beating high;
 Like a glad drum in his breast. . . .

Oh, never the lamp of age burns low
 In its cold and empty cup.
 But youth comes by with his face aglow,
 And the beacon-light leaps up.
 The gloomiest skies grow bright and gay,
 And the whispered clouds of doubt
 Are swept from the brows of the world away
 By a boy's triumphant shout.

From "Boy Wanted," Forbes and Company,
 Publishers, Chicago. By permission.

Nixon Waterman.

XIII. CONDITIONS FOR TONE

Of all our good, of all our bad,
 This one thing only is of worth, —
 We hold the league of heart to heart
 The only purpose of the earth

From "The Wander-Lovers."

Richard Hovey.

39. Render some joyous passage, one full of admiration of nature, or one requiring some earnestness. Increase all the mental actions, observing whether the conditions of body and voice immediately respond.

Let the million-dollared ride!
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,
 Thou hast more than he can buy,
 In the reach of ear and eye, —
 Outward sunshine, inward joy:
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

From "The Barefoot Boy."

John Greenleaf Whittier.

My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing; land where my fathers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side, let freedom ring.

My native country, thee, land of the noble free, thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills; my heart with rapture thrills, like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees, sweet freedom's song; let mortal tongues awake, let all that breathe partake; let rocks their silence break, — the sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee, author of liberty, to thee we sing: Long may our land be bright, with freedom's holy light; protect us by Thy might, great God, our King.

40. Certain conditions of voice naturally respond to definite actions of mind. When we give exclamatory words or phrases, or those that stand for single ideas when these ideas are vividly realized, effects immediately follow in body and voice. How many of such conditions do you find?

Arise! and away! for the King and the land;

Farewell to the couch and the pillow:

With spear in the rest, and with rein in the hand,

Let us rush on the foe like a billow.

From "Sir Beville."

R. S. Hawker.

: Home! home! lead home! Oh smiling evening star.

"HULLO"

W'en you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "hullo!"
Say "hullo," an' "how d'ye do!"
"How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring yer han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say "hullo!"
Is he clothed in rags? O sho!
Walk right up an' say "hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty "how d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk right up and say "hullo!"

Several of these have already been indicated. The sympathetic expansion and elevation of the body; the quick, easy taking of breath; and the simultaneous opening of the tone passage, especially the passive action at the back of the tongue. These are the most important. They should come together as the direct effect of a mental action. They cannot be done deliberately. We cannot pull the mouth open properly; we cannot take breath for tone except in direct response to impressions. All these actions should be brought together into unity, causing a simultaneous blending of the responses in the body which are conditional for tone. See "Mind and Voice," pp. 31-45.

The dramatic interpretation of such hearty characters is a great help to the voice, and also to the free and flexible action of the child's mind. Little attention should be given to the dialect; that is not what makes the heartiness nor the character.

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
 They saloot an' sail away.
 Jest the same are you an' me,
 Lonesome ships upon a sea;
 Each one sailing his own jog
 For a port beyond the fog.
 Let yer speakin'-trumpet blow,
 Lift yer horn an' cry "hullo!"
 Say "hullo," an' "how d'ye do!"
 Other folks are good as you.
 W'en ye leave yer house of clay,
 Wanderin' in the Far-Away,
 W'en you travel through the strange
 Country t'other side the range,
 Then the souls you've cheered will know
 Who ye be, an' say "hullo!"

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On Linden, when the sun was low, all bloodless lay the untrodden snow; and dark as winter was the flow of Iser, rolling rapidly. But Linden saw another sight, when the drum beat at dead of night, commanding fires of death to light the darkness of her scenery. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed, each horseman drew his battle blade, and furious every charger neighd to join the dreadful revelry. Then shook the hills with thunder riven; then rushed the steed, to battle driven; and louder than the bolts of Heaven far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that fire shall glow on Linden's hills of blood-stained snow; and darker yet shall be the flow of Iser, rolling rapidly. 'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun, where furious Frank and fiery Hun shout in their sulphurous canopy. The combat deepens. On, ye brave who rush to glory, or the grave! Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave, and charge with all thy chivalry! Ah, few shall part, where many meet! The snow shall be their winding-sheet, and every turf beneath their feet shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

"Hohenlinden."

Thomas Campbell.

THE KINGFISHER

He laughs by the summer stream
 Where the lilies nod and dream,
 As through the sheen of water cool and clear
 He sees the chub and sunfish cutting sheer.
 His are resplendent eyes;
 His mien is kingliwise;
 And down the May wind rides he like a king,
 With more than royal purple on his wing.

His palace is the brake
 Where the rushes shine and shake;
 His music is the murmur of the stream,
 And that leaf-rustle where the lilies dream.

Such life as his would be
 A more than heaven to me:
 All sun, all bloom, all happy weather,
 All joys bound in a sheaf together.

No wonder he laughs so loud!
 No wonder he looks so proud!
 There are great kings would give their royalty
 To have one day of his felicity!

Maurice Thompson.

III

HOW WE GIVE INDIVIDUAL IMPRESSIONS

XIV. ATTENTION AND PAUSE

"You are more than the Earth,
 Though you are such a dot;
 You can love and think
 And the Earth cannot."

From "The Child's World."

41. What are some of the things your mind and voice must do when you read as naturally as you talk? Why are pauses necessary?

No one is free who is not master of himself.

William Shakespeare.

Part I is the study of the action of the mind in receiving impressions; Part II, the response of the body and voice to the actions of the mind as a normal element in education; Part III discusses the direct modulations of the voice, or the natural signs of thinking and feeling expressed through the voice. Pause is considered first because it is the direct agent of attention. Without pause there can be no thinking. The teacher can devise many expedients to show the difference between printed and vocal expression. See "Foundations of Expression," p. 9; "Lessons in Vocal Expression," pp. 11, 12. These simple modulations must not be studied as if they were symbols; they are simply signs and hints. They must be studied in direct union with the mental action that causes them.

Because these modulations are not symbols, but natural signs, their importance and their nature may be overlooked. On account of their direct connection with thinking and feeling they have great value in education. They are more natural and immediate than words; they are more directly associated with experience; they are the direct expression of those instincts and feelings which are earliest awakened. Words are necessary to name our mental images and to express our meaning, but voice modulations are closer to feeling and the spirit of our impressions.

MINNIE AND WINNIE

Minnie and Winnie
 Slept in a shell.
 Sleep, little ladies!
 And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
 Silver without;
 Sounds of the great sea
 Wandered about.

Sleep, little ladies!
 Wake not soon!

Echo on echo
 Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
 Peeped into the shell.
 "What are they dreaming of?
 Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet,
 Out of the croft;
 Wake, little ladies!
 The sun is aloft.

Alfred Tennyson.

42. What are the chief differences to be noted if you first give a passage carelessly, and then try to make the meaning clear to someone else? When does a pause help your reading to be natural and when does it make it stilted or disconnected?

Do you know what fairy palaces you may build of good thoughts?

John Ruskin.

Pleasure comes through toil: when one gets to love his work, his life is a happy one.

John Ruskin.

43. Read a sentence pausing to receive each successive impression or pausing to let your listeners receive one. What are the chief differences between these two kinds of pauses?

"We shall find the Grail when we can use it."

Young.

When in earnest we pause and give one idea at a time; several words gather into one group or phrase, because they stand for one act of attention, one picture in the mind. There can be no rule for the number or location of pauses. All depends on how we think. We may pause twice as often because twice as earnest; because it is twice as necessary to be clear on account of the lack of familiarity of the auditor with the subject. There are innumerable kinds of pauses, but all of them are mental. We must not pause to breathe. If we do the result is bad. We pause to receive an impression, and breath is part of that impression. See "Lessons in Vocal Expression," pp. 62-67; "Foundations of Expression," pp. 24-27.

The teacher may employ many ways of testing the readiness of the eye to grasp ideas. Turn to some paragraph far ahead, and have all the pupils read it, beginning at the same time. Then call for the closing of the book and ask individuals to tell the substance of the paragraph in their own words. Sometimes take a shorter passage and ask for the words themselves. The importance

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere, by the dusty roadside, on the sunny hillside, close by the noisy brook, in every shady nook, I come creeping, creeping everywhere. Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere, all around the open door where sit the aged poor, here where the children play in the bright merry May I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere. In the noisy city street my pleasant face you'll meet, cheering the sick at heart, toiling his busy part, silently creeping, creeping everywhere. Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere. You cannot see me coming; you hear my low sweet humming, for in the starry night and the glad morning light, I come creeping, creeping everywhere. . . .

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere. When you're numbered with the dead in your still and narrow bed, in the happy spring I'll come and deck your silent home, creeping silently, creeping everywhere.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
 The Minstrel was infirm and old;
 His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,
 Seemed to have known a better day;
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy.
 The last of all the Bards was he,
 Who sung of Border chivalry;
 For, welladay! their date was fled,
 His tuneful brethren all were dead;
 And he, neglected and oppress'd,
 Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
 No more on prancing palfrey borne,
 He caroll'd, light as lark at morn;
 No longer courted and caress'd,
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
 The unpremeditated lay:
 Old times were changed, old manners gone;
 A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
 He begg'd his bread from door to door,
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear.

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Walter Scott.

of this training of the eye cannot be overestimated, and yet it is almost wholly neglected. I have found college graduates who could not read well because the function of the eye in reading had never received any attention. See *Education of the Eye*, "Lessons in Vocal Expression," pp. 69-72. Other problems for the action of the eye are to be found in this book.

Be such a man, live such a life, that if every man were such as you, and every life a life like yours, this earth would be a paradise.
Phillips Brooks.

XV. SILENT READING AND READING ALOUD

To read the sense the woods impart
You must bring the throbbing heart.

From "The Miracle."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

44. How quickly can you read silently some fable in this book? Shut the book and test your memory by giving it in your own words.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

A dog was lying on the hay in a manger when a horse came to its stall to eat. The dog growled and would not let the horse have a mouthful.

"You are a selfish dog," said the horse. "You cannot eat the hay yourself and you will not let any one else do so."

45. How quickly can you grasp the words on a sign-board or a blackboard? How many words on a printed page can you take at one glance?

Attention is the mother of memory.

Samuel Johnson.

The bluebird knows it is April, and soars toward the sun and sings.

Eben Eugene Rexford.

There are men who complain that roses have thorns.

They should be grateful to know that thorns have roses.

Max O'Rell.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea; and one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree. Love sought its shade at evening time, to breathe its early vows; and Age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs. The dormouse

The first kind of pause chiefly concerns the reader; it expresses the fact that he is receiving an impression. The second kind of pause, which is called the emphatic pause, concerns more the listener; it is introduced in the middle of a phrase immediately after the emphatic word, and is the staying of attention by the reader until his listener has perceived the point or the importance of the thought. See "Foundations of Expression," pp. 118-119.

Silent reading may be superficial. One should be trained to genuine thinking in silent reading. We find frequently that we have skimmed over words and have not genuinely focused attention sufficiently to allow the meaning to dawn upon us. Superficial rapidity is an error in both forms of reading. The thinking in both reading aloud and speaking is very similar, especially the rhythmic succession of one concentration of attention after another.

loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore; it stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern; a passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn. He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink; he thought not of the deed he did, but judged that Toil might drink. He passed again — and lo! the well, by summers never dried, had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old — and yet 'twas new; a simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true. It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became a lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame. The thought was small — its issue great, a watch-fire on the hill. It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart, let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied from the heart. A whisper on the tumult thrown, a transitory breath, it raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.

O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast! Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

SONG

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world.

From "Pippa Passes."

Robert Browning.

46. Which is more rapid, silent reading or reading aloud? Why?

Where fields lie white beneath the snow
The grasses sleep.
Here cold wild winds of winter blow,
Yet soon will April raindrops weep
And happy sea-born breezes go
Singing landward, soft and low,
Where fields lie white beneath the snow.
Still listening for the call they know
Life's mysteries are.
Here by the water's ebb and flow,
Yet, soon each grass blade scimitar
Shall taper, slim, toward skies that glow,
In joyance waving to and fro,
Where fields lie white beneath the snow.

From "Town and Country."

Elsie Brainerd Peck.

47. In reading aloud, what do you do that is not done when reading silently? What must the eye do in both silent reading and reading aloud?

THE FOUNTAIN

Into the sunshine, Full of the light, Leaping and flashing From morn till night!	Glad of all weathers; Still seeming best, Upward or downward, Motion thy rest; —
Into the moonlight, Whiter than snow, Waving so flower-like When the winds blow!	Full of a nature Nothing can tame, Changed every moment Ever the same; —
Into the starlight Rushing in spray, Happy at midnight, Happy by day;	Ceaseless aspiring, Ceaseless content, Darkness or sunshine Thy element; —
Ever in motion, Blithesome and cheery, Still climbing heavenward Never weary; —	Glorious fountain! Let my heart be Fresh, changeful, constant, Upward, like thee!

James Russell Lowell.

48. Give some reasons for pauses in reading aloud? What are some of the things you do during the pauses?

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

William Wordsworth.

49. Why is it so much easier to read silently? Why can you read difficult passages more easily silently than aloud?

In the suburbs, in the town,
On the railway, in the square,
Came a beam of goodness down
Doubling daylight everywhere:
Peace now each for malice takes
Beauty for his sinful deeds,
For the angel Hope aye makes
Him an angel whom she leads.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Every school should, if possible, have a library or access to one, so that attention may be given by the teacher to silent reading. Silent reading should be of more advanced phases of literature; reading aloud, being expression of personal assimilation, must not be based upon difficult material.

FORTUNE AND THE BEGGAR

Fortune once appeared to a beggar who carried a ragged old wallet and grumbled incessantly over his hard lot.

"Look you," said Fortune. "I have long desired to help you. Open your wallet and I will fill it with ducats. You shall have all it will hold on one condition only: all that fall into the wallet shall be gold; but should one fall outside, all will turn into dust. Your wallet is old: don't overload it."

The overjoyed beggar opened his wallet and the ducats fell in a golden stream, soon making the wallet heavy. "That is enough," said Fortune; "stop while you are safe; the wallet is sure to burst."

But the greedy beggar, against repeated warnings, insisted upon having more, and still more, until the wallet burst, the treasure turned to dust — and Fortune disappeared, leaving the beggar with his wallet as empty as before.

Russian Fable.

XVI. WORDS AND THE EYE

God who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

"A Boy's Prayer."

Henry Charles Beeching.

50. Can you grasp quickly, with your eye, one phrase at a time, making the eye obey your attention, or your act of thinking in reading?

The two noblest things are sweetness and light.

Dean Swift.

THE KID AND THE WOLF

A kid once stood on the flat roof of a house and saw a wolf passing along the road below. "Ha ha! old growler," he said, "I dare you to come up here. I would butt you off the roof."

"You are not brave," said the wolf, looking up. "It is only the high and safe roof."

51. What are the chief dangers in the use of the eye in reading aloud, and how can they be corrected?

The eye acts so quickly that it may go on and on, and the mind not keep up with it. The eye must stop in direct obedience to the thinking when attention has received the words which give the complete image or impression.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night —
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson.

XVII. MENTAL IMAGES AND PHRASES

April cold with dripping rain
 Willows and lilacs brings again.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

52. In conversation why do we speak words in groups? Read this passage, grouping the words as naturally as you do in talking. Study and increase the action of the mind that causes this grouping.

THE SNOWBIRD

In the rosy light trills the gay swallow,
 The thrush, in the roses below;
 The meadow-lark sings in the meadow,
 But the snowbird sings in the snow.

Ah me!

Chickadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow!
 The blue martin trills in the gable,
 The wren, in the gourd below;
 In the elm flutes the golden robin,
 But the snowbird sings in the snow.

Ah me!

Chickadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow!
 High wheels the gray wing of the osprey,
 The wing of the sparrow drops low;
 In the mist dips the wing of the robin,
 And the snowbird's wing in the snow.

Ah me!

Chickadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow.

The rhythmic action of the eye in response to the rhythm of thinking has never, to my mind, received adequate attention in the teaching of reading. See "Lessons in Vocal Expression," pp. 69-71.

I love the high heart of the osprey,
 The meek heart of the thrush below,
 The heart of the lark in the meadow,
 And the snowbird's heart in the snow.

But dearest to me,
 Chickadee! Chickadee!

Is that true little heart in the snow.

Hezekiah Butterworth, 1837-1905.

53. Why can you not phrase by grammatical rules?
 Why must you center attention in the thought in order
 to read aloud?

THE FLY

How large unto the tiny fly
 Must little things appear! —
 A rosebud like a feather bed,
 Its prickle like a spear;
 A dewdrop like a looking-glass,
 A hair like golden wire;
 The smallest grain of mustard-seed
 As fierce as coals of fire;
 A loaf of bread, a lofty hill;
 A wasp, a cruel leopard;
 And specks of salt, as bright to see
 As lambkins to a shepherd.

Walter Ramal.

A BUILDER'S LESSON

"How shall I a habit break?"
 As you did that habit make.
 As you gathered, you must lose;
 As you yielded, now refuse.
 Thread by thread the strands we twist
 Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
 Thread by thread the patient hand
 Must untwine, ere free we stand.
 As we builded, stone by stone,
 We must toil, unhelped, alone,
 Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
 Lighter every test goes by;
 Wading in, the stream grows deep
 Toward the center's downward sweep;
 Backward turn, each step ashore
 Shallower is than before.

Phrasing has nearly always been taught mechanically, but no mechanical rule will furnish the least assistance. The ideas in the mind in their dominion

Ah, the precious years we waste
 Levelling what we raised in haste:
 Doing what must be undone
 Ere content or love be won!
 First, across the gulf we cast
 Kite-born threads, till lines are passed,
 And habit builds the bridge at last!

John Boyle O'Reilly.

Said a boy to his teacher one day:
 "Wright has not written rite right, I say."
 And the teacher replied,
 As the blunder she eyed:

"Right! — Wright, write rite right, right away!"

"A Wrong Righted."

J. Warren Merrill.

XVIII. PHRASE ACCENT

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet, take
 That for an hermitage.

"To Althea, from Prison."

Lovelace.

54. Do you make any difference in speaking the word "independent" and the phrase "in the tree top?" Can you increase the accent on the phrase in a way to justify long pauses in giving the following? What difference in your thinking calls for increase of the phrase accent?

Beautiful hands are those that do
 Work that is earnest and brave and true,
 Moment by moment the long day through.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

over words are always the determining factor. See "Lessons in Vocal Expression," pp. 73-79; "Foundations of Expression," pp. 27, 31.

The phrase accent, or touch, is the true expression of the concentration of the mind. The phrase accent in union with pause constitutes phrasing. Without phrase accent the words of a phrase would never be gathered into a proper group. They would not express one image.

The student will not at first realize any difference between phrase accent and verbal accent; and it is not necessary that he should. The minds of young students should not be too much troubled with these things. The point is that they shall observe that words are accented by the way the reader thinks;

55. Give some important passage letting phrase accent and pause follow each other naturally. Notice that the natural rhythm of ideas and words is thus united.

Calm Soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar.
The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others, give.
Calm, calm me more; nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

Matthew Arnold.

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise; and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

56. What conditions of thinking and of feeling tend to increase the vigor of the phrase accent?

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all round to the sea,
I am Lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than to reign in this horrible place.

From "Alexander Selkirk."

William Cowper.

It is the mind that makes the man, and our vigor is in our immortal soul.

Ovid.

Green be the turf above thee, friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee; nor named thee but to praise.

On the Death of Joseph R. Drake.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

where the attention is fixed there is an accent. In addition to this, words are accented according to conventional agreement. "An independent boy" would have the phrase accent on "boy," but the word "independent" would have its verbal accent just the same.

Increase of attention, or desire to make a point more interesting or clear, and all increase of dignity and of earnestness or excitement, especially controlled excitement or intensity, will cause increase in the vigor of the phrase accent. See "Foundations of Expression," pp. 31-41.

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone —

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears —

Pass it on.

THE BLESSING OF THE BRUCE

"De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread
To speak my curse upon thy head,
And give thee as an outcast o'er
To him who burns to shed thy gore; —
But, like the Midianite of old,
Who stood on Zophim, heaven-controlled,
I feel within mine aged breast
A power that will not be repressed.
It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,
It burns, it maddens, it constrains! —
De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe:
O'ermastered yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be blessed!" . . .
He spoke, and o'er the astonish'd throng
Was silence, awful, deep, and long.
Again that light has fired his eye,
Again his form swells bold and high,
The broken voice of age is gone,
'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone: —
"Thrice vanquish'd on the battle-plain,
Thy followers slaughter'd, fled, or ta'en,
A hunted wanderer on the wild,
On foreign shores a man exiled,
Disowned, deserted and distress'd,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!
Blessed in the hall and in the field,
Under the mantle as the shield,
Avenger of thy country's shame,
Restorer of her injured fame,
Bless'd in thy sceptre and thy sword,
De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful Lord,
Blessed in thy deeds and in thy fame,
What lengthen'd honors wait thy name!
In distant ages, sire to son
Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
And teach his infants, in the use
Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce.

Go, then, triumphant! sweep along
 Thy course, the theme of many a song!
 The Power, whose dictates swell my breast,
 Hath bless'd thee, and thou shalt be bless'd! —
 Enough — my short-lived strength decays,
 And sinks the momentary blaze. —
 Heaven hath our destined purpose broke,
 Not here must nuptial vow be spoke;
 Brethren, our errand here is o'er,
 Our task discharg'd. — Unmoor, unmoor! ”
 His priests received the exhausted Monk,
 As breathless in their arms he sunk.
 Punctual his orders to obey,
 The train refused all longer stay,
 Embarked, raised sail, and bore away.

From “ The Lord of the Isles.”

Sir Walter Scott.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO-DAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
 But what have we done to-day?
 We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
 But what did we give to-day?
 We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
 We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
 We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
 But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after while,
 But what have we been to-day?
 We shall bring each lonely life a smile,
 But what have we brought to-day?
 We shall give to truth a grander birth,
 And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
 We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
 But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
 But what have we sown to-day?
 We shall build us mansions in the sky,
 But what have we built to-day?
 'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
 But here and now do we do our task?
 Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
 “ What have we done to-day? ”

From “ In Merry Mood.” Forbes and Company,
 Chicago, Publishers. By permission.

Nixon Waterman.

XIX. CHANGE OF IDEAS AND OF PITCH

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

"To the Small Celandine."

William Wordsworth.

57. What is the effect of giving the first line of the foregoing as one picture and then as four? If you distinguish separately and definitely all the flowers mentioned in the eight lines, what is the effect upon the pitch of the voice?

In rose time or in berry time,
When ripe seeds fall or buds peep out,
When green the grass or white the rime,
There's something to be glad about.

Lucy Larcom.

58. If you first give word after word as if announcing them for someone to spell, and then read the passage naturally, what are some of the chief differences?

What does it mean when the bluebird comes
And builds its nest, singing sweet and clear?
When violets peep through the blades of grass?
These are the signs that spring is here.

"The Seasons."

George Cooper.

59. Read some passage, not only letting each impression stand out by increasing the pause and phrase accents, but also show the difference between each picture and the others. How do you show this by your voice?

The teacher should illustrate the foregoing modulations — pause and phrase accent. Both express attention. The pause shows attention, or the receiving of an impression; the phrase accent or touch asserts it or reveals it. Then as we pass from one center of attention to another, we find a change of pitch in proportion to the discriminative action of the mind.

AN AUTUMN RIDDLE

They are seen on the trees,
 They are seen on the ground.
 They are seen in the air,
 Whirling softly around;
 They sing rustling songs
 As our footsteps they hear,
 And their name is well known,
 For they come every year.

60. Think and feel all these things about the pop-corn man just as the boy would, and speak with his variety of pitch and movement. Every word must be spoken as he would speak it.

THE POP-CORN MAN

There's a queer little man lives down the street
 Where two of the broadest highways meet,
 In a queer little house that's half of it glass,
 With windows open to all who pass,
 And a low little roof that's nearly flat,
 And a chimney as black as Papa's best hat.
 Oh, the house is built on this funny plan
 Because it's the home of the pop-corn man!

How does he sleep, if he sleeps at all?
 He must roll up like a rubber ball,
 Or like a squirrel, and store himself
 All huddly-cuddly under the shelf.
 If he wanted to stretch he'd scarce have space
 In his bare little, spare little, square little place.
 He seems like a rat cooped up in a can,
 This brisk little, frisk little pop-corn man!

I know he is wise by the way he looks,
 For he's just like the men I've seen in books,
 With his hair worn off, and his squinty eyes,
 And his wrinkles, too, — oh, I know he's wise!
 And then just think of the way he makes
 The corn all jump into snowy flakes,
 With a "pop! pop! pop!" in his covered pan,
 This queer little, dear little pop-corn man!

From "A Boy's Book of Rhyme." Copyright, Clinton Scollard, 1860-
 G. W. Browning, Clinton, N. Y. By permission.

Observe that "pop, pop, pop," demands no change of pitch. You pass from one pop to another, simply reproducing the sound the boy hears. The idea he is emphasizing is the continuity or continuance of the operation, and there would be a tendency to give the words all on one pitch.

There is no rhyme that is half so sweet
As the song of the wind in the rippling wheat;
There is no meter that's half so fine
As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;
And the loveliest lyric I ever heard
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.

Madison Cawein.

The breaking waves dash'd high on a stern and rock-bound coast,
and the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches toss'd; and
the heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er, when a band of
exiles moor'd their bark on the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes, they, the true-hearted, came; not
with the roll of the stirring drums, and the trumpet that sings of
fame; not as the flying come, in silence and in fear; — they shook
the depths of the desert gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang, and the stars heard and the sea;
and the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang to the anthem of the
free! the ocean eagle soar'd from his nest by the white wave's foam;
and the rocking pines of the forest roar'd — this was their welcome
home!

There were men with hoary hair amidst that pilgrim band; —
why had they come to wither there, away from their childhood's
land? There was woman's fearless eye, lit by her deep love's truth;
there was manhood's brow serenely high, and the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar? — bright jewels of the mine? the
wealth of seas, the spoils of war? — they sought a faith's pure shrine!
ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod. They have left
unstain'd what there they found — freedom to worship God.

XX. INDIVIDUALIZING IDEAS, AND PRIMARY VOICE MODULATIONS

The brightest hour of unborn Spring
Through the Winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the blessed Morn
To cold February born;
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
It kissed the forehead of the Earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strewed flowers upon the barren way. . . .

From "The Invitation."

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

61. Why are pause and phrase accent and change of pitch so necessary to each other? Read a passage with only pause, then with only phrase accent, next with only change of pitch, and observe the chaotic result. Then read it with their spontaneous coöperation and observe how natural are these modulations. They are but signs of the process of your thinking.

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

Behold the bird, untrained, untaught,
What music from its throat is flung —
E'en so, the song by you unsought
Will fall in sweetness from your tongue.
If song within your breast is born,
Not all the strife of street or mart,
Nor cold neglect nor smile of scorn
Can drive its magic from your heart.
Though years that come and years that go
Their burdens to your soul may bring,
Through all the work, through all the woe,
The singer cannot help but sing!

From "The Singer," in "A Round of Rimes." Denis Aloysius McCarthy.
By permission.

62. What are the chief causes of naturalness, and what are its chief signs?

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SKY

A pool in a garden green,
And the sky hung over all;
Down to the water we lean —
What if I let you fall?
A little splash and a cry,
A little gap in the blue,
And you'd fall right into the sky —
Into the sky — and through.

We are natural in proportion as we genuinely give one idea at a time. We think naturally, in general talk naturally, but if we read words without thinking we are sure to be unnatural. The question in No. 63, however, refers more to the voice modulations — pause, phrase accent or touch, change of pitch, and, as we shall find later, inflexion. The sudden variations of pitch in conversation and the continual pausing are the two chief signs of naturalness. The teacher must continually show the comparison by using dialogues and simple conversation on the same subject the pupils are reading about, in order that the feeling of naturalness may be awakened and the monotonous and drawing methods of reading avoided.

What do you think they'd think?
How do you think they'd greet
A little wet baby in pink
Tumbling down at their feet?

I wonder if they'd be shy,
Those folk of the Far Away:
On the other side of the Sky,
Do you think you'd be asked to stay?

I think they would say — "No, no"
(Peeping down through a crack),
"For they seem to want her below,
And so we must send her back."

W. Graham Robertson.

IV

IMPRESSIONS AND THEIR CONNECTION

XXI. DIRECTION OF ATTENTION AND INFLEXION

You have two ears and but one mouth,
Let that, friend, be a token
Much should be heard, and not so much
Be spoken. From the Dutch.

63. Sing "Ah," or "No," and then speak it as in conversation. What is the chief difference? How does the "buzz" of the bee differ from speaking? In these lines how will line one differ from line two in reading?

"Buzz, Buzz, Buzz,"
This is the song of the bee;
His legs are of yellow,
A jolly good fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

If training of the ear for inflexion has not been undertaken before, it must be undertaken at this point. Note the steps in training the ear: training for the sense of quality, direction of inflexion, length of inflexion, change of pitch, difference between song and speech, tone-color, and the like.

Call attention, as the problem indicates, to the difference between the hum and buzz of the bees, or some continuous sound like that of the humming-bird, and the way we speak words. Then mark a high mark for a high note in singing and a low mark for a low note; then an upward line toward the right for the rising inflexion and a downward line toward the left for the falling inflexion. The marks should be long and gradual, and all the children should follow slowly. Later, the marks may be much more abrupt. This exercise even helps the ear in singing. The teacher should not make any rules as to what inflexions should be given on specific words, but simply awaken the young mind to the realization of what an inflexion is and what it does in speaking.

“ When I’m a man
 A blacksmith I’ll be, if I can.
 Clang, clang, clang, shall my anvil ring;
 And this is the way the blows I’ll swing.
 I’ll shoe your horse, sir, neat and tight;
 Then I’ll trot round the square, to see if it’s right, —
 When I’m a man.”

64. Observe how you think, and note the effect of your thinking upon the inflexions of your voice in conversation. In the excited dialogue between Hamlet and Horatio observe how the questions of the one and the replies of the other are expressed by the voice through inflexions.

Did you not speak to it?	My lord, I did.
Hold you the watch to-night?	We do, my lord.
Arm’d, say you?	Arm’d, my lord.
From top to toe?	My lord, from head to foot.
Then saw you not his face?	O yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.
What, — looked he frowningly?	A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

From “ Hamlet.”

William Shakespeare.

65. Can your ear quickly detect the different kinds of inflexion? Practice following marks with your voice — for rising and falling, long and short inflexions.

The best thing to give your enemy is forbearance; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to a child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

Mrs. Balfour.

66. Render a short sentence or line, thinking each idea or phrase in different ways. What effect do these different ways of thinking or attitudes of mind have upon inflexion? What directly causes any inflexion?

When thought and love are active there can be no sadness.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The necessity for continual review of exercises for ear-training cannot be too strongly emphasized at this point. These exercises can be made more difficult; the inflexions may be made more abrupt and shorter, which makes all realize the difference in length of inflexion, a fourth and more difficult subject for the ear. The student should be exercised in length of inflexion before attention is called to it.

I like thy self-complacent air,
I like thy ways so free from care,
Thy landlord stroll about my fields,
Quickly noting what each yields;
Thy courtly mien and bearing bold,
As if thy claim were bought with gold. . .
Never plaintive nor appealing,
Quite at home when thou art stealing,
Always groomed to tip of feather,
Calm and trim in every weather,
Morn till night my woods policing,
Every sound thy watch increasing. . . .
Hunters, prowlers, woodland lovers
Vainly seek the leafy covers. . . .
Dowered with leisure, void of hurry,
Void of fuss and void of worry, . . .
May I never cease to meet thee,
May I never have to eat thee.
And mayest thou never have to fare so
That thou playest the part of scarecrow.

From poem on the Crow at close of "Ways of Nature." John Burroughs.

67. Read a passage showing each central idea or object upon which your attention is successively fixed. For example, to make clear or forcible the following, note that the word "sorrel" in the fifth line and "lady-bird" in the sixth line are central. To give these their value naturally, observe that the words before them have rising inflexions, while these words have falling. Change in the direction of inflexion in this case would indicate the center of your attention.

This introduces an important step in the study of the effect of thinking upon the modulations of the voice. It shows one of the functions of inflexion. It is well to introduce simple sentences, such as "The boys will play ball to-day," and thus train the children's ear to recognize what their voices have done. Put the word "girls" instead of "boys" and speak one sentence in opposition to the other. Students can then see that a falling inflexion comes on the word "girls" because that word in such a case becomes the center of attention. It is well not to use technical words, like "emphasis," which are very much abused; rather, set children to observe for themselves so that they may realize that the process of thinking, when genuine and intense, will cause this change in the direction of inflexion. The fact that this inflexion is longer than any other may also be introduced though it is generally best to leave that point until the next lesson.

I have just to shut my eyes
 To go sailing through the skies —
 To go sailing far away
 To the pleasant Land of Play: . . .

I can in the sorrel sit
 Where the ladybird alit.
 I can climb the jointed grass
 And on high
 See the greater swallows pass
 In the sky,
 And the round sun rolling by,
 Heeding no such things as I.

From "The Little Land."

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Of all beasts he learned the language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How the beavers built their lodges,
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
 Why the rabbit was so timid,
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

From "Hiawatha." See p. 201

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
 Life's but a means unto an end, that end
 Beginning, mean, and end to all things, — God.

From "Festus."

Philip James Bailey.

High up on the lonely mountains, the Indians watched and waited;
 there were wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush, and I on my
 path belated.

The rain and the night together came down, and the wind came
 after, bending the props of the pine-tree roof, and snapping many a
 rafter.

I crept along in the darkness, stunned and bruised and blinded,
 — crept to a fir with thick set boughs, and a sheltering rock be-
 hind it.

There, from the blowing and raining, crouching, I sought to hide
 me: something rustled, two green eyes shone, and a wolf lay down
 beside me.

Seeking shelter under the rock, — I and the wolf together, — side
 by side, through the long, long night, hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me; each of us warmed the other: each of us felt, in the stormy dark, that beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest no longer crashed in warning, each of us went from our hiding-place forth in the wild, wet morning.

TOLL, THEN, NO MORE!

Toll for the dead, toll, toll!

No, no! Ring out, ye bells, ring out and shout.

For they the pearly gates have entered in,

And they no more shall sin, —

Ring out, ye bells, ring, ring!

Toll for the living, toll!

No, no! Ring out, ye bells, ring out and shout,

For they do His work tho' midst toil and din,

They, too, the goal shall win, —

Ring out, ye bells, ring, ring!

Toll for the coming, toll!

No, no! Ring out, ye bells, ring out and shout,

For it is theirs to conquer, theirs to win

The final entering in, —

Ring out, ye bells, ring, ring!

Toll, then, no more, ye bells!

No, no! Ring out, O bells, ring out and shout:

The Was, the Is, the Shall Be, and all men

Are in His hand! Amen!

Ring out, ye bells, ring, ring!

R. R. Bowker.

XXII. STRONG IDEAS AND LONG INFLEXIONS

One ship sails east, and another sails west,

By the self-same winds that blow;

'Tis the set of the sails, and not the gales,

That determines the way they go.

Like the ships on the sea are the ways of men,

As they journey on through life,

'Tis the set of the soul that determines the goal,

And not the calm, or the strife.

Not known.

68. How else than by changing direction of inflexion do we indicate the central or important word in a sentence? Note that at the point where we change the direction of inflexion there is a much longer inflexion. Observe in a simple sentence how you indicate the central word both by change in direction and by increase

in length of the inflexion on the important words. Give some sentence or passage in many ways, and notice that nature has a few fundamentals and many accidentals and that we are always free to use many variations, especially of accidentals.

An emerald is as green as grass,
A ruby red as blood,
A sapphire shines as blue as heaven,
A flint lies in the mud.

A diamond is a brilliant stone
To catch the world's desire;
An opal holds a fiery spark;
But a flint holds fire.

Christina Rossetti.

69. How do you show the important word in a decided question, such as "Have you seen Henry this morning?"

Cast forth thy act, thy word into the ever-living, ever-working Universe; it is a seed grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banyan grove after a thousand years.

Thomas Carlyle.

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

William Shakespeare.

O mighty sea, that mightily doth roar,
Against yon boulder all thy fury tossed
Can harm it not; thy waves now dash it o'er
Unheeded, and thy vaunted strength is lost!

In reading we show definitely each successive idea or object upon which our attention is fixed. On the word which stands for this central idea, we change the direction of inflexion. We also give to that word a longer inflexion than to the other words of the phrase. See "Foundations of Expression," p. 111; "Lessons in Vocal Expression," pp. 117-123.

Observe, for example, that "emerald," "ruby," "sapphire" and "flint" have the longest inflexions. There is also a moderately long inflexion on "grass," "blood," "heaven" and "mud."

Observe also that the last word in the poem, "fire," has a longer inflexion than all the others. It is a good point to draw this out and let students show why it is longer.

It will be observed that either direction or length of inflexion may change without modifying the other,

So 'gainst Truth's stable rock the threatening sea
Of error's seeming power doth vainly break;
And there indeed our refuge sure shall be,
When loud the storms their frightening clamor make!

Charles C. Sandelin.

THE SUN AND THE POPPIES

Five little poppies opened their eyes,
One hazy dawn, to see the sun rise;
And, as they looked, they said, each one:
"Oh, how I would like to be the sun;
For it moves all round the world, so gay,
While we stand still in the field all day!"

Five poppies watched the sun until
It faded and sank behind the hill;
And they said: "After such a long trip about,
The poor old sun must be tired out!"
And their drooping heads from the grass did peep,
And five little poppies fell fast asleep.

Martha Agnes Rand.

Is there such a thing as bad weather? No; only different kinds of good weather.

70. Can you recognize at once by your ear the difference between long and short inflexions, as well as contrast in direction of inflexions?

What is the effect of reading a passage, first with short inflexions, and then with very long ones?

He that wrongs his friend, wrongs himself more.

Alfred Tennyson.

A dog starved at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the state;
A game-cock clipped and armed for fight
Doth the rising sun affright;
A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.
He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men; . . .
The wild deer wandering here and there
Keep the human soul from care:
The lamb misused breeds public strife,
And yet forgives the butcher's knife.
Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the last judgment draweth nigh;

The beggar's dog and widow's cat,
 Feed them and thou shalt soon grow fat. . . .
 The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar,
 Are waves that beat on Heaven's shore.

William Blake.

71. What is the chief meaning of length of inflexion? How does length of inflexion differ in meaning from direction of inflexion?

What are some of the chief actions of your voice that express great interest and earnestness?

A BIRD'S NEST

It wins my admiration
 To view the structure of that little work,
 A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without;
 No tool had he that wrought; no knife to cut;
 No nail to fix; no bodkin to insert;
 No glue to join; — his little beak was all:
 And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
 With every implement and means of art,
 And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
 Could make me such another?

James Hurdis.

Our good steeds snuff the evening air,
 Our pulses with their purpose tingle;
 The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
 He leaps to hear our sabers jingle.
 Halt!
 Each carbine sent its whizzing ball:
 Now cling! clang! forward all
 Into the fight!

"The Cavalry Charge."

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

72. Think a passage definitely and speak it forcibly to someone. Observe the effect of your thinking upon your voice, especially upon your inflexions. Read a passage in various ways taking a different attitude each time. Let your inflexions respond freely and naturally to your thinking.

Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

One of the best exercises for developing inflexional agility in the voice is to read very earnestly passages calling for different attitudes of mind. This is also helpful in developing the voice and the thinking. It is a direct expression and exercise of the logical actions of the mind, as used in conversation.

Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.

Chalmers

Never ask others to do what you can do yourself.

THE DAISY

There is a flower, a little flower
With silver crest and golden eye
That welcomes every changing hour
And weathers every sky.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charm,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arm.

'Tis Flora's page in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose had but a summer reign
The daisy never dies.

James Montgomery.

XXIII. THINKING IN CHANGE OF PITCH AND INFLEXION

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care, —
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

73. In every sentence direction and length of inflexion combine naturally with each other and with change of pitch. In speaking a short sentence let vigorous thinking or earnestness accentuate and bring these into unity. Does your ear observe this? Why is this union important?

The little cares that fretted me
I lost them yesterday,
Among the hills above the sea,
Among the winds at play.

Mrs. Browning.

LITTLE CLASSICS

Better to feel a love within,
 Than be lovely to the sight!
 Better a homely tenderness
 Than beauty's wild delight!

George Macdonald.

74. Can you use change of pitch to show discrimination of ideas? Can you multiply and extend both your discriminations and your changes of pitch to make clearer and more forcible some emphatic passage? Can you increase the number and the length of your pauses inflexions, and intervals in reading these four lines, so as to make the ideas interesting and forcible to someone else?

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

From "Vision of Sir Launfal."

James Russell Lowell.

Better not be at all than not be noble.

Alfred Tennyson.

75. What is the difference between a contrast shown by inflexion and one shown by change of pitch? Illustrate by giving some passage both ways.

NOBILITY

True worth is in being, not seeming,
 In doing each day that goes by
 Some little good, — not in the dreaming
 Of great things to do by and by.

For whatever men say in blindness,
 And spite of the fancies of youth,
 There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
 And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure, —
 We cannot do wrong and feel right;
 Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,
 For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,
 The bush for the robin and wren;
 But always the path that is narrow
 And straight, for the children of men. . .

The specific function of each modulation of the voice must be gradually realized. Such contrasts as these are a helpful exercise but may be too difficult for young students without some illustration from the teacher.

The inflexion emphasizes more the inherent connection; the change of pitch more the difference or contrast of the ideas.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing that it gets.

For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing; and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating, —
Our part is to work and to wait.

And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortune or birth.

Alice Cary, 1820-1871.

A TALE

In Scotland's realm, forlorn and bare, the history chanced of late — the history of a wedded pair, a chaffinch and his mate. The spring drew near; each felt a breast with genial instinct filled; they paired, and would have built a nest but found not where to build. The heaths uncovered, and the moors, except with snow and sleet, sea-beaten rocks and naked shores, could yield them no retreat. Long time a breeding-place they sought, till both grew vexed and tired; at length a ship arriving brought the good so long desired.

A ship! could such a restless thing afford them place of rest? or was the merchant charged to bring the homeless birds a nest? Hush! — silent readers profit most — this racer of the sea proved kinder to them than the coast, — it served them with a tree. But such a tree! 'twas shaven deal, the tree they call a mast; and had a hollow with a wheel, through which the tackle passed. Within that cavity, aloft, their roofless home they fixed; formed with materials neat and soft, bents, wood, and feathers mixed.

Four ivory eggs soon pave its floor with russet specks bedight; the vessel weighs, forsakes the shore, and lessens to the sight. The mother-bird is gone to sea, as she had changed her kind. But goes the male? Far wiser, he is doubtless left behind. No: — soon as from ashore he saw the winged mansion move, he flew to reach it, by a law of never-failing love; then perching at his consort's side, was briskly borne along; the billows and the blasts defied, and cheered her with a song.

The seaman, with sincere delight, his feathered shipmate eyes, scarce less exulting in the sight than when he tows a prize. For seamen much believe in signs, and, from a chance so new, each some approaching good divines; and may his hopes be true!

William Cowper, 1731-1800.

76. Render naturally some poem or story, giving great variation of inflexions to express many shades of meaning.

An act of yours is not simply the thing you do, but is also the way you do it.

Phillips Brooks.

DESPISE NOT YOUR NEIGHBOR

A diamond found itself, to its extreme annoyance, lying side by side with a piece of common blacklead under a gas jet. "Disgusting!" it remarked; "this is not fit society for a diamond of the first water." "Pooh!" said the blacklead, carelessly, "you're only a bit of carbon like me." The diamond flashed furiously. "We are absolutely and fundamentally different," it said. "I have nothing in common with you, so be silent."

Presently in came a chemist, with half a dozen pupils. "See here!" he said, taking up the diamond, and applying to it the full force of the blowpipe; and lo! to its horror, the diamond felt and saw itself swelling up into a horrible black mass before resolving into an invisible and noxious gas. As it faded away, its last recognized sensation was a malicious gleam emanating from the blacklead. The rich too often regard themselves as diamonds, and forget that in the Great Chemist's furnace they will prove to be of the same elements as the poor.

SEVEN TIMES TWO, ROMANCE

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover:
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
And hangeth her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
O children take long to grow!

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,
 Nor long summer bide so late;
 And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
 For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
 While dear hands are laid on my head;
 "The child is a woman, the book may close over,
 For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story — the birds cannot sing it,
 Not one, as he sits on the tree;
 The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O, bring it!
 Such as I wish it to be!

Jean Ingelow, 1820-1897.

XXIV. RELATIVE VALUE OF IDEAS AND WORDS

In the Cathedral of Lubeck, Germany, is the following inscription:

"Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us:
 Ye call me Master, and obey me not;
 Ye call me Light, and seek me not;
 Ye call me Way, and walk me not;
 Ye call me Life, and desire me not;
 Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;
 Ye call me Fair, and love me not;
 Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;
 Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;
 Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;
 Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;
 Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;
 Ye call me Just, and hear me not;
 If I condemn you, blame me not."

77. What lessons can you learn from a cumulative story?

Behind the snowy loaf is the mill-wheel; behind the mill is the wheatfield; on the wheatfield rests the sunlight: above the sun is God.

James Russell Lowell.

The cumulative story seems nonsense to some who have not studied its history or who do not know its importance as the first expression of the succession of ideas and their relative value. All stories, and in fact all conversation, imply the mental action that is accentuated in the cumulative story. With young students it is the best method of developing right logical sequence and method, which is at the basis of all intelligent reading, conversation and speaking.

It will be observed that there are in this book very primitive illustrations of cumulative stories. Others follow until the formal presentation of the cumulative ideas entirely disappears. But the additional cumulative ideas in every case must be indicated by the modulations of the voice especially by inflexion and change of pitch.

Little by little the bird builds her nest;
Little by little the sun sinks to rest:
Little by little the waves, in their glee,
Smoothed the rough rocks by the shore of the sea.

Drop after drop falls the soft summer shower;
Leaf upon leaf grows the cool forest bower;
Grain heaped on grain forms the mountains so high,
That its cloud-capped summit is lost to the eye.

MARRIAGE OF COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN

There was an old gray Pussy-cat, and she went down a water-side, and there she saw a wee Robin Redbreast hopping on a briar bush.

And gray Pussy-cat says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I'm going away to the King to sing him a song this good morning."

And gray Pussy-cat said, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonnie, white ring around my neck." But wee Robin says, "No! no! old gray Pussy-cat, no! no! Ye worry the wee mousies, but ye will not worry me!"

So wee Robin flew away until he came to a thorny dyke, and there he saw a gray, greedy Hawk sitting. And the gray, greedy Hawk says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?"

And wee Robin says, "I'm going away to the King to sing to him a song this good morning." And gray, greedy Hawk says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonny feather in my wing."

But wee Robin says, "No! no! gray, greedy Hawk, no! no!" So wee Robin flew away until he came to a cleft in the craig, and there he saw the Fox, sitting.

And the sly Fox says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I'm going away to the King to sing him a song this good morning."

And the sly Fox says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let ye see a bonnie spot on the tip of my tail." And wee Robin says, "No! no! sly Fox, no! no!"

So wee Robin flew away till he came to a bonnie brookside, and there he saw a wee Laddie sitting. And the wee Laddie says, "Where are you going, wee Robin?" And wee Robin says, "I'm going away to the King to sing to him a song this good morning."

And the wee Laddie says, "Come here, wee Robin, and I'll give you a bit of oat cake out of my pouch." But wee Robin says, "No! no! wee Laddie, no! no!"

So wee Robin flew away until he came to the King, and there he sat on the window sill and sang the King a bonnie song. And the King says to the Queen, "What shall we give to wee Robin for singing us this bonnie song?"

And the Queen says to the King, "I think we'll give him Jenny Wren to be his wife."

So Cock Robin and Jenny Wren were married, and the King and the Queen and all the Court danced at the wedding. Then Cock Robin and Jenny Wren flew away home to their own brookside and hopped on a briar bush.

Attributed to Robert Burns.

78. How does the voice reveal the relation of ideas to each other? How do you distinguish central or important ideas or words from those that are unimportant or subordinate?

Those who can take the lead are given the lead.

Arthur T. Hadley.

THE FLOWER FOLK

Hope is like a harebell, trembling from its birth;
Love is like a rose, the joy of all the earth;
Faith is like a lily, lifted high and white;
Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight;
Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth;
But the rose with all its thorns excels them both.

Christina G. Rossetti.

NAPOLÉON AND THE SAILOR

Napoleon's banners at Boulogne armed in our island every free-man; his navy chanced to capture one poor British seaman. They suffered him — I know not how — unprisoned on the shore to roam; and aye was bent his longing brow on England's home. His eye, methinks, pursued the flight of birds to Britain half-way over with envy: they could reach the white dear cliffs of Dover.

At last, when care had banished sleep, he saw one morning — dreaming, doting — an empty hogshead from the deep come shoreward floating. He hid it in a cave, and wrought the livelong day laborious, lurking, until he launched a tiny boat by mighty working. Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond description wretched; such a wherry perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond or crossed a ferry. For ploughing in the salt sea-field, it would have made the boldest shudder, untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled, no sail, no rudder. From neighboring woods he interlaced his sorry skiff with wattled willows; and thus equipped he would have passed the foaming billows.

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach, his little Argo sorely jeering, till tidings of him chanced to reach Napoleon's hearing.

The more important words have, of course, longer inflexions. These inflexions, together with changes of pitch and pauses, enable us to subordinate some words or clauses and to give other words or clauses greater prominence. The subordinate part, with short rising inflexions, looks forward; while short falling inflexions show that a clause is subordinate to something that has preceded. Direction of inflexion with length of inflexion and change of pitch presents subordination.

With folded arms Napoleon stood, serene alike in peace and danger, and in his wonted attitude, addressed the stranger: "Rash man, that wouldst yon channel pass on twigs and staves so rudely fashioned! Thy heart with some sweet British lass must be impassioned." "I have no sweetheart," said the lad; "but — absent long from one another — great was the longing that I had to see my mother." "And so thou shalt," Napoleon said. "Ye've both my favour fairly won; a noble mother must have bred so brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold, and with a flag of truce commanded he should be shipped to England old, and safely landed. Our sailor oft could scantily shift to find a dinner plain and hearty, but never changed the coin and gift of Bonaparte.

Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844.

79. How do you reveal the main facts of a story by the voice?

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant,
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant
And, happening to fall
Against the broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"Why, bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me, 'tis very clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The fourth reached out his eager hand
And felt about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is very plain," quoth he:
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The fifth who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most —
Deny the fact who can:
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong;
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong.

John G. Saxe.

XXV. HOW TO TRAIN THE VOICE TO MAKE CHANGES

OVER THE HILLS

Over the hills and far away,
The autumn winds are sighing;
Over the hills and far away,
The little birds are flying.

Over the hills and far away,
The winter winds are blowing,
Over the hills and far away,
It's snowing, softly snowing.

Over the hills and far away,
All green the grass is growing;
Over the hills and far away,
The farmer his seed is sowing.

Over the hills and far away,
Summer is surely coming;
Over the hills and far away,
The busy bees are humming.

Not known.

80. What actions or modulations of the voice do you use in making a short sentence clear and forcible? Why are we disposed to forget them in reading, especially in a long passage?

Can you use them in talking and reading as if they were your own?

Easy to match what others do,
Perform the feat as well as they;
Hard to out-do the brave, the true,
And find a loftier way.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

81. What are the separate actions that give you wide range of voice in reading and in speaking? Read a passage and emphasize all of these actions.

There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

Alice Cary.

Show me the man you honor, I know by that symptom, better than by any other, what kind of a man you yourself are. For you show me there what your ideal of manhood is; what kind of a man you long inexpressibly to be.

Thomas Carlyle.

What ought not to be done, do not even think of doing.

Epictetus.

82. When you feel the difference between two ideas what difference does it make in your voice? When you feel the connection between two ideas how does it show in your tone?

Read a passage and make sure that your voice shows your thinking.

"Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you.

"I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,

With younger children, or with those who have only a short time to study, some of the lessons in this book should be omitted, such as XXV and XXVI. These will be found very helpful, however, if students have time for them.

Changes of pitch and inflexions in great variety, in union with long pauses, may be so harmoniously increased as to give very wide range of voice and express great earnestness or interest without making a passage declamatory or loud.

Filled the rivers full of fishes;
 Why then are you not contented?
 Why then will you hunt each other?
 "I am weary of your quarrels,
 Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
 Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
 Of your wranglings and dissensions;
 All your strength is in your union,
 All your danger is in discord;
 Therefore, be at peace henceforward,
 And as brothers live together."

From "Song of Hiawatha."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

WRITTEN IN MARCH

The cock is crowing, the stream is flowing, the small birds twitter, the lake doth glitter, the green field sleeps in the sun; the oldest and youngest are at work with the strongest; the cattle are grazing, their heads never raising; there are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated the snow hath retreated, and now doth fare ill on the top of the bare hill; the plowboy is whooping — anon — anon: there's joy on the mountains; there's life in the fountains; small clouds are sailing, blue sky prevailing; the rain is over and gone!

William Wordsworth, 1770-1851.

For every evil under the sun,
 There is a remedy, or there is none.
 If there be one, try to find it;
 If there be none, never mind it.

THE BLUEBELL

There is a story I have heard;
 A poet learned it of a bird
 And kept its music, every word.
 About two thousand years ago,
 A little flower, as white as snow,
 Swayed in the silence to and fro.
 Day after day with longing eye,
 The floweret watched the narrow sky,
 And fleecy clouds that floated by.
 And swiftly o'er its petals white,
 There crept a blueness like the light
 Of skies, upon a summer night.
 And in its chalice, I am told,
 The bonny bell was formed to hold
 A tiny star that gleamed like gold.

Not known.

83. Render a passage and let the voice make especially wide intervals or changes of pitch. Find the

cause of this in your thinking, and definitely separate each successive idea from the last.

Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks —
 Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
 And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty.

Abraham Lincoln.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Robert Burns.

84. Render a passage, varying as much as possible the length of the inflexion, yet keeping all simple and truthful.

The key to every man is his thought.

85. Render a passage freely varying the direction of your inflexions.

Roses of the cheek will fade;
 Beauty pass away:
 Loving words and gentle deeds
 Never can decay.

The gentleman is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd. In his conversation he will remember to whom he is speaking, have thought for all his company, and avoid allusions that would give pain to any of them, steering away, also, from topics that irritate.

When he does a favor to another — and he does many — the gentleman will somehow make it appear that he is receiving the benefit instead of conferring it.

He is never mean or little in his disputes. Moreover, he shows that he has an intellect above the average, in the fact that he never mistakes personalities and sharp sayings for arguments.

John Henry Newman.

86. What is the meaning of inflexion in general? Why should inflexions be as straight and simple as possible? How many inflexions do you make in some short sentence? How many kinds of inflexions? What are some of the changes in the use of inflexion?

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day and at last we cannot break it.

Horace Mann.

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly;
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A truth and noonday light to thee.

Lucy Hooper, 1816-1841.

87. How can you increase your earnestness and impressiveness and not lessen your naturalness?

THE THINGS THAT COUNT

Not what we have, but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose —
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar;
Not what we seem, but what we are —
These are the things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but good we do —
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars, in Fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live —
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after Time shall cease.

Clarence Thomas Urmey.

88. Read this passage, first with great dignity, and then with a lack of dignity, giving it sarcastically or mischievously. Observe the effect upon your inflexions.

What elements of delivery do you especially use or emphasize to make a passage more dignified?

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge one yourself.

Froude.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.

John Ruskin.

89. Have you discovered that when you speak loudly you use fewer inflexions and changes of pitch? What is the cause of this? What should you use when you are truly and genuinely in earnest?

Long as thine art shall love true love,
Long as thy science truth shall know,
Long as thine eagle harms no dove,
Long as thy law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall grow.

From "The Centennial Ode" (1876).

Sidney Lanier.

We needs must love the highest when we see it.

From "Guinevere."

Alfred Tennyson.

THE INDIAN BOASTER

None could run so fast as he could,
None could dive so deep as he could,
None could swim so far as he could,
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvelous story-teller!
Thus his name became a byword
And a jest among the people;

Allowing inflexions to respond directly to thinking does not mean that we are to be careless in their use. It matters a great deal what kind of inflexions we use, but we must develop vigor of thinking as the direct cause. We must use strong and vigorous inflexions as a direct agent of vigorous thinking. We can never improve inflexions by imitating the inflexions of others or by applying mechanical rules.

And whene'er a boastful hunter
Praised his own address too highly,
Or a warrior, home returning,
Talked too much of his achievements,
All his hearers cried, "Iagoo!
Here's Iagoo come among us!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

90. Inflexion is the natural effect or sign of thinking. Can you genuinely think and read a passage allowing your inflexions to respond directly and naturally to the actions of your mind? Can you feel the direct union between your action of thinking and your inflexion?

Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself.

Plato.

TWO MINUTES

He was a third lieutenant in the engineers. It was after the great mine explosion at Petersburg, and the engineers were at that time busily engaged in using all their devices for the discovery of other mines. They had found one in process of construction in front of General Gracie's lines.

They had proceeded at once to run a deeper tunnel under this one. They had loaded the end of it, just underneath the enemy's works, with an incredible amount of gunpowder, and on that morning it was to be fired. A slow-match had been brought from the powder to the mouth of the mine. It was lighted, and a period of waiting ensued.

The match had evidently gone out. Where, nobody knew or could guess. The general in command of that part of the line turned to the captain of engineers and said: "The mine must be blown up at once; will you go in and light the match again?"

The captain hesitated, saying: "I don't know; it may go off at any moment."

Thereupon the third lieutenant stepped forward, touched his cap to the general, and said: "With your permission, I will go in and fire it."

"Thank you," said the general; "go."

The man picked up the torch and started into the mine. It seems that the slow-match had gone out within a very short distance of the powder magazine. But disregarding that, he touched the torch to it, set it off again, and ran with all his might for the mouth of the opening.

It was two minutes' work. The mine went off just before he reached the outlet, and the air pressure literally blew him out of it. He fell sprawling on his face. He was considerably bruised and scratched in his contact with the gravelly ground, but he was not injured in any serious way.

Picking himself up, grimed as he was, he took off his cap, and dusting himself like a school-boy that had fallen in the street, he approached the commanding officer and said: "General, I have the honor to report that I have fired the mine, and that it has gone off."

The general touched his cap and replied: "I had observed that fact, and I thank you very much. I beg to say that I will make an official report of the circumstance."

Two days later we all touched our caps to a freshly made brigadier-general of the engineers. The captain that had hesitated remained a captain.

George Cary Eggleston, 1839-1911.

XXVI. SUCCESSION AND SEQUENCE OF IDEAS AND MODULATIONS

Look on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold:
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was, — how large of mold
The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the plowman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unware.

The Hand of Lincoln.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, 1833-1908.

91. Render a passage naturally, but at the same time increase the rhythm — that is, the number and the length of the pauses and the vigor of the phrase accents.

Go where he will, the wise man is at home —
His hearth, the earth; his hall, the azure dome.
Where his clear spirit leads him, there his road,
By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

"On Henry Thoreau."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

92. Render a passage, at the same time using many changes of pitch and long inflexions as a means of expressing distinction between your successive ideas — that is, extend the melody. Note the necessity, also, of stronger rhythm — that is, of longer pauses and increase of touch. As you increase one voice modulation other modulations must also be increased in harmony.

The teacher should lead students to observe, in the natural rendering of short passages, the infinite variety of inflexions — how they vary in direction and in length; how they combine with changes of pitch, pauses, and other modulations. It should also be noticed that in all their complexity they are simply natural signs of the way we think and feel. This should be illustrated by some short and simple story, such as p. 156.

He who wishes to secure the good of others, has already secured his own.

Confucius.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Oliver Goldsmith.

93. Render a passage and show how an emphatic pause is a means of uniting the rhythmic with the melodic modulations.

Never a night so dark and drear,
Never a cruel wind so chill,
But loving hearts can make it clear,
And find some comfort in it still.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge.

94. Read a passage and harmoniously unite all modulations.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. He that is a hireling and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming and leaveth the sheep and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them and scattereth the sheep. The hireling fleeth because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep. I am the good shepherd; and I know mine own and mine own know me, even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep.

John x: 11-15.

POCAHONTAS

Wearied arm and broken sword wage in vain the desperate fight; round him press a countless horde, he is but a single knight. Hark! a cry of triumph shrill through the wilderness resounds, as, with twenty bleeding wounds, sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the funeral pyre, and the torch of death they light. Ah! 'tis hard to die by fire! Who will shield the captive knight? Round the stake with fiendish cry wheel and dance the savage crowd, cold the victim's mien and proud, and his breast is bared to die.

Pause and touch are more the elements of rhythm, while change of pitch and inflexion are more the elements of melody. Rhythm reveals the generic pulsations of thought and feeling while melody reveals more the rational or logical elements in thinking. The student can easily take a passage and accentuate first the rhythm, and then the melody or range of voice and find the truth of this statement, and lastly show by union of the two that they are not antagonistic.

Who will shield the fearless heart? Who avert the murderous blade? From the throng with sudden start see, there springs an Indian maid. Quick she stands before the knight: "Loose the chain, unbind the ring! I am the daughter of the king, and I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings lifted axe and thirsty knife; fondly to his heart she clings, and her bosom guards his life!

In the woods of Powhattan, still 'tis told by Indian fires how a daughter of their sires saved a captive Englishman.

William Makepeace Thackeray, 1811-1863.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck, —
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong — and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

Mrs. Ella Higginson.

SIMPLICITY OF LINCOLN

In Lincoln was vindicated the greatness of real goodness — and the goodness of real greatness. The twain were one flesh.

Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to him for direction, with such loving and implicit trust, can tell you to-day, whether the wise judgments that he gave came mostly from a wise head or a sound heart. If you ask them, they are puzzled. There are men as good as he, but they do bad things; there are men as intelligent as he, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined made their best result of wisdom.

For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but is their right and intimate conjunction. The union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children, but in them it is unsettled and unpractical. But where it is preserved into a manhood, deepened into reliability and maturity, it is that glorified child-likeness, that high and revered simplicity, which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness, and is chosen by God to fill His purposes when He needs a ruler for His people of faithful and true heart, such as he had who was our President.

Phillips Brooks.

95. Render some story or important passage, and while using all of the modulations harmoniously, note where any one may be increased, and the effect of this in the harmonious expression of the passage.

DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation — or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated — can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate; we cannot consecrate; we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract.

The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS

Still sits the school-house by the road, a ragged beggar sunning; around it still the sumachs grow, and blackberry-vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen, deep scarred by raps official; the warping floor, the battered seats, the jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall; its door's worn sill, betraying the feet that, creeping slow to school, went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun shone over it at setting; lit up its western window-panes, and low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls, and brown eyes full of grieving, of one who still her steps delayed when all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy her childish favor singled: his cap pulled low upon a face where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow to right and left, he lingered; — as restlessly her tiny hands the blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt the soft hand's light caressing,
and heard the tremble of her voice, as if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word: I hate to go above you, because," — the brown eyes lower fell, — "because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man that sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school, how few who pass above
him lament their triumph and his loss, like her, — because they love him.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-1892.

V

IMPRESSIONS THAT COME OF THEMSELVES

XXVII. DELIBERATIVE AND SPONTANEOUS ACTIONS OF THE MIND

May shall make the wild flowers tell
Where the shining snowflakes fell;
Just as though each snowflake's heart,
By some secret, magic art,
Were transmuted to a flower
In the sunlight and the shower.

From "May."

Frank Dempster Sherman.

96. When you read do you think merely about the words and the abstract meaning, or does your mind of itself bring up various sounds, pictures, scenes, and objects which you enjoy? In reading these two lines do you hear and feel the wind, see and hear the leaves, feel the sense of movement and realize all in one place?

The soft wind and the yellow leaves
Are having their last dance together.

Mrs. Harriet King.

97. If you read this little poem merely to get someone to understand the meaning, do you miss anything? If you read it again allowing your mind to picture the

The teacher should carefully observe pupils and secure in some way freedom from all the labored or merely mechanical attention to words. Lead students to discover how their own minds will of themselves create scenes. Certain important actions of the mind must come spontaneously as a part of the enjoyable participation in the thought. Poetic ideality and feeling cannot be mechanically forced. They must come of themselves.

In the same way all expression must in a great measure be spontaneous. We can volitionally increase attention and definitely focus our minds upon points, but this very act of concentration must allow great mental and emotional freedom.

scene and feel it, do you recognize something that deeply affects your voice but which you cannot name and cannot mechanically or voluntarily control?

Out of water, clear and white,
Who has built a bridge so bright?
Light the fairy arches rise,
Tinted with their glowing dyes—
Gold and red and azure blue,
Like the sunset's rarest hue.
Right against the dusky sky
Shines the pathway, fair and high.

Not known.

THE POET TO THE CLOUD

Soft white cloud in the sky,
Wise are you in your day;
One side turned toward God on high,
One toward the world away.
Soft white cloud, I too
Would bear me like to you.
So might I secrets learn
From heaven, and tell to men;
And so might their spirits beat and burn
To make it their country then.
Soft white cloud, make mine
Such manner of life as thine.

From "Lyrics of Brotherhood."
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Richard Burton.

98. Choose and render what you regard as some very imaginative line or passage.

Little brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look—
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and curve and crook—
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing little children in the sun!

From "The Brook-Song," in "Rhymes
of Childhood." Copyright, 1900.

James Whitcomb Riley.

By permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

99. How does the imagination act? What are some of its functions in reading and talking? What are some of the signs of its presence?

You will find poetry nowhere unless you bring some with you.

Joubert.

In the blackest soils grow the fairest flowers, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward among the rocks.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

A FINE DAY

Clear had the day been from the dawn,
 All checkered was the sky,
 Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn
 Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.
 The wind had no more strength than this,
 That leisurely it blew,
 To make one leaf the next to kiss
 That closely by it grew.

Michael Drayton, 1563-1631.

FRINGED GENTIAN

God made a little gentian;
 It tried to be a rose
 And failed, and all the summer laughed:
 But just before the snows
 There came a purple creature
 That ravished all the hill;
 And summer hid her forehead,
 And mockery was still.
 The frosts were her condition;
 The Tyrian would not come
 Until the North evoked it:—
 "Creator! shall I bloom?"

"Nature."

Emily Dickinson.

THE AWAKENING OF SPRING

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
 Now burgeons every maze of quick
 About the flowering squares, and thick
 By ashen roots the violets blow.
 Now rings the woodland loud and long,
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,
 And drown'd in yonder living blue
 The lark becomes a sightless song.
 Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,
 And milkier every milky sail
 On winding stream or distant sea;
 Where now the sea-mew pipes, or dives
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly
 The happy birds, that change their sky
 To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast,
 Spring wakens too; and my regret
 Becomes an April violet,
 And buds, and blossoms like the rest.

"In Memoriam," CXV.

Alfred Tennyson.

100. Which of these two poems has more imagination; which more fancy?

What are some of the differences between imagination and fancy?

THE WATER-LILY

Whence, O fragrant form of light,
 Hast thou drifted through the night,
 Swanlike, to a leafy nest,
 On the restless waves, at rest?

Art thou from the snowy zone
 Of a mountain-summit blown,
 Or the blossom of a dream,
 Fashioned in the foamy stream?

Nay; methinks the maiden moon,
 When the daylight came too soon,
 Fleeting from her bath to hide,
 Left her garment in the tide.

John Banister Tabb.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN TO A THIMBLE

Come about the meadow, hunt here and there, where's Mother's thimble? Can you tell where? Jane saw her wearing it, Fan saw it fall, Ned isn't sure that she dropp'd it at all.

Has a mouse carried it down to her hole—home full of twilight, shady, small soul? Can she be darning there, ere the light fails, small ragged stockings, tiny torn tails?

Did a finch fly with it into the hedge, or a reed-warbler down in the sedge? Are they carousing there, all the night through? Such a great goblet, brimful of dew!

Have beetles crept with it where oak roots hide? There have they settled it down on its side? Neat little kennel, so cosy and dark, has one crept into it, trying to bark?

Have the ants cover'd it with straw and sand? Roomy bell-tent for them, so tall and grand; where the red soldier-ants lie, loll, and lean³—while the blacks steadily build for their queen.

Has a huge dragon-fly borne it (how cool!) to his snug dressing-room, by the clear pool? There will he try it on, for a new hat—nobody watching but one water-rat?

Did the flowers fight for it, while, undecried, one selfish daisy

slipp'd it aside; now has she plunged it in close to her feet — nice private water-tank for summer heat?

Did spiders snatch at it, wanting to look at the bright pebbles which lie in the brook? Now are they using it (nobody knows!), safe little diving-bell, shutting so close?

Did a rash squirrel there, wanting to dine, think it some foreign nut, dainty and fine. Can he have swallow'd it, up in that oak? We, if we listen, shall soon hear him choke.

Has it been buried by cross imps and hags, wanting to see us like beggars in rags? Or have fays hidden it, lest we should be tortured with needlework after our tea?

Hunt for it, hope for it, all through the moss; dip for it, grope for it — 'tis such a loss! Jane finds a drop of dew, Fan finds a stone; I find the thimble, which is Mother's own!

Run with it, fly with it — don't let it fall; all did their best for it — Mother thanks all. Just as we give it her, — think what a shame! — Ned says he's sure that it isn't the same!

From "Child World."

Hannah F. Gould.

101. What do you consider some of the differences between prose and poetry? The beautiful and the sublime? What are the chief differences in your mental actions and the modulations of your voice in rendering these passages?

Truth is the beginning of all good; and self-love the greatest of all evils.

Plato.

THE WATER LILY

O Star on the breast of the river!
 O Marvel of bloom and grace!
 Did you fall right down from heaven
 Out of the sweetest place?
 You are white as the thoughts of an angel,
 Your heart is steeped in the sun;
 Did you grow in the Golden City,
 My pure and radiant one?
 Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven;
 None gave me my saintly white;
 It slowly grew from the darkness,
 Down in the dreary night,
 From the ooze of the silent river
 I won my glory and grace.
 White souls fall not, O my poet,
 They rise — to the sweetest place.

M. F. Butts.

102. Render the same passage as commonplace, then as ideal; as tame, then as important; as abstract and isolated, then with atmosphere and feeling; and notice the difference in your mental action and vocal expression.

Contrast also different passages with different kinds of imaginative action or degrees of poetic elevation. Or can you give "The Vesture of the Soul," beginning with the commonplace and rising to a high degree of poetic imagination in the last stanzas?

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

James Russell Lowell.

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Oh, what's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady;
Oh, what's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry?
Oh, what's the way to Arcady?
The spring is rustling in the tree, —
The tree the wind is blowing through, —
It sets the blossoms flickering white.
I knew not skies could burn so blue
Nor any breezes blow so light.
They blow an old-time way for me,
Across the world to Arcady. . . .

From "The Way to Arcady."

Henry Cuyler Bunner, 1855-1896.

DARTSIDE

I cannot tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.
I cannot tell what you say, rosy rocks,
I cannot tell what you say:
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.
I cannot tell what you say, brown streams,
I cannot tell what you say:
But I know that in you too a spirit doth live,
And a word doth speak this day.

"Oh, green is the color of faith and truth,
 And rose the color of love and youth,
 And brown of the fruitful clay.
 Sweet earth is faithful, and fruitful, and young,
 And her bridal day shall come ere long,
 And you shall know what the rocks and the streams
 And the whispering woodlands say."

Charles Kingsley.

THE VESTURE OF THE SOUL

I pitied one whose tattered dress
 Was patched, and stained with dust and rain;
 He smiled on me; I could not guess
 The viewless spirit's wide domain.

He said, "The royal robe I wear
 Trails all along the fields of light:
 Its silent blue and silver bear
 For gems the starry dust of night.

"The breath of Joy unceasingly
 Waves to and fro its folds starlit,
 And far beyond earth's misery
 I live and breathe the joy of it."

From "Homeward Songs By The Way."

A. E.

103. What are some of the imaginative or poetic points in this beautiful passage?

A JOURNEY

I never saw the hills so far
 And blue, the way the pictures are;
 And flowers, flowers growing thick,
 But not a one for me to pick!

The land was running from the train
 All blurry through the window-pane;
 And then it all looked flat and still,
 When up there jumped a little hill!

I saw the windows and the spires,
 And sparrows sitting on the wires;

And fences running up and down;
 And then we cut straight through a town,

I saw a valley, like a cup; — —
 And ponds that twinkled, and dried up.

I counted meadows that were burnt;
 And there were trees, and then there weren't.

We crossed the bridges with a roar,
 Then hummed the way we went before.
 And tunnels made it dark and light
 Like open-work of day and night;
 Until I saw the chimneys rise,
 And lights and lights and lights, like eyes,
 And when they took me through the door,
 I heard it all begin to roar, —
 I thought, as far as I could see,
 That everybody wanted me!

Josephine Preston Peabody.

THE DRAGON-FLY

"To-day I saw the dragon-fly
 Come from the wells where he did lie.

"An inner impulse rent the veil
 Of his old husk: from head to tail
 Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

"He dried his wings: like gauze they grew;
 Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew
 A living flash of light he flew."

From "The Two Voices."

Alfred Tennyson.

XXVIII. DRAMATIC INSIGHT

Came the relief, "What, sentry, ho!
 How passed the night through thy long waking?"
 "Cold, cheerless, dark, — as may befit
 The hour before the dawn is breaking."
 "No sight? no sound?" "No; nothing save
 The plover from the marshes calling.
 And in yon western sky, about
 An hour ago, a star was falling."
 "A star? There's nothing strange in that."
 "No, nothing; but, above the thicket,
 Somehow it seemed to me that God
 Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

Bret Harte.

104. Render some passage realizing each successive character that speaks. Change naturally from one quotation to another.

PRELUDE TO DRAMATIC IDYLS

"You are sick, that's sure," they say. "Sick of what?" they disagree. "'Tis the brain," thinks Doctor A; "'Tis the heart," holds Doctor B. "The liver, — my life I'd lay." "The lungs!" "The lights!" Ah me! So ignorant of man's whole bodily organs plain to see, — so sage and certain, frank and free, about what's under lock and key — man's soul.

Browning.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE

Methought I heard a butterfly

Say to a labouring bee:

"Thou hast no colours of the sky
On painted wings like me."

"Poor child of vanity, those dyes,
And colours bright and rare,"
With mild reproof, the bee replies,
"Are all beneath my care."

"Content I toil from morn to eve,
And scorning idleness,
To tribes of gaudy sloth I leave
The vanity of dress."

William Lisle Bowles, 1762-1850.

105. At what points in the following story must you be yourself; and at what points must you be somebody else? Why are both of these important?

THE LEGEND OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER

For many a year Saint Christopher
Served God in many a land;
And master painters drew his face,
With loving heart and hand,
On altar fronts and churches' walls;
And peasants used to say,
To look on good Saint Christopher
Brought luck for all the day.

For many a year, in lowly hut,
The giant dwelt content
Upon the bank, and back and forth
Across the stream he went;
And on his giant shoulders bore
All travelers who came,
By night or day, or rich or poor,
All in King Jesus' name.

But much he doubted if the King
His work would note or know,
And often with a weary heart
He waded to and fro.
One night, as wrapped in sleep he lay
He sudden heard a call —
“O Christopher, come, carry me!”
He sprang, looked out, but all

Was dark and silent on the shore.
“It must be that I dreamed,”
He said, and laid him down again;
But instantly there seemed
Again the feeble, distant cry,—
“Oh, come and carry me!”
Again he sprang and looked; again
No living thing could see.

The third time came the plaintive voice,
Like infant's soft and weak;
With lantern strode the giant forth,
More carefully to seek.
Down on the bank a little child
He found — a piteous sight —
Who, weeping, earnestly implored
To cross that very night.

With gruff good will he picked him up,
And on his neck to ride
He tossed him as men play with babes,
And plunged into the tide.
But as the water closed around
His knees, the infant's weight
Grew heavier and heavier,
Until it was so great

The giant scarce could stand upright,
His staff shook in his hand,
His mighty knees bent under him,
He barely reached the land.
And, staggering, set the infant down
And turned to scan his face;
When, lo! he saw a halo bright
Which lit up all the place.

Then Christopher fell down, afraid
At marvel of the thing,
And dreamed not that it was the face
Of Jesus Christ, his King,

Until the infant spoke, and said,
 "O Christopher, behold!
 I am the Lord whom thou hast served.
 Rise up, be glad and bold!

"For I have seen, and noted well,
 Thy works of charity;
 And that thou art my servant good
 A token thou shalt see.
 Plant firmly here upon this bank
 Thy stalwart staff of pine,
 And it shall blossom and bear fruit,
 This very hour, in sign."

Then vanishing, the infant smiled.
 The giant left alone,
 Saw on the bank, with luscious dates,
 His stout pine staff bent down.

I think the lesson is as good
 To-day as it was then —
 As good to us called Christians
 As to the heathen men, —
 The lesson of Saint Christopher,
 Who spent his strength for others,
 And saved his soul by working hard
 To help and save his brothers!

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Helen Hunt Jackson.

106. When would you read the following passages
 alike, and when differently?

Sailing away, losing the breath of the shores in May.

From "Skipper Ben."

Lucy Larcom.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Heroic soul, in homely garb half hid,
 Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint,
 What he endured, no less than what he did,
 Has reared his monument and crowned him saint.

From "Epigrams."

John Townsend Trowbridge.

Here the poppy hosts assemble,
 How they startle, how they tremble!
 All their royal hoods unpinned,
 Blow out lightly in the wind.

From "In Poppy Fields."

Edwin Markham.

If students render alike passages that are widely contrasted, it indicates a
 lack of imagination and realization.

107. In addition to your realizing the picture of the whole poem, do the "oak," the "gentle flow of the stream," and each succeeding object slightly change the picture in your mind as well as your feeling, and do these changes cause a change in the quality of your voice?

Render other passages giving the general feeling and spirit of the whole, intensely; and yet freely allowing each idea to vary definitely the general feeling. The feeling should be rational and should always move with equal step with the thinking.

A RIVER SONG

Down among the river mosses,
By the willowed tide,
Stands a giant oak, and tosses
Branches far and wide,
Where the bridge of ivy crosses
And the shadows glide.

Underneath, the water passes
With a gentle flow,
Washing through the slender grasses
And the lilies low;
While the weed in verdant masses
Swayeth to and fro.

Rushy coves and sandy shallows
Tempt the lingering tide,
Where at morn the early swallows
Twitter by the side,
And the fish in deeper hollows
Dart and glance and glide.

Blue forget-me-nots are braiding
In a garland sweet,
Where, in flush of summer wading
With uncovered feet,
Children tend the merry lading
Of a tiny fleet.

"River, washing through the rushes,
Bring them joy to-day;
Bring a fount of love that gushes
Round their gladsome way;
Bring them mothers' love that hushes
Slumber after play."

Arthur L. Salmon.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,
 And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows —
 Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dew-drops — at the bent spray's edge —
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could re-capture
 The first fine careless rapture!
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,
 — Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

Robert Browning.

108. Did you ever notice that where you are or where things are makes a difference in your feelings? It makes a difference in your tone also. Where does a red rose look most lovely? A daisy? Why? Read these lines with an atmosphere of night and silence. Can you express the effects of different situations with your voice?

SILENCE

So silent is the world to-night
 The lamp gives silence out like light,
 The latticed windows open wide
 Show silence, like, the night, outside;
 The nightingale's faint song draws near
 Like musical silence to mine ear.

The empty house calls not to me,
 "Here, but for fate, were thou and she —"
 Its gibe for once is checked. To-night
 Silence is queen in grief's despite,
 And even the longing of my soul
 Is silent 'neath this hour's control.

From "The Rainbow and the Rose."

E. Nesbit.

109. Suppose you had been shut up in a room in the hospital for months! How would the world look to you when you were set free? How would such words as the following affect your voice?

O, the wonder, the spell of the streets!
The stature and strength of the horses,
The rustle and echo of footfalls,
The flat roar and rattle of wheels!

. . . O, the houses,
The long lines of lofty, grey houses,
Cross-hatched with shadow and light!
These are the streets. . . .
Each is an avenue leading
Whither I will!

Free. . . . !
Dizzy, hysterical, faint,
I sit, and the carriage rolls on with me
Into the wonderful world.

"Discharged" from the Hospital.

William Ernest Henley.

110. Give some word or phrase such as "No," "Go," "He fell," "Come here," in many ways, that is with different emotions. What modulation chiefly shows difference of feeling?

THE VOICE

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tone in which you convey it.
"Come here!" I sharply said,
And the baby cowered and wept;
"Come here!" I cooed, and he looked and smiled,
And straight to my lap he crept.
The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.
For words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.
Whether you know it or not —
Whether you mean or care —
Gentleness, kindness, love, and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid,
 And in peace and love rejoice?
 Keep anger not only out of your words,
 But keep it out of your voice.

Youth's Companion.

WAITING FOR THE BUGLE

We wait for the bugle; the night dews are cold
 The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old,
 The field of our bivouac is windy and bare,
 There is lead in our joints, there is frost in our hair;
 The future is veiled and its fortunes unknown
 As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown.

At the sound of that bugle each comrade shall spring
 Like an arrow released from the strain of the string;
 The courage, the impulse of youth shall come back
 To banish the chill of the drear bivouac,
 And sorrows and losses and cares fade away
 When that life-giving signal proclaims the new day.

Though the bivouac of age may put ice in our veins,
 And no fibre of steel in our sinews remains,
 Though the comrades of yesterday's march are not here,
 And the sunlight seems pale and the branches are sere,
 Though the sound of our cheering dies down to a moan,
 We shall find our lost youth when the bugle is blown.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning
 to lower, comes a pause in the day's occupations, that is known as
 the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me the patter of little feet, the sound
 of a door that is opened, and voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight, descending the broad hall
 stair, grave Alice and laughing Allegra, and Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence: yet I know by their merry eyes
 they are plotting and planning together to take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway, a sudden raid from the hall!
 By three doors left unguarded they enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret o'er the arms and back of my chair;
 if I try to escape, they surround me; they seem to be everywhere.

Colonel Higginson was himself a soldier, and the bugle note which he celebrates in his poem was blown at his own funeral. His soldier experience would make him carry in mind the situation and impart a peculiar color to the tone through the whole piece. The situation of the camp, night, and war not only gives coloring to the whole, but does not interfere with the true realization of each successive idea. The whole is brought by imagination and feeling into an atmosphere of unity.

They almost devour me with kisses, their arms about me entwine,
till I think of the Bishop of Bingen in his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti, because you have scaled the
wall, such an old moustache as I am is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress, and will not let you depart, but put
you down into the dungeon in the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever, yes, forever and a day, till the
walls shall crumble to ruin, and moulder in dust away!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

XXIX. IMAGINATION AND TONE COLOR

Summer's in the sound of June,
Summer and a deepened tune
Of the bees and of the birds.

From "To June."

James Henry Leigh Hunt, 1784-1859.

111. What kinds of emotions make your tones pleasing, and what kinds make them disagreeable? Do you change tone-color deliberately, or does the change come of itself directly? Is it heard in every-day talking?

"Green leaves, what are you doing
Up there on the tree so high?"
"We are shaking hands with the breezes,
As they go singing by."

As the mind has spontaneous activities, so delivery has elements which are not directly voluntary. The emotion diffuses itself over the whole body. The muscles may be hard as flint or soft as cotton under the direct domination of emotion, and this necessarily changes the very texture or quality of the voice. Tone color is the emotional modulation of resonance, the modulation caused by imagination and feeling of the overtones or sympathetic vibrations of the voice.

This is found in life. The cold, hard, negative tones so often heard in the school-room arise from the perfunctory way of doing work and from the fact that the pupils' imagination and feeling and their real interest and attention is not awakened.

The observation of the quality of tones in pupils is not only important in itself, but it serves also as a direct sign to the teacher of the degree of genuineness and earnestness and participation in the work. The tones reveal what faculties are being awakened, whether the whole nature of the student is sympathetically responsive. It may be made not only a test of imagination and of feeling but even of the spiritual sense.

The time for the harmonious awakening of thinking, imagination and feeling is early. The fact that vocal expression cannot be taught by imitation or mechanically; that the mental, imaginative, and emotional causes of voice modulation cannot be reduced to rule does not prove that vocal expression may not be the most important means of education. Froebel's principle is to bring about the child such objects as will stimulate spontaneous activity. The improvement of the sympathetic vibrations of the voice and tone-color must be secured by attention to lyrics, the recitation of a great variety of passages from good literature and to the practice of what this book calls Problems, that is, short lines with great difference in thought, imagination and feeling.

"What, green leaves! have you fingers?"
 Then, the maple laughed with glee —
 "Yes, just as many as you have;
 Count them, and you will see!"

Kate Louise Brown.

Yon deep bark goes where traffic blows
 From lands of sun to lands of snows;
 This happier one, its course is run
 From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship, to rise and dip,
 With the blue crystal at your lip!
 O happy crew, my heart with you
 Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

From "Drifting."

Read.

112. In the following, can you show by your voice the difference between day and night? What causes you to feel this difference?

By day its voice is low and light;
 But in the silent dead of night,
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
 It echoes along the vacant hall,
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,
 And seems to say, at each chamber-door:
 "Forever — never!
 Never — forever!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

113. How does your voice differ when you speak to the owls in the first lines of the following and then to the birds that sing freely in the morning, in the second line? What is the "golden bud within the blue?"

Let your voice suggest such changes as simply and naturally as possible, not mechanically or by will or imitation but directly through your imagination and feeling.

O fly away on silent wing, ye boding owls of night!
 O welcome little birds that sing the coming-in of light!
 For new, and new, and ever-new,
 The golden bud within the blue;
 And every morning seems to say:
 "There's something happy on the way,
 And God sends love to you!"

Henry Van Dyke.

114. Does your voice naturally change as you go to each new passage in this group?

How many emotions can you yourself distinguish by changes in the qualities of your voice?

When all thy mercies, O my God, my rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost in wonder, love and praise.

Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar;
To sea! to sea! the calm is o'er.

From "The Sailor's Song."

Thomas Beddoes.

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon.

From "The Barefoot Boy."

John Greenleaf Whittier.

With an eye made quiet by the power of harmony and the deep power of joy, we see into the life of things.

From "Tintern Abbey."

William Wordsworth.

A moment in the British camp — a moment — and away
Back to the pathless forest, before the peep of day.

What ho, my jovial mates! come on! we'll frolic it
Like fairies frisking in the merry moonshine.

Walter Scott.

Nail to the mast her holy flag, set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms, the lightning, and the gale.

From "Old Ironsides."

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossoms that hang on the bough.

From "The Tempest."

William Shakespeare.

Leap out, leap out, my masters! leap out and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and broad.

From "Forging of the Anchor."

Samuel Ferguson.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hill of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

115. Which is the more intellectual, and which the more imaginative and emotional, inflexion or tone-color?

If it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it.

Marcus Aurelius.

And, best of all, through twilight's calm

The hermit-thrush repeats his psalm.

From "An Angler's Wish."

Henry Van Dyke.

116. Can you simultaneously reveal the argument by inflexions, and the situation, atmosphere, and feeling by tone-color?

TRUE ROYALTY

There was never a Queen like Balkis,
From here to the wide world's end;
But Balkis talked to a butterfly
As you would talk to a friend.

There was never a King like Solomon,
Not since the world began;
But Solomon talked to a butterfly
As a man would talk to a man.

She was Queen of Sabaea —
And he was Asia's Lord —
But they both of 'em talked to butterflies
When they took their walks abroad.

From "Just So Stories."

Rudyard Kipling.

XXX. MELLOWNESS OF TONE

Skies may be dark with storm
While fierce the north wind blows,
Yet earth at heart is warm
And the snowdrift hides the rose.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter, 1836-1894.

117. Render passages widely contrasted and give each as genuinely as possible.

To improve expression it is necessary to work always upon the actions of the mind, and then not only upon the modulations which respond to these, but also upon the conditions. Accordingly, after the study of the cause and nature of each modulation in this book, there will be found a lesson on the corresponding voice conditions or step in vocal training.

In the study of tone-color conditions need special attention because tone-color, as has been shown, is spontaneous. It comes from the whole mind, from the imagination and feeling, and from the whole body.

Mellowness of tone simply means such conditions of purity and resonance, or richness of the secondary vibrations, as will be favorable to tone-color. Tone-color is the imaginative and emotional modulation of the secondary vibrations of the voice. See "Mind and Voice," pp. 333-339.

We should always think the truth, speak the truth, and act the truth.

Come! let us go a-maying
As in the Long-Ago.

William Ernest Henley.

118. While increasing the retention of breath, the relaxation of the body and the openness of the throat, give the "coo" of the doves and the "come" of the swallows with as much feeling and tenderness, but also with as much discrimination of their difference as possible.

THE GRAY DOVE'S ANSWER

The leaves were reddening to their fall,
"Coo," said the gray doves, "coo,"
As they sunned themselves on the garden wall
And the swallows round them flew.
"Whither away, sweet swallows?
"Coo," said the gray doves, "coo";
"Far from this land of ice and snow
To a sunny southern clime we go,
Where the sky is warm and bright and gay;
Come with us away, away.
"Come," they said, "to that sunny clime!"
"Coo," said the gray doves, "coo."
"You will die in this land of mist and rime
Where 'tis bleak the winter through.
"Come away," said the swallows.
"Coo," said the gray doves, "coo."
"Oh, God in Heaven," they said, "is good;
And little hands will give us food,
And guard us all the winter through.
"Coo," said the gray doves, "coo."

Fred E. Weatherby.

119. Why can you not apply rules to tone-color or mechanically soften your tone or enrich its resonance? How does your voice change its quality?

"O Athenians, I honor and love you, but I shall obey God rather than you."

Socrates.

It must be observed that the improvement of tone-color and mellowness of tone must be associated with right action of the body. Hence, the dramatic instinct must be awakened and ideas so realized as to affect the whole body. Constrictions in the face, throat or any part of the body will at once make the tone hard, while imagination and feeling will cause corresponding or secondary vibrations through the whole body and sympathetic and harmonious vibrations in the tone.

120. Render some passage with deep feeling and allow it to soften and enrich your tone. What are some of the things necessary before you can do this?

Good night! Good night!
Far flies the light;
But still God's love
Shall flame above,
Making all bright.
Good night! Good night!

Victor Hugo.

121. What effect upon the voice has the thoughts of "airy navies grappling in the air" and flags "through the thunderstorm?"

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-
storm;
Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were
furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world;
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.
From "Locksley Hall."

Alfred Tennyson.

122. As you imagine the echo of the bugle coming from far away, how does your voice express the impression it produces upon you?

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

From "The Princess."

Alfred Tennyson.

One important technical means of improving the resonance of the voice is to practise as an exercise the smallest possible tone with the greatest possible emphasis of conditions. See "Mind and Voice," pp. 333-398.

One of the simplest and best methods of awakening the sense of tone-color and developing mellowness of voice is the use of short contrasted selections.

123. Render the call of the "Charcoal Man" as openly and as heartily as possible, and then contrast it with the great delicacy of the echo, without changing the amount of reserve breath or the openness of the tone passage.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perch'd high upon his wagon seat:
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries, —

"Charco '! charco '!"

While echo faint and far replies, —

"Hark, O! hark, O!"

"Charco '! " — "Hark, O!" — Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

From "The Charcoal Man."

John Townsend Trowbridge.

124. Repeat many times "ah" from the following with love for the race and a sense of the beauty and joy for the coming time. Be sure that the feeling establishes conditions of tone, deepens breathing and relaxes not only the throat but the whole body, and thus softens the tone.

Ah, when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule? and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams across the sea,
Through all circle of the golden year?

Alfred Tennyson.

A LEAP FOR LIFE

Old Ironsides at anchor lay, in the harbor of Mahon; a dead calm rested on the bay, — the waves to sleep had gone: when little Jack, the captain's son, with gallant hardihood, climbed shroud and spar — and then upon the main-truck rose and stood!

A shudder shot through every vein, all eyes were turned on high! There stood the boy, with dizzy brain, between the sea and sky; no hold had he above, below, alone he stood in air: to that far height none dared to go; no aid could reach him there.

We gazed, — but not a man could speak! with horror all aghast,

Very gentle, even fairy laughter, retaining all the breath possible, securing a wide tone passage and large vowels, is a good exercise for mellowness. Review problems Nos. 30-32 at this point with more imaginative exercises.

in groups, with pallid brow and cheek, we watched the quivering mast. The atmosphere grew thick and hot, and of a lurid hue, as riveted unto the spot stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck! he gasped, "O God! thy will be done!" Then suddenly a rifle grasped, and aimed it at his son: "Jump far out, boy, into the wave! Jump, or I fire!" he said; "That only chance thy life can save! Jump! jump, boy!" He obeyed.

He sunk, — he rose, — he lived, — he moved, — and for the ship struck out; on board, we hailed the lad beloved, with many a manly shout. His father drew, in silent joy, those wet arms round his neck, — and folded to his heart his boy, then fainted on the deck.

George P. Morris, 1802-1864.

125. Paint in the accompanying poem the pomp, excitement, and fierceness of war. Then observe the decided transition in sympathy and feeling at "in vain your pomp." Realize the contrast so fully as to cause a decided change in your voice. Note also the many decided contrasts all through the poem.

Rise if the past detain you!
 Her sunshine and storms forget:
 No chains so unworthy to hold you
 As those of a vain regret.
 Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever:
 Cast her phantom arms away!
 Nor look save to learn the lesson
 Of a nobler strife today.

Adelaide Proctor.

BATTLE SONG

Day, like our souls, is fiercely dark;
 What then? 'Tis day!
 We sleep no more; the cock crows — hark!
 To arms! away!
 They come! they come! the knell is rung
 Of us or them;
 Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
 Of gold and gem.
 What collared hound of lawless sway,
 To famine dear,
 What pensioned slave of Attila,
 Leads in the rear?
 Come they from Scythian wilds afar
 Our blood to spill?
 Wear they livery of the Czar?
 They do his will. . . .

In vain your pomp, ye evil powers,
 Insults the land;
 Wrongs, vengeance, and the cause are ours,
 And God's right hand!
 Madmen! they trample into snakes
 The wormy clod!
 Like fire, beneath their feet awakes
 The sword of God!
 Behind, before, above, below,
 They rouse the brave;
 Where'er they go, they make a foe,
 Or find a grave.

Ebenezer Elliott.

XXXI. LANGUAGE OF THINKING AND FEELING

Good-by, little birdie! fly to the sky,
 Singing and singing a merry good-by.
 Tell all the birds flying above,
 Nell, in the garden, sends them her love
 I'd like to go with you if I could fly;
 It must be so beautiful up in the sky.

126. Emphasize the thought in one passage, and the feeling and thought in another. Does true feeling ever interfere with inflexion? What is the difference between the language of thinking and that of feeling? What is the cause of so-called "tunes," and how can they be corrected?

It is never too late to speak or to write gentle words.

It is hardly worth while to be anything else but kind.

Dennis A. McCarthy.

Follow Light, and do the Right—for man can half-control his doom—

Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.

"Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After."

Alfred Tennyson.

Pause, touch, change of pitch and inflexion express thinking, as has been shown. Tone-color or the emotional modulation of the sympathetic vibrations of the voice expresses imagination and feeling. As thinking is more deliberative than imagination and feeling, inflexions are more deliberative than tone-color.

Tone-color is involuntary; we control only its conditions. Feeling changes the whole texture of the body and the qualities of the voice. When use of the pause and other modulations has been secured and brought into sympathetic union by imagination and feeling, changes of many kinds occur with every idea.

127. Does thinking ever interfere with feeling, or feeling with thinking? Try to separate them, giving first a passage with great thought, then with deep feeling, and then render with both together, observing how they help each other. Observe also that in the same way the language of tone-color and inflexion naturally go together.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

John Milton.

Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

Edward Young.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides,
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

From "Thanatopsis."

William Cullen Bryant.

128. While uniting both thinking and feeling, inflexion and tone-color, render passages where sometimes one, and sometimes the other, is more pronounced.

"Walk up! walk up, gentlemen! walk up! walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam! better than Jamaica, strong beer, or wine at any price: here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay. Walk up, gentlemen, walk up and help yourselves!"

"Town Pump."

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

Horatio Bonar.

Genuine thinking and genuine feeling equally help each other. Feeling does not weaken thinking, but intensifies it. Poetry is the intense realization of truth. Imagination is simply a higher and more intense mode of thinking. This is not true of fancy, which is more playful. Unfortunately, many people regard fancy as imagination.

There is no far nor near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!

From "The Chamber over the Gate."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE WORLD'S MUSIC

The world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning's come,
And feel the air and light alive
With strange sweet music like the hum
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves
At hide-and-seek, and chirp and sing;
While, flashing to and from the eaves,
The swallows twitter on the wing.

And twigs that shake, and boughs that sway;
And tall old trees you could not climb;
And winds that come, but cannot stay,
Are singing gayly all the time.

From dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
Makes music, going round and round;
And dusty-white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.

The brook that flows beside the mill,
As happy as a brook can be,
Goes singing its old song until
It learns the singing of the sea.

For every wave upon the sands
Sings songs you never tire to hear,
Of laden ships from sunny lands
Where it is summer all the year.

And if you listen to the rain
Where leaves and birds and bees are dumb,
You hear it pattering on the pane
Like Andrew beating on his drum.

The coals beneath the kettle croon,
And clap their hands and dance in glee;
And even the kettle hums a tune
To tell you when it's time for tea.

The world is such a happy place
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face
And never, never sulk at all.

Gabriel Setoun.

SNOWDROP

Many, many welcomes
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old time,
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses,
Many, many welcomes
February fair-maid!

Alfred Tennyson.

MY OWN SHALL COME TO ME

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea.
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap when it has sown,
And gather up its fruit of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

John Burroughs.

VI

EXPERIENCE AND EXPRESSION

XXXII. SYMPATHETIC OBSERVATION

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew;
And, gentle lady, deign to stay:
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

From "Rosabelle."

Walter Scott.

129. Do you observe and realize the next so deeply that each successive picture brings a new experience and a change in expression?

In reading the second passage following what changes do you make in the last line, and why?

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!

Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last!

From "The Battle of Naseby."

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

130. Realize the point of view of the young soldiers and their attitude to the old man. Give their various epithets with their feeling; then observe the extreme changes when you pass to your own point of view. Observe how naturally sympathy causes changes in experience and expression.

Close at his elbows all that day
Veterans of the Peninsula charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in,—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,

Observe that feeling acts in union with thinking. Some of the greatest faults in reading and speaking are due to the fact that each idea or event is not realized and has no effect upon the emotion. Feeling that does not change with every idea is a mere mood. To control feeling bring it into direct response to thinking. Feel what you think, think what you feel, and express both.

"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
 "Your head's level!" and "Bully for you!"
 Called him "Daddy," — and begged he'd disclose
 The name of the tailor who made his clothes.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
 Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
 And something the wildest could understand
 Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
 Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
 Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
 In the antique vestments and long white hair,
 The Past of the Nation in battle there;
 And some of the soldiers since declare
 That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
 Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
 That day was their oriflamme of war.

From "John Burns of Gettysburg."

Francis Bret Harte.

131. What mental action would cause no change, and what would cause extreme changes in the following?

PLAYING ROBINSON CRUSOE

Pussy can sit by the fire and sing,
 Pussy can climb a tree,
 Or play with a silly old cork and string
 To 'muse herself, not me.
 But I like Binkie, my dog, because
 He knows how to behave;
 So, Binkie's the same as the First Friend was
 And I am the Man in the Cave.

Pussy will play Man-Friday till
 It's time to wet her paw
 And make her walk on the window-sill
 (For the footprint Crusoe saw);
 Then she fuffles her tail and mews,
 And scratches and won't attend.
 But Binkie will play whatever I choose,
 And he is my true First Friend.

Pussy will rub my knees with her head,
 Pretending she loves me hard;
 But the very minute I go to my bed
 Pussy runs out in the yard.
 And there she stays till the morning-light;
 So I know it is only pretend;
 But Binkie, he snores at my feet all night,
 And he is my own First Friend!

Rudyard Kipling.

ORPHEUS

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing:
 To his music, plants and flowers
 Ever sprung; as Sun and showers
 There had made a lasting Spring.

Everything that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

From "King Henry VIII," Act III, Scene I.

William Shakespeare.

XXXIII. SYMPATHETIC IDENTIFICATION

Who says, "I will" to what is right,
 "I won't" to what is wrong,
 Although a tender little child,
 Is truly great and strong.

132. Read something as if it were remote and abstract; then see everything and identify yourself with it, and observe the differences.

I stand amid the eternal ways,
 And what is mine shall know my face.

John Burroughs.

A little child, beneath a tree,
 Sat and chanted cheerily,
 "When the wind blows, the blossoms fall,
 But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
 The mother's grief, though unproved,
 Softened, as her trembling tongue
 Repeated what the infant sung.

From "The Child and the Mourners."

Charles Mackay.

The celebrated soprano was in the middle of her solo. The conductor of the orchestra was vigorously waving his baton. Little Johnny watched him breathlessly for a moment then turned excitedly to his mother and asked: "Why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?"

"He is not hitting at her," replied his mother. "Keep quiet."
 "Well, then, what is she hollerin' so for?"

133. Read the words of two different persons and give them alike; then read them and so realize each one's point of view and character that you identify yourself with each.

CHILD AND BOATMAN

Child. Martin, I wonder who makes all the songs.

Martin. You do, sir?

Child. Yes, I wonder how they come.

Martin. Well, boy, I wonder what you'll wonder next!

Child. But somebody must make them?

Martin. Sure enough.

Child. Does your wife know?

Martin. She never said she did.

Child. You told me that she knew so many things.

Martin. I said she was a London woman, sir,

And a fine scholar, but I never said

She knew about the songs.

Child. I wish she did.

Martin. And I wish no such thing; she knows enough,

She knows too much already. Look you now,

This vessel's off the stocks, a tidy craft.

Child. A schooner, Martin?

Martin. No, boy; no; a brig,

Only she's schooner-rigged — a lovely craft.

Child. Is she for me? O thank you, Martin, dear.

What shall I call her?

Martin. Well, sir, what you please.

Child. Then write on her "The Eagle."

Martin. Bless the child!

Eagle! why, you know naught of eagles, you.

When we lay off the coast, up Canada way,

And chanced to be ashore when twilight fell,

That was the place for eagles; bald they were,

With eyes as yellow as gold.

Child. O Martin, dear,

Tell me about them.

Martin. Tell! there's naught to tell,

Only they snored o' nights and frightened us.

Child. Snored?

Martin. Ay, I tell you, snored; they slept upright

In the great oaks by scores; as true as time,

If I'd had aught upon my mind just then,

I wouldn't have walked that wood for unknown gold;

It was most awful. When the moon was full,

I've seen them fish at night, in the middle watch,

When she got low. I've seen them plunge like stones

And come up fighting with a fish as long,

Aye, longer than my arm; and they would sail—

When they had struck its life out — they would sail
Over the deck, and show their fell, fierce eyes,
And croon for pleasure, hug the prey, and speed
Grand as a frigate on the wind.

Child. My ship,
She must be called "The Eagle" after these.
And, Martin, ask your wife about the songs
When you go in at dinner-time.

Martin. Not I.
"Songs of the Voices of Birds." Jean Ingelow.

OBERON AND TITANIA

Oberon.
Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Titania.
First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand with fairy grace
Will we sing and bless this place.

Oberon.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

From "A Midsummer Night's Dream." William Shakespeare, 1564-1616.

134. In reciting a fable, giving it or a story in your own words, what are some of the mental actions or expressive conditions that enable you to speak the words naturally and yet keep the character of each animal?

THE MICE, THE CAT, AND THE BELL

There was a sly Cat in the house, and the Mice were in such fear of her, that they had a meeting to find out some way to prevent her from catching them. "Do as I say," cried one of the Mice; "hang a bell on the Cat's neck, to tell us when she is near." This bright plan made the Mice jump for joy. "Well," said an old Mouse, "we have a pretty plan. Now, who shall hang the bell on the Cat's neck?" Not a Mouse would undertake it.

A LESSON

Tell me little spider,
 Who taught you how to spin?
 Tell me little minnow,
 How you learned to use your fin.
 Tell me little swallow,
 Who taught you how to fly?
 And they each said, "It is easy
 If you only try and try."

From "Elfin Songs of Sunland."

Charles Augustus Keeler.

135. Can you read this poem giving everything as seen and felt by the little boy who is talking?

FRAIDIE-CAT

I sha'n't tell you what's his name:
 When we want to play a game,
 Always thinks that he'll be hurt,
 Soil his jacket in the dirt,
 Tear his trousers, spoil his hat,—
 Fraidie-Cat! Fraidie-Cat!

Nothing of the boy in him!
 "Dasn't" try to learn to swim;
 Says a cow'll hook; if she
 Looks at him he'll climb a tree.
 "Scart" to death at bee or bat,—
 Fraidie-Cat! Fraidie-Cat!

Claims the're ghosts all snowy white
 Wandering around at night
 In the attic: wouldn't go
 There for anything, I know.
 B'lieve he'd run if you said "scat!"
 Fraidie-Cat! Fraidie-Cat!

Clinton Scollard.

From "A Boy's Book of Rhyme."

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136. As you read this story, entering into the feeling of the little community and sympathetically identifying yourself with the ant who tells of the trouble, which of the words in the story give the feeling of the little ant and which express your own emotion?

What would be the effect if you read the whole without any imagination or dramatic insight? How would

you speak the last three words, — as the boy said it or with your own feeling of regret? Neither would be wrong, but what would be the difference?

A TRAGEDY

All was commotion in Hillock Town,
The people were hurrying up and down,
Each with as much as his arms could hold;
And all were terrified, young and old.

Empty-handed of all that crowd,
One little creature wailed aloud:
“ My father and mother are buried,” cried she,
“ Beneath the leaves of the plantain tree.

“ My brothers and sisters are dying or dead,
And no one is left but me,” she said.
“ Those giants are all such horrid folk!
They ruin our homes and think it a joke.”

And the poor little thing ran up and down
With the hurrying throngs in Hillock Town.
This is what happened when Reginald Gunn
Stamped on some ant hills, “ just for fun.”

Not known.

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

Said the Table to the Chair,
“ You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,”
Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
“ Now, you know we are not able;
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we cannot walk! ”
Said the Table with a sigh,
“ It can do no harm to try,
I've as many legs as you:
Why can't we walk on two? ”

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round;

And everybody cried,
 As they hastened to their side,
 " See! the Table and the Chair
 Have come out to take the air! "
 But in going down an alley,
 To a castle in a valley,
 They completely lost their way,
 And wandered all the day;
 Till, to see them safely back,
 They paid a Ducky-quack,
 And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
 Who took them to their house.
 Then they whispered to each other,
 " O delightful little brother,
 What a lovely walk we've taken!
 Let us dine on beans and bacon."
 So the Ducky, and the leetle
 Brownny-Mousy, and the Beetle,
 Dined, and danced upon their heads
 Till they toddled to their beds.

From " A Book of Limericks."

Edward Lear.

137. Render this dialogue, feeling the genuine grief of Frank and the egotistic bearing of the two men, Currie and Swipes; then the dignity and great slowness of the squire who reads the will. Show the marked change in the attitude of the two men when they find they are not recognized in the will.

THE WILL

Characters. — Swipes, Currie, Frank Millington, and Squire Drawl.

Swipes. A sober occasion, this, brother Currie. Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

Currie. Ah! we must all die, brother Swipes; and those who live the longest outlive the most.

Sw. True, true; but since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

C. Perfectly, perfectly. Squire Drawl told me she read every word of the will aloud, and never signed her name better.

Sw. Had you any hint from the Squire what disposition she made of her property?

C. Not a whisper; the Squire is as close as an underground tomb: but one of the witnesses hinted to me that she had cut off her graceless nephew, Frank, without a shilling.

Sw. Has she, good soul, has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

C. And I in my own right; and this is no doubt the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your beer-barrels. But here comes the young reprobate. He must be present, as a matter of course, you know. [Enter Frank Millington.] Your servant, young gentleman. So your benefactress left you at last.

Sw. It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank. It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

C. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread.

Sw. Ay, ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

C. Ay, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

F. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as modestly, as I shall mine submissively. I shall retire. [Going: he meets Squire Drawl.]

Sq. Stop, stop, young man. We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen; you are early on the ground.

C. I hope the Squire is well to-day.

Sq. Pretty comfortable, for an invalid.

Sw. I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs again.

Sq. No, I believe not. But since the heirs at law are all convened, I shall now proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Sw. [While the Squire is breaking the seal.] It is a trying thing to leave all one's possessions, Squire, in this manner.

C. It really makes me feel melancholy when I look around and see everything but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the preacher say, "all is vanity."

Sq. Please to be seated, gentlemen. [He puts on his spectacles, and begins to read slowly.] Imprimis; whereas my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler. [The Squire takes off his spectacles, to wipe them.]

Sw. Generous creature! Kind soul! I always loved her.

C. She was good, she was kind; — and, brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I'll take the mansion-house.

Sw. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie. My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it.

C. There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes. And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did I not lend her a new chaise every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence —

Sw. Am I not named first in her will? and did I not furnish her with my best small beer, for more than six months? And who knows —

F. Gentlemen, I must leave you. [Going.]

Sq. [Putting on his spectacles very deliberately.] Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats. I have not done yet. Let me see; where was I? Ay, "All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer," —

Sw. Yes.

Sq. "And Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler," —

C. Yes.

Sq. To have and to hold, in trust, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained the age of twenty-one years, by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits, as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."

Sw. What is all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? In trust! How does that appear? Where is it?

Sq. There; in two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

C. Pretty well too, Mr. Squire, if we must be sent for, to be made a laughing stock of. She shall pay for every ride she has had out of my chaise, I promise you.

Sw. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times, if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here, to be made the sport of a graceless profligate. But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie; we will make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with.

C. That we will.

Sq. Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument is dated three years ago; and the young gentleman must be already of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

F. It is, your worship.

Sq. Then, gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of the seal, according to law, you are released from any further trouble about the business.

A RIDDLE

I'm a new contradiction, I'm new and I'm old,
I'm often in tatters, and oft deck'd in gold;
Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm found;
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound;
I am always in black, and I'm always in white;
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light,
In form, too, I differ — I'm thick and I'm thin,
I've no flesh, and no bones, yet I'm covered with skin;

I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute —
 I sing without voice, without speaking confute;
 I'm English, I'm German, I'm French and I'm Dutch;
 Some love me too fondly; some slight me too much;
 I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
 And no monarch alive has so many pages.

Hannah Moore.

XXXIV. ASSIMILATION NOT IMITATION

Hark! Hark! it is the clash of arms —
 The bells begin to toll —
 "He is coming! he is coming!
 God's mercy on his soul."

From "Execution of Montrose."

William Edmondstoune Aytoun.

138. In the preceding, why are the last two lines quoted? What would be the effect of trying to imitate the "toll" of the bells in these words? Why would this interfere with the feeling for the hero?

In the following, since the last quotation echoes the spirit of the drum, why should we not imitate the drum in speaking the words? Why would imitation destroy the imaginative and sympathetic realization of the thought?

Let me of my heart take counsel:
 War is not of life the sum;
 Who shall stay and reap the harvest
 When the autumn days shall come
 But the drum
 Echoed, "Come!
 Death shall reap the braver harvest,"
 Said the solemn-sounding drum.

From "The Reveille."

Francis Bret Harte.

When daffodils begin to peer,
 With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

From "A Winter's Tale."

William Shakespeare.

139. Why would an imitation of the song of Annie Laurie interfere with the real spirit of the "Song of the Camp"?

They sang of love, and not of fame;
 Forgot was Britain's glory,
 Each heart recalled a different name,
 But all sang Annie Laurie.

From "Song of the Camp."

Bayard Taylor.

140. If you read the following passage, making the changes first by mechanical imitation and secondly by imaginative and sympathetic insight, what are some of the differences? In what clauses would the differences be greatest?

Words are instruments of music: an ignorant man uses them for jargon; but when a master touches them they have unexpected life and soul. Some words sound out like drums; some breathe memories sweet as flutes; some call like a clarionet; some shout a charge like trumpets; some are sweet as children's talk; others rich as a mother's answering back.

141. Should you try to express objects, sounds, or actions themselves, or the impressions they produce upon you? What would be the difference in reading the following, first, imitating the cricket; next, expressing your feeling for the cricket?

CRICKET SONG

Welcome with thy clicking, cricket!
Clicking songs of sober mirth;
Autumn stripping field and thicket,
Brings thee to my hearth,
Where thy clicking shrills and quickens,
While the mist of twilight thickens.

Lately, by the garden wicket,
Where the thick grass grew unclipt,
And the rill beside thee, cricket,
Silver-trickling slipt,
Thou, in midday's silent glitter,
Mocked the flickering linnet's twitter.

Now thou art, my cheerful cricket,
Nimble quickener of my song;
Not a thought but thou shalt nick it
In thy lowly tongue,
And my clock, the moments ticking,
Is thy constant clicking, clicking.

No annoy, good-humored cricket,
With thy trills is ever blent;
Spleen of mine, how dost thou trick it
To a calm content!
So by thicket, hearth, or wicket,
Click thy little lifetime, cricket!

Bayard Taylor,

142. Read the following in two ways, first imitating the Song Sparrow in giving "Good cheer;" and then with a true imaginative and sympathetic realization of the whole scene, feeling deep impressions successively of the Meadow Lark, the Blue Birds, the Chewink, the Song Sparrow and the Hermit Thrush. What will be some of the differences between the two readings?

I think the meadow-lark's clear sound
Leaks upward slowly from the ground,
While on the wing the blue-birds ring
Their wedding-bells to woods around.
The flirting chewink calls his dear
Behind the bush; and very near,
Where water flows, where green grass grows,
Song-sparrows gently sing, "Good cheer."
And, best of all, through twilight's calm
The hermit-thrush repeats his psalm.
How much I'm wishing to go a-fishing
In days so sweet with music's balm!

"An Angler's Wish," Stanza III.

Henry Van Dyke.

Manifestation is the revealing of our own thoughts and feelings directly by the natural signs in voice and body.

Representation suggests something of the objective source of our impressions. Manifestation is subjective; representation results from an intense realization which leads to objective suggestion.

Imitation is an endeavor to reproduce mechanically objective facts.

In any true expression such extreme representative words or rather syllables as are found in this poem are very few. If the attention centers in giving them literally, then the spirit of the poem will be entirely lost. Even such imitative sounds must not become pure imitation; they must be sympathetic, imaginative and suggestive, and as far as possible the direct effect of a sympathetic admiration for the bird and a genuine dramatic identifying of ourselves with it. The impression produced upon us must be genuine and direct; above all, we must never imitate any other reader when we represent such sounds.

Imitation is a mechanical thing, and excludes imagination. Dr. Van Dyke's intention evidently was to make the Hermit Thrush the climactic impression in this stanza. The impression received from each successive bird is definite, decided and different and will cause a different manifestation. The "Good cheer" has an objective element, but it is suggestive or only a hint. The feeling of the joyousness, the jollity, the playfulness of this song must be felt and color the representation. It must not be imitative. The objective element furnishes a fine contrast to the deep subjective feeling of the poem which can be expressed only by manifestation.

The imagination always acts spontaneously and from within outward. It never tries to imitate; it never acts mechanically or artificially. It is the basis of all sympathy. It is the primary element in all art.

The greatest hindrances to imagination are a lack of careful observation and sympathetic attention, a mechanical attitude of mind, such as imitation. Imagination is creative and to use it at all we must feel its energy within us; we must not copy but allow our spontaneous energy simple and direct manifestation.

143. What are some of the differences between imitation and representation? What are some of the dangers in giving such words as the "rat-tat-tat" of the woodpecker in the following? Are these words really imitative, or poetically representative?

HOW THE WOODPECKER KNOWS

Boy at the window:—

"How does he know where to dig his hole,
The woodpecker there on the elm-tree bole?
How does he know what kind of a limb
To use for a drum, and to burrow in?
How does he find where the young grubs grow—
I'd like to know?"

The woodpecker flew to a maple limb,
And drummed a tattoo that was fun for him.
"No breakfast here! It's too hard for that,"
He said, as down on his tail he sat.
"Just listen to this: rrrrr rat-tat-tat."

Away to the pear tree, out of sight,
With a cheery call and a jumping flight!
He hopped around till he found a stub,
"Ah, here's the place to look for a grub!
'Tis moist and dead—rrrrr rub-dub-dub."

To a branch of the apple Downy hied,
And hung by his toes to the under side.
"'Twill be sunny here in this hollow trunk;
It's dry and soft, with a heart of punk,
Just the place for a nest—rrrrr runk-tunk-tunk."

"I see," said the boy. "Just a rap or two,
Then listen as any bright boy might do;
You can tell ripe melons and garden stuff
In the very same way—it's easy enough."

By permission of the author.

William Joseph Long.

Once there was a poor old hack
Who had to write for bread,
Who meant to write an epic poem
If any time his wife should show him
They'd bread enough ahead;
But need kept pace with the supply
Until his time had come to die. . . .

This poet's soul went out at night
 And up the Path of Souls;
 And Homer met him at the gate
 And welcomed him as if a mate
 Upon the eternal rolls.
 "Souls know," he said, "the songs unsung
 As well as those that find a tongue. . . ."

From "The Unexpressed."

Sam Walter Foss.

"Dreams in Homespun."

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XXXV. EXTREME CHANGES IN EXPERIENCES

Exult, O shores, and ring O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

From "On Lincoln's Death."

Walt Whitman.

144. Render decided transitions, passing from one extreme to another. Take time; allow imagination to change the picture, feeling to awaken, and voice and body to respond. Let every change come naturally and sympathetically. Be sure that every change in expression is the direct effect of change in the mind. Do not mechanically manipulate the voice; but allow imagination and feeling to modulate it.

Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

"The Bard."

Thomas Gray.

Plunged in the battery-smoke, right through the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian reeled from the saber-stroke, shattered and
 sundered. Then they rode back, but not—not the six hundred.

From "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Alfred Tennyson.

"By the God that made thee, Randolph,
 Tell us what mischance hath come!"
 Then he lifts his riven banner,
 And the asker's voice is dumb.

From "Flodden Field."

William Edmondstoune Aytoun.

Practice of transitions is the best remedy for monotony, indifference, or neutrality. To make changes requires sympathetic observation and identification. Each idea or event must be thought and felt in succession. Realization and expression must change in direct response to each successive imaginative picture. Changes also test responsive conditions of voice.

145. What are some of the peculiarities of a transition in humor, from the point of view of thought and feeling and of voice modulation?

HE FOUND IT

A well known Indiana man,
One dark night last week,
Went to the cellar with a match,
In search of a gas leak.
(He found it.)

John Welch by curiosity
(Dispatches state) was goaded;
He squinted in his old shotgun
To see if it was loaded.
(It was.)

A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't.)

A Maine man read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
Upon an angry bull.
(It wouldn't.)

From "San Francisco Bulletin."

146. Render Victor Hugo's "On a Barricade," making long pauses to realize the thought and feeling of each character. Give such wide contrasts as will express the dramatic spirit of the whole.

ON A BARRICADE

Upon a barricade, across the streets,
Where blood of criminal and hero meets,
Ta'en with the men, a child of twelve or less!
"Were you one of them — you?" The boy said "Yes."
"Well," said the officer, "then you'll be shot;
Wait for your turn." The child saw on the spot
All his companions 'neath the wall fall low.
To the officer he cried, "Sir, let me go,
And take this watch to mother, who's at home."
"You wish to 'scape!" — "No! I'll come back." — "This scum
Are cowards. — Where do you live?" — "There, by the well;
And, Captain, I'll return — the truth I tell." —

"Be off, young scamp." The child ran off, and then
At the plain trick laughed officer and men. —
Death's rattle mingling with their laugh was heard;
But the laugh ceased when suddenly appeared
The child, with bloodless cheek but dauntless eye,
And, leaning 'gainst the wall, said, "Here am I!"
Death fled ashamed. — The Captain said, "Be free.
Child! — I know not in storms, where mingled be
All things right, wrong, knave, hero — in this fray,
What made you take a part: — But this I say,
Your soul, untaught, was yet sublimely great,
Good, brave — who in the very jaws of fate,
First to your mother walked — then to the grave!
Children have candour — men remorse may have.
No fault of yours to march where others led;
But noble, valiant thou! who chose instead
Of safety, life, spring, dawn, and boyish play,
The black blank wall where slain thy comrades lay."

Translated by Dean Carrington.

Victor Hugo.

147. Observe in some animated passage what special mental actions and voice modulations change in expressing the life and variety of experience, and the movement and life of the whole.

HARMOSAN

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done, and the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory won; Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy, captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in my thirst; give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!" In his hand he took the goblet; but awhile the draught forbore, seeming doubtfully the purpose of the victors to explore. Well might then have paused the bravest, — for, around him, angry foes with a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man inclose.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the caliph; "is it, friend, a secret blow? Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such treacherous dealing know. Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before thou hast drunk that cup of water — this reprieve is thine — no more!"

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand, and the liquid sank, forever lost amid the burning sand. "Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup I have drained; then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful passions stirred;
then exclaimed, "Forever sacred must remain a monarch's word.
Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give.
Drink, I said before, and perish, — now I bid thee drink and live!"

Richard Chenevix Trench.

XXXVI. MODULATIONS CAUSED BY EXPERIENCE

"Make way for liberty," he cried;
Made way for liberty and died.

Arnold Winkelried at the Battle of Lake Sempach.

James Montgomery.

148. What are the chief differences between the utterances of the two preceding lines; or between the two stanzas of the following?

SIGHT AND INSIGHT

By land and sea I travelled wide;
My thought the earth could span;
And wearily I turned and cried,
"O little world of man!"

I wandered by a greenwood's side
The distance of a rod;
My eyes were opened, and I cried,
"O mighty world of God!"

F. W. Bourdillon.

149. What causes us to give a sentence or clause rapidly or slowly? Why is it not natural to have one movement that never varies? Contrast many passages or single lines where there is a sudden transition and tell where your movement is rapid, where slow, and why.

With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger, that fed from out her hand,
She mounted and she turn'd his head toward her native land.

Out — out into the darkness — faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut wood is pass'd;
She looks up; the clouds are heavy: Why is her steed so slow? —
Scarcely the wind beside them can pass them as they go.

Observe that excitement increases the pulsation, and control of excitement tends to make movement more slow. In the next to the last line of the second stanza of the above, why is the movement rapid? In the next, why is it slower? It is because of the change of point of view. In one line the reader identifies himself with the maiden, in the other he stands away from her and becomes himself and is surprised at the fearful rapidity with which she rides. This causes him to speak slowly and express admiration for her.

"Faster!" she cries, "O, faster!" Eleven, the church-bells chime:
 "O God," she cries, "help Bregenz, and bring me there in time!"
 But louder than bells' ringing, or lowing of the kine,
 Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the Rhine.

From "A Legend of Bregenz."

Adelaide Procter.

150. If you read these sentences truly realizing the Master's warning, what changes would you make before the last clause of each of the two sentences?

Why does regret make us go slower? What is the etymology of the word "regret?" What other changes of voice do you find at these points?

Enter ye in by the narrow gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many are they that enter in thereby. For narrow is the gate, and straitened the way that leadeth unto life, and few are they that find it.

151. In simple prose find and express degrees of importance by change of movement.

For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known.

152. Observe the contrasts in the movement of parenthetical passages. Usually, these are less important, but occasionally more important than the context.

God bless the King! — I mean the Faith's Defender;
 God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!
 But who Pretender is, or who is King,
 God bless us all! — that's quite another thing.

"A Jacobite Toast."

John Byron.

Observe in the passage from Paul that the first clause is taken for granted; nobody will dispute it, and hence the pulsations are more rapid and less vigorous. While in the second clause of the first sentence there is a feeling that a profound truth is conveyed, something that people do not ordinarily realize. This causes the reader to enlarge the rhythmic pulsations; give strong phrase accent; make long pauses, and speak more slowly. In the second sentence there is a similar contrast between the clauses.

When the reader fully realizes what he is saying, extreme changes occur which are deeper than mere time; the real change is in the rhythmic pulsations of thought and feeling. It is not time but rhythm that expresses true assimilation.

However many changes there are in the other voice modulations, changes in movement are of greater importance: they suggest the spirit of the passage.

153. Suggest by your voice degrees of demonstration, declamation, excitement, and explosion, in contrast with degrees of control and of intensity.

I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

Alfred Tennyson.

Love is our highest word, and the synonym of God.

THREE DESTINIES

Three roses nod and talk
Across a garden walk;
One, lifting up her head,
Clad all in damask red,
Cries gayly in her pride,
"To-night, full far and wide,
My beauty shall be seen,
Adorning Beauty's queen."

"And I," the blush-rose cries,
"Shall be the envied prize
A lover shall convey,
Before the end of day,
Unto a maiden fair,
And she will kiss and wear
My blushes in her breast:
There I shall sleep and rest."

"And I," the white rose sighs, —
"Before the sunshine dies,
I shall lie hid from sight
Within a grave's dark night;
But not in vain the bloom,
If I have cheered the gloom,
Or helped to soothe and bless
A mourner's loneliness."

Nora Perry.

Such a starved bank of moss till, that May morn,
Blue ran the flash across: violets were born!
Sky — what a scowl of cloud till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud: splendid, a star!
World — how it walled about life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out: that was thy face!

Prologue, "The Two Poets of the Croisic."

Robert Browning.

Far up the dim twilight fluttered
 Moth-wings of vapour and flame:
 The lights danced over the mountains,
 Star after star they came.

The lights grew thicker unheeded,
 For silent and still were we; -
 Our hearts were thrilled with a beauty
 Our eyes could never see.

From "Homeward Songs by the Way."

A. E.

THE RAILWAY TRAIN

Through the mold and through the clay,
 Through the corn and through the hay,
 By the margin of the lake,
 O'er the river, through the brake,
 On we hie with screech and roar!
 Splashing, flashing, crashing, dashing!
 Over ridges, gullies, bridges!
 By the bubbling rill, and mill, —
 Highways, byways,
 Hollow, hill, —
 Jumping, bumping, rocking, roaring,
 Like forty thousand giants snoring!

O'er the aqueduct and bog,
 On we fly with ceaseless jog,
 Every instant something new,
 Every moment lost to view,
 Now a tavern, now a steeple,
 Now a crowd of gazing people,
 Now a hollow, now a ridge,
 Now a crossway, now a bridge.

Glimpse of lonely hut and mansion,
 Glimpse of ocean's wide expansion,
 Glimpse of foundry and of forge,
 Glimpse of plain and mountain gorge, —
 Dash along, slash along, flash along!
 On! on with a bump, and a thump,
 And a roll!
 Hies the railway train to its destined goal.

Not known.

154. In these passages which causes you to think intensely? which to feel deeply? which to do both? What are the differences in the expression?

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY

Out on the breeze, o'er land and seas,
 A beautiful banner is streaming.
 Shining its stars, splendid its bars,
 Under the sunshine 'tis gleaming.
 Over the brave long may it wave,
 Peace to the world ever bringing.
 While to the stars, linked with the bars,
 Hearts will forever be singing.

Lydia Coonley Ward.

If poetry be thought in flower, goodness is thought in fruit.

THE THRUSH

When sunny glades 'mid woodland shades
 Betoken winter past,
 And peeping flowers 'neath birchen bowers
 Foretell the spring at last;
 The song-thrush then, in wood and glen,
 Breaks forth in sweetest song;
 From throbbing throat his rich, full note
 Comes piping clear and strong.
 On fir-top high, against the sky,
 Now mark his dainty form,
 As by the hour, through breeze and shower,
 He bravely breasts the storm
 The while he swings he gaily sings
 His happy roundelay;
 Good cheer! good cheer! the spring is here!
 He almost seems to say.

Dear little friend! may grief ne'er rend
 His bonny speckled breast;
 But may kind fate defend his mate,
 And guard her clay-lined nest;
 Till, by-and-by, the young ones fly
 The summer woods among,
 And safe from harm in turn they'll charm
 Another spring with song.

Hugh Lawler.

THE HERO

What makes a hero? — not success, not fame,
 Inebriate merchants, and the loud acclaim
 Of gluttoned Avarice, — caps toss'd up in air,
 Or pen of journalist with flourish fair;
 Bells peal'd, stars, ribbons, and a titular name —
 These, though his rightful tribute, he can spare;
 His rightful tribute, not his end or aim,

Or true reward; for never yet did these
Refresh the soul, or set the heart at ease.

What makes a hero? — An heroic mind,
Express'd in action, in endurance prov'd.
And if there be preëminence of right,
Deriv'd through pain well suffer'd, to the height
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmov'd,
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
But worse — ingratitude and poisonous darts,
Launch'd by the country he had serv'd and lov'd:
This, with a free, unclouded spirit pure,
This, in the strength of silence to endure,
A dignity to noble deeds imparts
Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown;
This is the hero's complement and crown;
This miss'd, one struggle had been wanting still,
One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
One self-approval in his heart of hearts.

Sir Henry Taylor, 1800-1886.

155. What voice modulations express contrast or change of feeling in the following?

THE MOTHER

There's a letter on the bottom of the pile,
Its envelope a faded yellow brown,
It has traveled to the city many a mile,
And the postmark names a little unknown town.

But the hurried man of business pushes all the others by,
And on the scrawly characters he turns a glistening eye.
He forgets the cares of commerce and his anxious schemes for gain,
The while he reads what mother writes from up in Maine.

There are quirks and scratchy quavers of the pen
Where it struggled in the fingers old and bent.
There are places that he has to read again
And ponder on to find what mother meant.

There are letters on his table that enclose some bouncing checks;
There are letters giving promises of profits on his "specs."
But he tosses all the litter by, forgets the golden rain,
Until he reads what mother writes from up in Maine.

At last he finds "with love — we all are well,"
And softly lays the homely letter down,
And dashes at his headlong tasks pellmell,
Once more the busy, anxious man of town.

But whenever in his duties as the rushing moments fly
That faded little envelope smiles up to meet his eye,
He turns again to labor with a stronger, truer brain,
From thinking on what mother wrote from up in Maine.

Through all the day he dictates brisk replies,
To his amanuensis at his side, —
The curt and stern demand, and business lies —
The doubting man cajoled, and threat defied.

And then at dusk when all are gone he drops his worldly mask
And takes his pen and lovingly performs a welcome task;
For never shall the clicking type or shortened scrawl profane
The message to the dear old home up there in Maine.

Holman F. Day.

XXXVII. SYMPATHETIC RESPONSIVENESS OF TONE

O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

From "Ode to the West Wind."

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

156. When the mother says "Tom's come home,"
how do her joy and love affect her breathing, her body,
and her tone?

With its heavily rocking and swinging load,
The stage-coach rolls up the mountain road.
The mowers lean on their scythes and say,
"Hullo! what brings Big George this way?"
The children climb the slats and wait
To see him drive past the door-yard gate;
When, four in hand, sedate and grand,
He brings the old craft like a ship to land.
At the window, mild grandmotherly eyes
Beam from their glasses with quaint surprise,
Grow wide with wonder, and guess, and doubt;
Then a quick, half-stifled voice shrieks out,
"Tom! Tom's come home!"

The face at the casement disappears,
To shine at the door, all joy and tears,
As a traveller, dusty and bearded and brown,
Over the wheel steps lightly down.

The elasticity of the voice can be improved by rendering lines expressive of deep passion as intensely as possible. Each situation should be so deeply realized that the texture of all parts of the body and especially of the muscles controlling the breath is made soft or firm according to the passion. The voice should suggest sympathetically as large and varied pictures as possible — not by loudness or labor, but by greater elasticity and variations in tone.

"Well, mother!" "My son!" And to his breast
 A forward-tottering form is pressed.
 She lies there, and cries there; now at arm's-length
 Admires his manly size and strength
 (While he winks hard one misty eye);
 Then calls to the youngsters staring nigh —
 "Quick! go for your gran'ther! run, boys, run!
 Tell him your uncle — tell him his son —
 Our Tom's come home!"

With twitching cheek and quivering lid
 (A soft heart under the hard lines hid),
 And "Tom, how d'e do?" in a husky voice,
 He grasps with rough, strong hand the boy's —
 A boy's no more! "I shouldn't have known
 That beard." While Tom's fine barytone
 Rolls out from his deep chest cheerily,
 "You're hale as ever, I'm glad to see."
 In the low back porch the mother stands,
 And rubs her glasses with trembling hands,
 And, smiling with eyes that bear and blink,
 Chimes in "I never!" and "Only think!
 Our Tom's come home!"

From "Tom's Come Home."

John Townsend Trowbridge.

157. Render hearty characters dramatically. Be sure there is no imitation but instead sympathetic identification and harmonious and direct response of body and voice not only to thinking and feeling, but to the imaginative conception of the characters.

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
 After passing of a cloud,
 When a fit of laughter gits ye
 An' ye'r spine is feelin' proud,
 Don't fergit to up and fling it
 At a soul that's feelin' blue,
 For the minit that ye sling it
 It's a boomerang to you.

Captain Jack Crawford.

All dialect is primarily dramatic. The dramatic results from any sympathetic flexibility of mind. Stiffness is nearly always mental. It is a lack of the right awakening of the dramatic instinct. Work for any phase of flexibility requires as a first step attention to the dramatic instinct.

Sometimes, when the tone is narrow and constricted, it is well to take the hearty words of some genuine and sympathetic character, some joyous sailor for example. This gets the student out of himself, awakens dramatic instinct, causes responsiveness of voice, and tends to break up constrictions and stiffness.

In giving dialects, too many rely entirely on mechanical imitation. Such

158. Realize by your imagination, and suggest sympathetically by your voice, the impression produced upon you by various pictures, especially those that are sublime and beautiful. Avoid loudness or labor and suggest your pictures by variation of the texture of your tone.

Over the waves we roam, our home is on the sea;
We fear no roaring foam, for sailors bold are we.

The only gift is a portion of thyself.

O sacred forms, how fair, how proud you look.
How high you lift your heads into the sky!

"William Tell to His Native Mountains."

Sheridan Knowles.

All service ranks the same with God.

Robert Browning.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, — 'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'er leap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.
"Childe Harold," Canto iii.

Lord Byron.

159. Can you distinguish and reveal in various situations the different kinds and degrees of poetic exaltation?

THE TAPER

I stood in the old cathedral amid the gloaming cold;
Before me was the chancel, and unlit lamps of gold.
From the mullioned window's chalice was spilled the wine of light,
And across the winter valleys was drawn the wing of night.

The frescoes of the angels above me were unseen,
And viewless were the statues each pillared arch between.
The chancel door swung open; there came a feeble light,
Whose halo like a mantle fell o'er the acolyte.

work is, of course, injurious to speech, to the body, and to thought. There must be a thorough and sympathetic identification, genuine imagination, and sympathetic insight.

And one by one he kindled the silver lamps and gold,
 And the old Cathedral's glories before my eyes unrolled.
 The taper's light was feeble, the lamps were stars of flame;
 And I could read behind them Immanuel's wondrous name.

The taper — light's evangel — touched all the chandeliers,
 As if by heaven transfigured appeared the saints and seers.
 Along the sculptured arches appeared the statues dim;
 And pealed the stormy organ the peaceful advent hymn.

And as the form retreating passed slowly from my sight,
 Eclipsed in lights it kindled, was lost, the taper's light.
 One taper lights a thousand, yet shines as it has shone;
 And the humblest light may kindle a brighter than its own.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

Urgent and masterful ashore,
 Man dreams and plans, and more and more,
 As ages slip away, Earth shows
 How need by satisfaction grows,
 And more and more its patient face
 Mirrors the driving human race.

But he who ploughs the abiding deep
 No furrow leaves, nor stays to reap.
 Unmarred and unadorned, the sea
 Rolls on as irresistibly
 As when, at first, the shaping thought
 Of God its separation wrought. . . .

Serene it basks while children's hands
 Its margin score and pit its sands. . . .
 Benign, or roused by savage gales;
 Fog veiled, or flecked with gleaming sails; . . .
 In all its moods, in all its might,
 'Tis the same sea that first saw light. . . .

From "The Sea Is His."

Edward Sandford Martin.

XXXVIII. UNION OF MENTAL ACTIONS AND VOICE MODULATIONS

Hark! from the battlements of yonder tower,
 The solemn bell has tolled the midnight hour.

160. Render some extreme transition and observe the different modulations that result. What is the difference in voice between a contrast of thoughts and a contrast of feelings?

Before thy feet the ways divide:
 One path leads up to heights sublime;
 Downward the other slopes, where bide
 The refuse and the wrecks of Time.
 Choose then, nor falter at the start,
 O choose the nobler path and part!

From "The Parting of the Ways."

Joseph B. Gilder.

UPON THE VALLEY'S LAP

Upon the valley's lap the dewy morning throws
 A thousand pearly drops to wake a single rose.
 So, often in the course of life's few fleeting years,
 A single pleasure costs the soul a thousand tears.

F. W. Bourdillon.

THE BOASTFUL RUSHLIGHT

A rushlight fell in love with its own brilliancy and proudly boasted:
 "My light is stronger and brighter than that of the sun, the moon,
 and the stars."

Hardly had it ceased speaking, when a puff of wind blew out
 its light.

"Cease your boasting," said the owner, as he re-lighted it.
 "Be content to shine in silence. Who was ever seen to re-light
 the sun, the moon, and the stars? Hereafter, know that heavenly
 lights do not blow out."

161. Take some poem printed as prose, such as the following, and arrange it in paragraphs; also in its poetic form. Observe that in verse form the paragraphing is not indicated. How do you show by the voice, part as related to part, the change from one character to another, and the various feelings? How can all parts be brought into harmony and points made forcible?

In a tree lived a wren, on the ground lived a hen; the wren looked for food here and there; but the hen had wheat and good things to eat — said the wren, "I declare, 'tisn't fair! It is really too bad!" she exclaimed — feeling sad — "to go out when it's raining this way! and to earn what you eat, doesn't make your food sweet, in

Many of the poems in this book are printed as if they were prose. The student should in every case study out the verse form and copy it.

The object of printing these selections as prose is not because the verse form is not important, but because it is important. Its character should be felt by the student.

The special advantage of this unusual form of printing is to help the student to avoid sing-song; to call his attention to the relation of part to part, which is only hinted at in paragraphing and which is often lost in the verse method of printing; and to aid him to realize the dramatic movement and the necessity of using the voice modulations to show the relation of parts to each other.

spite of what some folks may say. Now there is that hen," said this poor little wren, "she's fed till she's fat as a drum; while I strive and sweat for each grain that I get, and nobody gives me a crumb. I can't see for my life why the good farmer's wife treats her so much better than me. Suppose on the ground I hop carelessly round for a while, and just see what I'll see." Said this small, cunning wren, "I'll make friends with the hen, and perhaps she will ask me to stay; and then upon bread every day I'll be fed, and life will be nothing but play." So down flew the wren; "Stop to tea," said the hen, and soon her good supper was sent; but scarce stopping to taste, the poor bird left in haste, and this was the reason she went: when the farmer's kind dame to the poultry yard came, she said — and the wren shook with fright — "that fat hen will do for a pie or a stew, and I think I shall kill her to-night."

162. In the "Relief of Lucknow" what are the chief points of view, contrasts, characters, and changes in feeling? How do you realize, and express all these and bring them into harmony?

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

O that last day in Lucknow fort!

We knew that it was the last;

That the enemy's mines had crept slowly in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;

And the men and we all work'd on:

It was one day more of smoke and roar, —
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,

A fair young gentle thing,

Wasted with fever in the siege, —
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,

And I took her head on my knee;

"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said, —
"O please then waken me!"

She slept like a child on her father's floor

In the flecking of woodbine-shade,

When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stay'd.

The difference between dramatic personation and what might be called sympathetic participation is very important in poems such as this by Robert Lowell.

Participation is of as great or greater importance than personation. Per-

It was smoke and roar, and powder stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seem'd scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream
Of an English village lane,
And wall and garden; — a sudden scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening;
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand
And drew me near and spoke.

"The Highlanders! O dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa', —
The McGregors'? Ah! I ken it weel:
It's the grandest o' them a'.

"God bless thae bonnie Highlanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Pour'd forth, like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started, for they were there to die:
Was life so near them then?

They listen'd, for life; and the rattling fire
Far-off and the far-off roar
Were all; — and the colonel shook his head,
And they turn'd to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said — "That slogan's done;
But can ye no hear them noo, —
'The Campbells are comin'?' It's no a dream;
Our succours hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard, —
A shrilling ceaseless sound;
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers underground.

sonation is on a lower plane, of mere contrast and excitement; but participation gives a suggestion of more universal and important considerations. Personation is dramatic, and participation more epic.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders!
And now they play'd "Auld Lang Syne:"
It came to our men like the voice of God;
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobb'd in a crowd;
And every one kneel'd down where we stood,
And we all thank'd God aloud.

That happy day, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the General took her hand, and cheers
From the men, like a volley, burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan stream'd,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
And the pipes play'd "Auld Lang Syne."

Robert Trail Spence Lowell.

YUSSOUF

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes, 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing: "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me;
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

James Russell Lowell.

VII

APPLICATIONS

XXXIX. THE AWAKENING OF POETIC INSTINCT

'Tis not the greatest singer,
Who tries the loftiest themes,
He is the true joy bringer,
Who tells his simplest dreams.
He is the greatest poet,
Who will renounce all art,
And take his heart and show it
To every other heart;
Who writes no learned riddle,
But sings his simplest rune,
Takes his heart-strings for a fiddle,
And plays his easiest tune.

From "Back Country Poems."

Sam Walter Foss.

163. What effect have the previous lessons had upon you? Do you observe more carefully? Do you see beauty in colors and forms or appreciate beautiful sounds more deeply? Do you realize more quickly the meaning of fables and stories? Do you enjoy pictures, good reading, and singing? Have you been inspired not only to see and hear, but to do things yourself?

Can you read, recite or tell a story better than before? Can you draw the outlines of birds and leaves and animals or other beautiful things? Can you write a letter, a fable, a story, or verses yourself?

The aim of this book is not merely to teach the student to use the voice better, to read better, to recite, and to have command of vocal expression, though these are important.

The right study of vocal expression necessarily implies artistic training, clearer thinking, deeper feeling, more accurate and careful observation. It

The only true conquests — those which awaken no regrets — are those obtained over our ignorance.

Napoleon.

164. How many Mother Goose rhymes can you repeat with the simple unity of thinking, feeling, action, and tone, that you had when you were a child?

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in the parlor,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the kitchen,
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
There came a little blackbird,
And snipped off her nose.

165. Give "Clip, Clap" and imagine that Mr. Wiry-legs is not stiff, but very flexible and can use his body and limbs freely. Since the first law of action is rhythm, can you give these verses joyously and unite all the

especially implies the truer appreciation of poetry and literature. The discovery of the union of thinking and feeling with the natural languages of the voice and body awakens those fundamental instincts upon which all artistic growth depends. Children who write a little couplet or simple poem, however crude, should be encouraged, because "to know a thing we must do it."

Literature is the interpretation of life; the embodiment of man's higher ideals and aspirations. Literature and poetry, however, imply voice; and the mere study of written words alone can never give a true appreciation of poetry and literature.

On the other hand, no amount of work in voice and vocal expression, without the direct study of poetry and literature, can ever awaken the artistic nature. Such degradation of vocal expression into elocution or a mere mechanical, artificial analysis with obedience to certain external rules, does more than anything else to pervert the very fountain-head of true imaginative, emotional, and artistic appreciation and creative energy.

actions and the words in the rhythm of your thinking and feeling?

MR. WIRY-LEGS

My name is Mr. Wiry-legs,
I came from Dolly-land,
I'm dressed in red and blue, and hold
A cymbal in each hand.
Clip, clap, clippetty, clap,
Clip, clap, clat.
Oh, I am Mr. Wiry-legs, and wear a soldier's hat.

I have a long and crooked nose,
I nod my head and grin,
And every time I go bob, bob,
Oh, then I do begin
To clip, clap, clippetty, clap,
Clip, clap, clat.
Oh, I am Mr. Wiry-legs, and wear a soldier's hat.

I have a long and yellow wig,
All neatly curled behind;
My hollow chest is full of springs;
My legs are wire you'll find.
Clip, clap, clippetty, clap,
Clip, clap, clat.
Oh, I am Mr. Wiry-legs, and wear a soldier's hat.

I nod my head at baby Dan;
His dimples come and go,
And when I dance, and clap, and grin,
Oh, then he'll laugh and crow,
At clip, clap, clippetty, clap,
Clip, clap, clat.
Oh, I am Mr. Wiry-legs, and wear a soldier's hat.

Nellie M. Garabrant.

The review of Mother Goose melodies will cause merriment. Their practice may be united with lyrics or more advanced literature. The direct object of using these Mother Goose songs must be to secure spontaneity and to review the first steps, such as: impression must precede expression, one idea at a time, and the various exercises for response of body and voice conditions. The teacher may bring out folk-lore meanings and the spirit of myths which students have never thought of, such as the interpretation of the four-and-twenty black-birds, which are the four-and-twenty hours in a day. The opening of the pie is dawn. The King is the sun; his money, of course, is the sunshine. The Queen is the moon.

Art is the spirit of play reduced to order. The art of reading which is closest to nature must especially emphasize play. That is to say, there must be spontaneous energy in thinking and feeling. We must speak, read, or recite with the free play of our powers, not only in nonsensical things, where it will be easy, but in works revealing higher truth and greater seriousness.

166. What are the chief elements that make a story interesting? Can you suggest the definite character of each event as you tell it, or each object as you describe it? Can you give such a movement that you suggest everything as it really is in life?

A GOOD THANKSGIVING

Said old gentleman Gay, "On Thanksgiving day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."

So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,
And the shoemaker said, "What a big bird! How nice.

"With such a good dinner before me, I ought
To give Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken, oh, see!" said the pleased Widow Lee,
"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me.

"I would like to make some one as happy as I —
I'll give Washerwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."

"And oh sure!" Biddy said, "'t's the queen of all pies!
And to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes.

"Now it's my turn, I think; and a sweet ginger cake
For the motherless Finigan children I'll bake."

Said the Finigan children — Rose, Denny and Hugh —
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice
To poor little lame Jake, who has nothing that's nice."

"Oh I thank you, and thank you," said little lame Jake.
"What a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful cake!

"And such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,
And give them to each little sparrow that comes."

And the sparrows they twittered, as if they would say,
Like old gentleman Gay, "On Thanksgiving day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."

Marian Douglas.

All stories must move. The life of a story depends upon the definite character of each situation or idea, upon the variation of movement, by changes of pitch and inflection and other modulations. We must give special prominence to the successive centers of interest.

The teacher will observe the necessity of reviewing a great many points and using these extracts as illustrations. These two stories, for instance, furnish good examples for analysis of emphasis. "A Good Thanksgiving" is almost a cumulative story. It serves as a good illustration of the relative value of ideas.

The reason why stories are often tame and uninteresting is due to the lack of movement of events, and also to the failure to make the real points prominent.

167. In telling a story in your own words, can you bring out its point or points forcibly?

A company of soldiers were drilling. An awkward country boy got out of his cart to watch them, and when the band began to play, held his donkey tightly by the head. The "wit" of the soldiers called out,

"Why are you holding your brother so tightly, Bud?"

The reply was unexpected: "I'm afraid he might enlist."

XL. POETRY AND ITS FORMS

POETRY

She comes like the hush and beauty of the night,
And sees too deep for laughter;
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after.

Edwin Markham.

To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry; He formed it, and that was sculpture; He varied and colored it, and that was painting; and then, crowning all, He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal drama.

Charlotte Cushman.

168. What are some of the differences between these passages?

TWILIGHT AT SEA

The twilight hours like birds flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there.

Amelia Coppuck Welby.

Four things come not back: the spoken word; the sped arrow; time past; the neglected opportunity

Omar Ibn, Al Halif.

If you lay your head down in the meadow by the river on the long grass, there will come to you in the whispering wind something like the sea-murmurs that live within the shell — tidings of a delicate life, news of a world beyond the thought of those who merely haunt the palaces of earth.

J. H. Shorthouse.

169. When a passage makes an abstract truth, or one vaguely realized, clear, definite, and forcible, how does your voice interpret such illustrative language?

The battle is not to the strong,
The race not always to the fleet,
And he who seeks to pluck the stars,
May lose the jewels at his feet.

Phoebe Cary.

Of course I know that it is better to build a cathedral than to make a boot; but I think it actually better to make a boot than only to dream about making a cathedral.

Ellen Thornycroft Fowler.

Follow Light, and do the Right — for man can half-control his doom,
Till you find the deathless angel seated in the vacant tomb.

The battle of life extends over a vast area, and it is vain for us to inquire about the other wings of the army; it is enough that we have received our orders, and that we have held the few feet of ground committed to our charge.

Ian Maclaren.

170. Render the following, first as a literal story of human life, then feeling and realizing the allegorical significance of the different parts as applicable to the aging of the human body.

THE EFFECTS OF AGE

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come and the years draw nigh of which thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; before the sun and the light and the moon and the stars are darkened, and the clouds return after the rain; in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders shall cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows shall be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets; when the sound of the grinding is low, and they shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of song shall be brought low; also they shall be afraid of what is high, and terrors shall be in the way; and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a

The meaning of this passage is regarded as allegorical — "the keepers of the house," the hands; "strong men," the legs; "grinders," the teeth; "those that look out of the windows," the eyes; "doors that shall be shut in the street," the ears; "grinding," mastication; "daughters of song," the voice; "almond-tree," white head and beard; "silver chord be loosed," the nervous system; "golden bowl," the skull; "pitcher," the heart (?); "wheel," the circulation of the blood (?); "desire" may be rendered "appetite."

burden, and the desire shall fail; because man goeth to his home, and the mourners go about the streets; before the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken, and the pitcher be broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the well. And the dust shall return to the earth, as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Eccl. xii : 1-7.

171. Why are these speeches more interesting when given with a suggestion of the two characters?

Miss Minny Somers — By the by, you are not the boy I have always had before?

Caddie — No'm; you see, we tossed to see who'd caddie for you.

Miss M. S. (pleased) — O, tut, tut, you bad boys — and you won?

C. — No, I lost!

The Tatler.

172. Render some phrase in a story, such as "The clouds are heavy," in many ways, merely stating a fact, expressing indifference, pleasure that it is going to rain; curiosity, surprise, disappointment that you cannot go on a boat ride; then suggest the spirit and character that it has in the poem on page 126. Note similar phrases in various poems and interpret their true character.

173. Which of these passages is more dramatic and which more lyric and why?

SENSUALIST

"Live while we live!" he cried; but did not guess,
Fooled by the phantom, Pleasure, how much less
Enjoyment runs in rivers of excess
Than overbrims divine abstemiousness.

From "Quatrains and Epigrams."

John Townsend Trowbridge.

THE SLEIGHING SONG

Away! away! the track is white,
The stars are shining clear to-night,
The winter winds are sleeping;
The moon above the steeple tall,
A silver crescent, over all
Her silent watch is keeping.
Away! away! our hearts are gay,
And need not breathe, by night or day,
A sigh for summer pleasure;
The merry bells ring gayly out,
Our lips keep time with song and shout,
And laugh in happy measure.

Not known.

174. Which line in the following is more dramatic, and which more epic, which more important, and why?

"O father! I see a gleaming light, O say, what may it be?"

But the father answer'd never a word, a frozen corpse was he.

"The Wreck of the Hesperus."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

175. How would the feelings and character be changed if you should change "I" to "he," "my" to "his," "our" to "the" in the following?

When, climbing the wet trees, next morning-sun
 Laugh'd at the ruin that the night had done,
 Bleeding and drench'd, by toil and sorrow bent,
 Back to what used to be my home I went.
 But, as I near'd our little clearing-ground, —
 Listen! — I heard the cow-bell's tinkling sound.
 The cabin door was just a bit ajar;
 It gleam'd upon my glad eyes like a star.
 "Brave heart," I said, "for such a fragile form!
 She made them guide her homeward through the storm!"
 Such pangs of joy I never felt before.
 "You've come!" I shouted, and rush'd through the door.
 Yes, she had come, — and gone again. She lay
 With all her young life crush'd and wrench'd away, —
 Lay, the heart-ruins of our home among,
 Not far from where I kill'd her with my tongue.

From "The Settler's Story."

Will Carleton.

176. Which parts of the following contain more narrative elements, which more lyric, which more dramatic, which more epic? Why? Can you define and illustrate these terms from other passages and show their peculiar spirit by your voice?

WILD-FLOWER

A brown hay-maiden loved a lad;
 She was a wild-flower of the hay.
 Poor child! her heart was all she had,
 But all her heart she gave away.
 In vain, until her lover's sire
 Said thus: "Go, mow my field for me!
 If in three days 'tis done, your hire
 That day your lover's hand shall be!"
 A simple story I unfold;
 A loving heart is all my lay.

I tell it as I heard it told
By haymakers among the hay.

Fond maid! she listened all elate,
And like of happy love to die.
Her scythe she seized, no time to wait,
For day and night flew swiftly by.
When fainting limbs no more could bear,
She drew fresh strength from Heaven above;
New heart was lent her by her prayer,
Her prayer was taught her by her love.
A simple story I unfold;
A loving heart is all my lay.
I tell it as I heard it told
By haymakers among the hay.

One moment in her work she stayed —
A daisy caught her pitying eye;
“ You too, poor simple flower! ” she said,
“ To win my happiness must die! ”
But as it drooped, its dying leaves
Such tender sorrow seemed to tell,
The maid, herself a wild-flower, grieves
As ’twere a sister flower that fell.
A simple story I unfold;
A loving heart is all my lay.
I tell it as I heard it told
By haymakers among the hay.

The third day passed, and without fail
The rich man to the meadow came.
Breathless she stood, and very pale,
But joy was in her eyes like flame.
“ I did but jest, my girl! but here,
Ten crowns will pay your toil! ” he said.
And one more flower, when night drew near,
Beside her scythe lay crushed and dead.
Such is the sad and simple lay
The labourers told me as I passed.
The girls still sing it in the hay,
And as they sing the tears run fast.

Translated from “ Lemoine.”

F. W. Bourdillon.

177. What is the difference in the way you tell these two stories? What is the difference in your attitude to the characters? Do they think, feel, and speak alike? How do the descriptive parts differ in expression from the quotations?

THE GRAY SWAN

"Oh! tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A-sailing with your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew,
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"

He said with trembling lip, — "What little lad? What ship?"

"What little lad? as if there could be
Another such a one as he!
What little lad, do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee!
It was just the other day the Gray Swan sailed away!"

"The other day?" The sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise: —
"The other day? — the Swan?"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir! here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on!" — "And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the Swan." — "And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
For a month, and never stir?"
"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her, a sight to remember, sir!"

"But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the Gray Swan's deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw,
Taking it off, as it might be, so!
The kerchief from your neck." — "Ay, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad,
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the Gray Swan's crew?"
"Lawless! The man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had: —
Be sure he sailed with the crew! What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive?"
"Hold! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine;
And could he write from the grave? Tut, man! what would you have?"

"Gone, twenty years, — a long, long cruise,
 'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse!
 But if the lad still live,
 And come back home, think you, you can
 Forgive him?" — "Miserable man!
 You're mad as the sea, you rave — What have I to forgive?"
 The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
 And from within his bosom drew
 The kerchief. She was wild.
 "Oh God, my Father! is it true?
 My little lad, my Elihu!
 My blessed boy, my child! My dead, my living child!"

Alice Cary.

LINCOLN'S HEART

"You are wounded, my boy, and the field is your tent,
 And what can I do at the last for you?"
 "Yes, wounded I am, and my strength is spent.
 Will you write me a letter and see me through?"
 And the tall man ruffled some papers there
 To write a letter in sun-dimmed air.
 "What now shall I sign it?" " 'Twill give her joy,
 Whatever your name, my friend, may be,
 If you sign it just 'from the heart of your boy,'
 And put your name there, so she may see
 Who wrote so kindly this letter for me."
 "A. Lincoln" was written there, tremblingly.
 The bleeding lad, from the hand unknown
 The letter took. "What? 'A. Lincoln!'" Not he?
 Will you take my hand — I'm all alone —
 And see me through, since he you be?"
 And the Heart of the Nation in that retreat
 Held the little pulse till it ceased to beat.
 The sun through the trees like an oriel shone,
 Like a gate of heaven reflected there,
 And a bird's heart song and a ringdove's moan
 Fell on the tides of the amber air!
 Both closed their eyes: both hearts in prayer
 Went up the steps of the silent stair.
 And he, the boy, still holding the hand
 Of the heart he loved, no more returned;
 But far in the south an iris spanned
 The singing forests where sun rifts burned.
 And the Commoner closed in the amber air
 Two eyes and crossed two hands as in prayer.
 And our Lincoln learned life's lesson there.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

LITTLE CLASSICS

Come, read to me some poem,
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,
 That shall soothe this restless feeling,
 And banish the thoughts of day. . . .

Read from some humbler poet,
 Whose songs gushed from his heart,
 As showers from the clouds of summer,
 Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who through long days of labor,
 And nights devoid of ease,
 Still heard in his soul the music
 Of wonderful melodies. . . .

Then read from the treasured volume
 The poem of thy choice,
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares, that infest the day,
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

From "The Day is Done."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882.

THE LARK AND HIS SPURS

A fine young Lark sat in the long grass, looking the picture of misery.

"What is the matter with you, cousin?" asked a Fairy. "Oh, I am so unhappy," replied the poor Lark; "I want to build a nest, and I have got no wife."

"Why don't you look for a wife, then?" said the Fairy laughing at him. "Do you expect one to come and look for you? Fly up, and sing a beautiful song in the sky, and then perhaps some pretty hen will hear you; and perhaps, if you tell her that you will help her to build a capital nest, and that you will sing to her all day long, she will consent to be your wife."

"Oh, I don't like to fly up, I am so ugly. If I were a goldfinch, and had yellow bars on my wings, or a robin, and had red feathers on my breast, I should not mind the defect which now I am afraid to show. But I am only a poor brown Lark, and I know I shall never get a wife."

"I never heard of such an unreasonable bird," said the Fairy. "You cannot expect to have everything."

"Oh, but you don't know," proceeded the Lark, "that if I fly up my feet will be seen; and no other bird has feet like mine. My claws are enough to frighten any one, they are so long; and yet I assure you, Fairy, I am not a cruel bird."

"Let me look at your claws," said the Fairy.

So the Lark lifted up one of his feet, which he had kept hidden in the long grass, lest any one should see it.

"It looks certainly very fierce," said the Fairy. "Your hind claw is at least an inch long, and all your toes have very dangerous-looking points. Are you sure you never use them to fight with?"

"No, never!" said the Lark earnestly; "I never fought a battle in my life; but yet these claws grow longer and longer, and I am so ashamed of their being seen, that I very often lie in the grass instead of going up to sing, as I could wish."

"Well, I am sorry for you," observed the Fairy; "but nothing is given us to be of no use. You would not have wings unless you were to fly, nor a voice unless you were to sing; and so you would not have those dreadful spurs unless you were going to fight. If your spurs are not to fight with," continued the Fairy, "I should like to know what they are for."

"I am sure I don't know," said the Lark, lifting up his foot and looking at it. "Then you are not inclined to help me at all, Fairy? I thought you might be willing to mention among my friends that I am not a quarrelsome bird, and that I should always take care not to hurt my wife and nestlings with my spurs."

"Appearances are very much against you," answered the Fairy; "and it is quite plain to me that those spurs are meant to scratch with. No, I cannot help you. Good morning."

So the Fairy withdrew to an oak bough, and the poor Lark sat moping in the grass while the Fairy watched him. While she was watching, the Grasshopper came chirping up to the Lark, and tried to comfort him.

"I have heard all that the Fairy said to you," she observed, "and I really do not see that it need make you unhappy. I have known you some time, and have never seen you fight or look out of temper; therefore I will spread a report that you are a very good-tempered bird, and that you are looking out for a wife."

The Lark upon this thanked the Grasshopper warmly.

"At the same time," remarked the Grasshopper, "I should be glad if you could tell me what is the use of those claws, because the question might be asked me, and I should not know what to answer."

"Grasshopper," replied the Lark, "I cannot imagine what they are for — that is the real truth."

"Well," said the kind Grasshopper, "perhaps time will show."

So he went away, and the Lark, delighted with his promise to speak well of him, flew up into the air, and the higher he went the sweeter and the louder he sang. He was so happy, and he poured forth such delightful notes, so clear and thrilling, that a pretty brown Lark, who had been sitting under some great foxglove leaves, peeped out and exclaimed, "I never heard such a beautiful song in my life — never!"

"It was sung by my friend, the Skylark," said the Grasshopper who just then happened to be on a leaf near her. "He is a very good-tempered bird, and he wants a wife."

"Well done, my friend!" exclaimed the Grasshopper, when at length he came down panting, and with tired wings; and then the Grasshopper told him how much his friend the brown Lark, who lived by the foxglove,

had been pleased with his song, and he took the poor Skylark to see her.

The Skylark walked as carefully as he could, that she might not see his feet; and he thought he had never seen such a pretty bird in his life. But when she told him how much she loved music, he sprang up again into the blue sky as if he was not at all tired, and sang anew, clearer and sweeter than before. He was so glad to think that he could please her.

The consequence was, that when he asked her to overlook his spurs and be his wife, she said she would see about it.

"I do not mind your spurs particularly," she observed.

"I am very glad of that," said the Skylark. "I was afraid you would disapprove of them."

"Not at all," she replied. "On the contrary, now I think of it, I should not have liked you to have short claws like other birds; but I cannot exactly say why, as they seem to be of no use in particular."

This was very good news for the Skylark, and he sang such delightful songs in consequence, that he very soon won his wife; and they built a delightful little nest in the grass, which made him so happy that he almost forgot to be sorry about his long spurs.

One day the Grasshopper chanced to meet the Fairy.

"Suppose you come and see the eggs that our pretty friend the Lark has in her nest," said the Grasshopper. "Three pink eggs spotted with brown. I am sure she will show you them with pleasure."

Off they set together; but what was their surprise to find the poor little brown Lark sitting on them with rumpled feathers, drooping head, and trembling limbs.

"Ah, my pretty eggs!" said the Lark, as soon as she could speak. "I am so miserable about them — they must be trodden on."

"What is the matter?" asked the Grasshopper. "Perhaps we can help you."

"Dear Grasshopper," said the Lark, "I have just heard the farmer and his son talking on the other side

of the hedge, and the farmer said to-morrow morning he should begin to cut this meadow. Oh, my pretty eggs! — my heart aches for them! I shall never hear my little nestlings chirp."

At last her mate dropped down from the white cloud where he had been singing, and when he saw her drooping, and the Grasshopper and the Fairy sitting silently before her, he inquired in a great fright what the matter was.

So they told him, and at first he was very much shocked; but presently he lifted first one and then the other of his feet, and examined his long spurs.

"If I had only laid my eggs on the other side of the hedge," sighed the poor mother, "among the corn, there would have been plenty of time to rear my birds before harvest time."

"My dear," answered her mate, "don't be unhappy." And so saying, he hopped up to the eggs, and, laying one foot upon the prettiest, he clasped it with his long spurs. Strange to say, it exactly fitted them. The Lark began slowly and carefully to hop on with the egg in his right foot, saying, "I have often wondered what my spurs could be for, and now I see." He hopped gently on till he came to the hedge, and then got through it, still holding the egg, till he found a nice little hollow place in among the corn, and there he laid it, and came back for the others.

"Hurrah!" cried the Grasshopper, "Larkspurs for ever!"

The Fairy said nothing. She sat looking on till the happy Lark had carried the last of his eggs to a safe place, and had called his mate to come and sit on them. Then, when he sprang up into the sky again, exulting and rejoicing, and singing to his mate, that now he was quite happy, because he knew what his long spurs were for, the Fairy stole gently away, saying to herself, "Well, I could not have believed such a thing. I thought he must be a quarrelsome bird as his spurs were so long; but it appears that I was wrong, after all."

ETERNALLY YOUNG

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west —
And woods and fields are sweet again
And the warmth within the mountain's breast.

So ample is the earth we tread
So quick with love and life her frame
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy,
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

Stopford A. Brooke.

A GOOD PRACTICAL JOKE

A German nobleman provided his son with a tutor, who was to teach him and to attend closely to him at all hours. One day these two came to the side of a wood, and there found a tree half felled, and a pair of wooden shoes. The woodman was cooling his hot feet in a neighboring stream. The young nobleman took up a couple of pebbles and said to his tutor, "I'll put these in that old fellow's shoes, and we'll see his grimaces."

"Hm!" said the tutor, "I don't think you'll get much fun out of that. You see he's a poor man, and probably thinks his lot hard enough without having stones put into his shoes. I can't help thinking that if you were to put a little money in, instead, — and you have plenty of that, you know, more than I should allow you if I were your father, — the old fellow would be far more astonished, and his grimaces would be far more entertaining."

The generous youth caught fire at the idea, and put a dollar into each shoe. Then they hid behind a hedge, and watched the result of their trick. They had not long to wait. An elderly man came back to his hard

work, — work a little beyond his years, — and slipped his right foot into his right shoe.

Feeling something hard in it, he took it off again, and discovered a bright silver dollar. His grave face wore a look of amazement, and the spies behind the hedge chuckled. He laid the coin in the palm of his hand, still gazing at it with wonder. Mechanically he slipped his foot into the other shoe and found another coin.

He took it up, and, holding up both hands, stared at the coins with astonishment. Then he suddenly clasped his hands together, and fell upon his knees, crying out, in a loud voice: "O God! this is Thy doing. No mortal knows the state we are in at home — my wife in her bed, my poor grandchildren, who have none but me to care for them, starving, and I hardly able to earn a crust with these old hands. It is God who has sent me these blessed coins, or one of his angels."

Then he paused, and another idea struck him. "Perhaps it is not an angel from heaven. There are angels even in this world, — human angels, — kind hearts that love to feed the hungry and succor the poor. One of these may have passed by, like sunshine in winter, and seen the poor old man's shoes, and dropped all this money into them, then gone on again, not even waiting to be thanked.

"But a poor man's blessing flies fast, and shall overtake him, and be with him to the end of the world, and to the end of his life. May God and His angels go with you, keep you from poverty, protect you from sickness, and may you feel in your own heart some of the warmth and the joy you have brought into mine."

He put on his shoes, shouldered his ax, and went home.

Then the spies had a little dialogue. "Now this I call really good fun," said the tutor, in rather a shaky voice. "What are you sniveling at?"

"It isn't I that am sniveling; it is you."

"Well, then, we are both sniveling," said the tutor, and, with that, being foreigners, they embraced, and did not conceal their emotions any longer.

"Come on!" said the boy.

"Where next?" asked the tutor.

"Why, follow him, to be sure. I want to know where they live. Do you think I will let his wife be sick, or his grandchildren starve, after this, if I can help it?"

"Dear boy, I don't for a moment think you will. Yours is not the age nor the heart that does things by halves."

So they dogged their victim home, and the young nobleman secured a modest competence to a very worthy and poverty-stricken family.

"The Youth's Companion."

Charles Reade, 1814-1884.

THE OLIVE TREE

Said an ancient hermit, bending
Half in prayer upon his knee,
"Oil I need for midnight watching,
I desire an olive tree."

Then he took a tender sapling,
Planted it before his cave,
Spread his trembling hands above it,
As his benison he gave.

But he thought, the rain it needeth,
That the root may drink and swell;
"God! I pray Thee send Thy showers!"
So a gentle shower fell.

"Lord, I ask for beams of summer,
Cherishing this little child."
Then the dripping clouds divided,
And the sun looked down and smiled.

"Send it frost to brace its tissues,
O my God!" the hermit cried.
Then the plant was bright and hoary,
But at evensong it died.

Went the hermit to a brother
Sitting in his rocky cell:
"Thou an olive tree possessest;
How is this, my brother, tell?"

"I have planted one, and prayed,
Now for sunshine, now for rain;
God hath granted each petition,
Yet my olive tree hath slain!"

Said the other, "I entrusted
To its God my little tree;
He who made knew what it needed,
Better than a man like me.

"Laid I on him no condition,
Fixed no ways and means; so I
Wonder not my olive thriveth,
Whilst thy olive tree did die."

Sabine Baring-Gould.

A WOMAN'S LIGHTHOUSE

During a wild night in March, in a fisherman's hut, sat a young girl at her spinning wheel, and looked out on the dark driving clouds, and listened, trembling, to the wind and the sea.

The morning light dawned at last. One boat that should have been riding on the troubled waves was missing — her father's boat! and half a mile from his cottage, her father's body was washed up on the shore.

She watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, till he was laid in the grave. Then she lay down on her bed and slept, and by night got up and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fishermen and a guide. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; then when day dawned she went to bed and slept in the sunshine.

So many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snowstorms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle. . . .

Fifty years of life and labor — fifty years of sleeping in the sunshine — fifty years of watching and self-

denial, and all to feed the flame and trim the wick of that one candle!

But if we look upon the recorded lives of great men, and just men, and wise men, few of them can show fifty years of worthier, certainly not of more successful labor. Little, indeed, of the "midnight oil" consumed during the last half century so worthily deserves the trimming. Happy woman — and but for the dreaded rock her great charity might never have been called into exercise!

Abridged.

Jean Ingelow, 1820-1897.

GUALBERTO'S VICTORY

A mountain pass so narrow that a man
Riding that way to Florence, stooping, can
Touch with his hand the rocks on either side,
And pluck the flowers that in the crannies hide.
Here, on Good Friday, centuries ago,
Mounted and armed, John Gualberto met his foe;
Mounted and armed as well, but riding down
To the fair city from the woodland brown,
This way and that, swinging his jewelled whip,
A gay old love-song on his careless lip,
And on his charger's neck the reins loose thrown.

An accidental meeting; but the sun
Burned on their brows, as if it had been one
Of deep design, so deadly was the look
Of mutual hate their olive faces took;
As (knightly courtesy forgot in wrath,)
Neither would yield his enemy the path.
"Back!" cried Gualberto. "Never!" yelled his foe;
And on the instant, sword in hand, they throw
Them from their saddles, nothing loath,
And fall to fighting, with a smothered oath.
A pair of shapely, stalwart cavaliers,
Well-matched in stature, weapons, weight, and years,
Theirs was a long, fierce struggle on the grass,
Thrusting and parrying up and down the pass;
Swaying from left to right, in combat clenched,
Till all the housings of their steeds were drenched
With brutal gore; and ugly blood-drops oozed
Upon the rocks, from head and hands contused.
But at the close, when Gualbert stopped to rest,
His heel was planted on his foeman's breast;

And looking up, the fallen courtier sees,
As in a dream, gray rocks and waving trees
Before his glazing vision faintly float,
While Gualbert's sabre glitters at his throat.

"Now die, base wretch!" the victor fiercely cries,
His heart of hate outflashing from his eyes:
"Never again, by the all-righteous Lord!
Shalt thou with life escape this trusty sword, —
Revenge is sweet!" And upward glanced the steel.
But ere it fell, — dear Lord! a silvery peal
Of voices chanting in the town below,
Grave, ghostly voices chanting far below,
Rose, like a fountain's spray from spires of snow,
And chimed and chimed to die in echoes slow.

In the sweet silence following the sound,
Gualberto and the man upon the ground
Glared at each other with bewildered eyes
(The glare of hunted deer on leashed hound);
And then the vanquished, struggling to arise,
Made one last effort, while his face grew dark
With pleading agony: "Gualberto! hark!
The chant — the hour — thou know'st the olden fashion, —
The monks below intone our Lord's dear Passion.
Oh! by this Cross!" — "and here he caught the hilt
Of Gualbert's sword, — and by the Blood once spilt
Upon it for us both long years ago,
Forgive — forget — and spare a fallen foe!"

The face that bent above grew white and set
(Christ or the demon? — in the balance hung):
The lips were drawn, — the brow bedewed with sweat, —
But on the grass the harmless sword was flung:
And stooping down, the hero, generous, wrung
The outstretched hand. Then, lest he lose control
Of the but half-tamed passions of his soul,
Fled up the pathway, tearing casque and coat
To ease the tempest throbbing at his throat:
Fled up the crags, as if a fiend pursued
And paused not till he reached a chapel rude.

There, in the cool dim stillness, on his knees,
Trembling, he flings himself, and, startled, sees
Set in the rock a crucifix antique,
From which the wounded Christ bends down to speak.

"Thou hast done well, Gualberto. For my sake
Thou did'st forgive thine enemy; now take
My gracious pardon for thy times of sin,
And from this day a better life begin."

White flashed the angels' wings above his head,
Rare, subtle perfumes through the place were shed;
And golden harps and sweetest voices poured
Their glorious hosannas to the Lord,
Who in that hour, and in that chapel quaint,
Changed by His power, by His dear love's constraint,
Gualbert the sinner into John the saint.

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

THE TIMID HARE THAT FRIGHTENED THE BEASTS

A long time ago in India a lion lived in a wood near the Western Ocean. A certain hare living there came one day and lay down beneath a young palm. Suddenly this thought struck him, "If this earth should be destroyed, what would become of me?" At this very moment something fell on a leaf of the palm, and the hare thought, "This solid earth is collapsing," and starting up, he fled without so much as looking about him.

Another hare saw him scampering off and asked the cause of his panic. "Pray, don't ask me," he said. The other hare cried, "Pray, sir, what is it?" and kept running after him. Then the first hare slackened his pace a little, and, without looking back, said, "The earth is breaking up!" And at this the second hare scampered after the other. Then one and then another hare caught sight of the two running, and joined in, till one hundred thousand hares all took flight together.

They were seen by a deer, a boar, an elk, a buffalo, a wild ox, a rhinoceros, a tiger, a lion, and an elephant. And when these asked what it meant and were told that the earth was breaking up, they also fled. By degrees this host of animals extended the length of two leagues.

A lion seeing this headlong flight of the animals, and, hearing the cause of it, thought: "The earth is nowhere coming to an end. Surely it must be some sound which was misunderstood by them. If I don't make a great effort, they will all perish. I must save them."

So he rushed before them at the foot of a mountain, and roared three times. They were terribly frightened at the lion, and, stopping in their flight, they all stood

huddled together. The lion asked why they were running away.

"The earth is collapsing," they answered.

"Who saw it collapsing?" he asked.

"The elephants know all about it," they replied.

He asked the elephants. "We don't know," they said, "the lions know." But the lions said, "We don't know; the tigers know." The tigers said, "The rhinoceri know." The rhinoceri said, "The wild oxen know." The wild oxen, "The buffaloes know." The buffaloes, "The elks know." The elks, "The boars." The boars, "The deer." The deer said, "We don't know; the hares know." When the hares were questioned, they pointed to one particular hare and said, "This one told us."

So the wise lion asked, "Is it true, sir, that the earth is breaking up?"

"Yes, sir, I saw it," said the hare.

"Where were you," he asked, "when you saw it?"

"Near the ocean, sir, in the grove of palms mixed with vilva trees. For as I was lying beneath a palm sapling at the foot of a vilva tree, methought, 'If this earth should break up, where shall I go?' And at that very moment I heard the sound of the breaking up of the earth, and I fled."

Thought the lion: "A ripe vilva fruit evidently must have fallen on a palm leaf and made a 'thud' and this hare jumped to the conclusion that the earth was coming to an end, and ran away. I will find out the exact truth about it." So he reassured the herd of animals, and said: "I will take the hare to the place where he lay and find out exactly whether the earth is coming to an end or not. Until I return do you stay here."

Then, placing the hare on his back, he ran with all speed, and, putting the hare down in a palm grove, he said, "Come, show the place."

"I dare not, my lord," said the hare.

"Come, don't be afraid," said the lion.

The hare dared not venture to go near the vilva tree,

but stood far off and cried, "Yonder, sir, is the place of dreadful sounds."

After hearing what the hare said, the lion went to the foot of the vilva tree and saw the spot where the hare had been lying, and also the ripe vilva fruit that fell on the palm leaf. Having carefully ascertained that the earth had not broken up, he placed the hare on his back and soon came again to the herd of beasts. He told them the whole story, and said, "Be not afraid." Having thus reassured them, he let them go.

Abridged

Not known.

CLEAR THE WAY!

Men of thought! be up and stirring,
 Night and day:
 Sow the seed — withdraw the curtain —
 Clear the way!
 Men of action, aid and cheer them,
 As ye may!
 There's a fount about to stream,
 There's a light about to beam,
 There's a warmth about to glow,
 There's a flower about to blow;
 There's a midnight blackness changing
 Into gray;
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!
 Once the welcome light has broken,
 Who shall say
 What the unimagined glories
 Of the day?
 What the evil that shall perish
 In its ray?
 Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
 Aid it, hopes of honest men;
 Aid it, paper — aid it, type —
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
 And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play.
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!
 Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
 From the day;
 And a brazen wrong to crumble
 Into clay.
 Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
 Clear the way!

With the Right, shall many more
Enter, smiling, at the door;
With the giant Wrong, shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Charles Mackay, 1814-1889.

THE DAISY'S FIRST WINTER

Somewhere in a garden which the dear Lord has planted with many flowers of gladness, grew a fresh, bright, little daisy. . . . She knew intimately all the yellow birds and meadow larks, and bobolinks, and black-birds that sang, piped, whistled, or chattered among the bushes and trees in the pasture; and she was a prime favorite with them all. . . .

Daisy had the greatest pride and joy in her own pink blossoms, of which there seemed to be an inexhaustible store; for, as fast as one dropped its leaves, another was ready to open its eyes. . . .

"How favored I am!" said the daisy; "I never stop blossoming." . . .

"But you must remember," said a great rough Burdock to her, "you must remember that your winter must come at last when all this fine blossoming will have to be done with." . . .

"Tell me, Bobolink," said Daisy, "is there any truth in what this horrid Burdock has been saying? What does she mean by winter?"

"I don't know — not I," said Bobolink, as he turned a dozen somersets in the air, and then perched himself airily on a thistle head. . . .

"Then it's only one of Burdock's spiteful sayings," said Daisy. "Just because she isn't pretty, she wants to spoil my pleasure too. Tell me, dear lovely tree, is there such a thing as winter?"

And the tree said, with a sigh through all its leaves: "Yes, there will be winter; but fear not, for the Good Shepherd makes both summer and winter, and each is good in its time. Enjoy the summer and fear not."

The months rolled by. The violets had long ago stopped blooming, and their leaves were turning yellow. . . . The brookside seemed all on fire with golden rod, . . . and the blue-fringed gentian held up its cups. . . . But still the daisy had leaves and blossoms, and was strong and well at the roots.

By and by there came keen, cutting winds and driving storms of sleet and hail. . . . One after another the leaves and flowers fell stiff and frozen . . . and all the birds had gone singing away to the sunny South following the summer into other lands. . . .

The frosts came harder and harder every night, and first they froze Daisy's blossoms and then they froze her leaves, and finally all were gone — there was nothing left but the poor little root, with the folded leaves of the future left in its bosom.

"Ah, dear tree," said Daisy, "is not this dreadful?"

"Be patient, darling," said the tree, "I have seen many winters; but the Good Shepherd loses never a seed, never a root, never a flower; they will all come again."

By and by came colder days and colder, and the brook froze to its little heart and stopped; and then there came bitter, driving storms and the snow wreathed Daisy's head; but still from the bare branches of the apple tree came a voice of cheer. "Courage, darling, and patience! Not a flower shall be lost; winter is only for a season. . . . The spring will come again," said the tree.

And at last the spring did come, and the snow melted and ran away down the brook, and the sun shone out warm, and fresh, green leaves jumped and sprang out of every dry twig of the apple tree.

And one bright, rejoicing day little Daisy opened her eyes, and lo! there were all her friends once more. . . . The little plants were coming up all around her. The birds all came back and began building their nests, and everything was brighter and fairer than before; and Daisy felt strong at heart, because she had been through a winter, and learned not to fear it.

She looked up into the apple tree. "Will there be more winter, dear tree?" she said.

"Darling, there will; but fear not. Enjoy the present hour and leave future winters to Him who makes them. . . . The snow will never drive so cold, or the wind beat so hard, as to hurt one of his flowers. Every blade of grass is counted, and puts up its little head in the right time; so never fear, Daisy, for thou shalt blossom stronger and brighter for the winter."

Abridged from "Stories and
Sketches for the Young."

Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1812-1896.

NEW YEAR

Who comes dancing over the snow,
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door, though the wild winds blow,
Take the child in and make him cosy.
Take him in and hold him dear;
He is the wonderful New Year.

Open your heart, be it sad or gay,
Welcome him there and treat him kindly,
For you must carry him, yea or nay,
Carry him with shut eyes blindly.
Whether he bringeth joy or fear,
Take him; God sends him, this good New Year.

Dinah Mulock Craik, 1826-1887.

THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA

Justinian, Emperor and Augustus, bent
Upon Byzantium's embellishment,
Whilst musing, sudden started up and cried:
"There is no worthy minster edified
Under the Ruler of earth, sea, and skies,
The One eternal, and the only wise.
Great Solomon a temple built of old
To the Omnipotent, at cost untold.
Great was his power, but mine must his surpass
As ruddy gold excels the yellow brass.
I, too, a costly church will dedicate,
To preach God's Majesty and tell my state."

Then called the Emperor an artist skilled,
With sense of beauty and proportions filled,
And said, "In Wisdom's name I bid thee build.
Build of the best, best ways, and make no spare,
The cost entire my privy purse shall bear.
Solomon took gifts of gold, and wood, and stone,

But I, Justinian, build the Church alone.
Then go, ye heralds! forth to square and street,
With trumpet blare, and everywhere repeat,
That a great minster shall erected be
By our august pacific Majesty;
And bid none reckon in the work to share,
For we ourselves the entire expense will bear.”
And as Justinian lay that night awake,
Weary, and waiting for white day to break,
The thought rose up, “Now when this flesh is dead,
My soul, by its attendant spirit led,
Shall hear the angel at the great gate call,
‘What ho! Justinian comes, magnifical,
Who to the Eternal Wisdom Uncreate
A church did build, endow, and consecrate,
The like of which by man was never trod:
Then rise, Justinian! to the realm of God.’”
Now day and night the workmen build; apace
The church arises, full of form and grace;
The walls upstart, the porch and portals wide
Are traced, the marble benches down each side,
The sweeping apse, the basement of the piers,
The white hewn stone is laid in level tiers.
Upshoot the columns, then the arches turn,
The roof with gilded scales begins to burn.
Next, white as mountain snow the mighty dome
Hangs like a moon above the second Rome.
Within, mosaic seraphs spread their wings,
And cherubs circle round the King of kings
On whirling wheels, besprent with myriad eyes;
And golden, with gold hair, against blue skies,
Their names beside them, twelve Apostles stand,
Six on the left, and six on the right hand.
And from an aureole of jewelled rays,
The Saviour’s countenance doth calmly gaze.
Fixed is the silver altar, raised the screen,
A golden network prinked red, blue, and green,
With icons studded, hung with lamps of fire;
And ruby curtained round the sacred choir.
Then, on a slab above the western door,
Through which, next day, the multitude shall pour,
That all may see and read, the sculptors grave:—
“This House to God, Justinian, Emperor, gave.”

And now, with trumpet-blast and booming gong
Betwixt long lines of an expectant throng,
The imperial procession sweeps along.
The saffron flags and crimson banners flare
Against the fair blue sky above the square.

In front the walls of Holy Wisdom glow,
 A frost of jewels set in banks of snow.
 Then back the people start on either side,
 As ripples past a molten silver tide
 Of Asian troops in polished mail; next pass
 Byzantine guards, a wave of Corinth brass.
 And then, with thunder tramp, the Varanger bands
 Of champions gathered from grey northern lands,
 Above whom Odin's raven flaps its wings;
 And, in their midst, in a gold-harnessed ring
 Of chosen heroes, on a cream-white steed
 In gilded trappings, of pure Arab breed,
 To dedicate his church doth Cæsar ride
 In all his splendour, majesty, and pride.

With fuming frankincense and flickering lights
 The vested choir come forth as he alights.
 Now shrill the silver clarions loud and long,
 And clash the cymbals, bellows hoarse the gong,
 A wild barbaric crash. Then on the ear
 Surges the solemn chanting, full and clear:
 "Lift up your heads, ye gates, and open swing,
 Ye everlasting doors before the King!"
 Back start the silver valves — in sweeps the train,
 Next throng the multitude the sacred fane.

Justinian enters, halts a little space,
 With haughty exultation on his face,
 And, at a glance, the stately church surveys.
 Then reads above the portal of the nave —
 "This House to God, Euphrasia, widow, gave."
 "What ho!" he thunders, with a burst of ire,
 As to his face flashes a scarlet fire;
 "Where is the sculptor? Silence all you choir!
 Where is the sculptor?"

Fails the choral song,
 A hush falls instant on the mighty throng.
 "Bring forth the sculptor who yon sentence wrought;
 His merry jest he'll find full dearly bought."
 Then fell before him, trembling, full of dread,
 The graver. "Cæsar, God-preserved!" he said,
 "I carved not that! exchanged has been the name
 From that I chiselled. I am not to blame.
 This is a miracle — no mortal hand
 Could banish one and make another stand,
 And on the marble leave nor scar nor trace,
 Where was the name deep cut, it did efface.
 Beside the letters, Sire, the stone is whole."

"Ha!" scoffed the Emperor, "now by my soul,
I deemed the age of marvels passed away."
Forth stepped the Patriarch with, "Sire, I pray,
Hearken. I saw him carve, nor I alone,
Thy name and title which have fled the stone;
And I believe the finger was Divine
Which set another name and cancelled thine —
The finger that, which wrote upon the wall
Belshazzar's doom, in Babel's sculptured hall;
The finger that, which cut in years before
On Sinai's top, on tables twain, the Law."
Justinian's brow grew dark with wrath and fear:
"Who is Euphrasia, widow, I would hear,
This lady who my orders sets at naught,
And robs me of the recompense I sought.
Who is Euphrasia?"

But none spake a word.

"What! of this wealthy lady have none heard?"
Again upon the concourse silence fell,
For none could answer make, and tidings tell.
"What! no man know! Go some the city round,
And ask if such be in Byzantium found."

Then said a priest, and faltered: "Of that name
Is one, but old, and very poor, and lame,
Who has a cottage close upon the quay;
But she, most surely, Sire, it cannot be." . . .

"Euphrasia," said the monarch sternly, "speak!
Wherefore did'st thou my strict commandment break
And give, against my orders, to this pile?"
The widow answered simply, with a faint smile,

"Sire, it was nothing; for I only threw
A little straw before the beasts which drew
The marble from the ships, before I knew
Thou wouldst be angry. Sire! I had been ill
Three weary months, and on my window-sill
A little linnet perched, and sang each day
So sweet, it cheered me, as in bed I lay,
And filled my heart with love to Him who sent
The linnet to me; then, with full intent
To render thanks, when God did health restore
I from my mattress pulled a little straw
And cast it to the oxen that did draw
The marble burdens — I did nothing more."

"Look!" said the Cæsar, "read above that door!
Small though thy gift, it was the gift of love,
And is accepted of our King above;

And mine rejected as the gift of pride
By him who humble lived and humble died.
Widow, God grant hereafter, when we meet,
I may attain a footstool at thy feet."

Sabine Baring-Gould.

WAYS OF GIVING ADVICE

Among all the different ways of giving counsel, I think the finest is fable, in whatever shape it appears. This oblique manner of giving advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient histories, we find that the wise men of old very often chose to give counsel to their kings in fables. There is a pretty instance of this nature in a Turkish tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental extravagance mixed with it.

The Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The vizier to this great Sultan — whether a humorist or an enthusiast we are not informed — pretended to have learned from a certain dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the vizier knew what was said.

As he was one evening with the Sultan, on their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls near a tree that grew by an old wall out of a heap of rubbish. "I would fain know," said the Sultan, "what those two owls are saying to each other; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it."

The vizier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, "Sir," said he, "I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is." The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced the vizier to repeat word for word everything that the owls had said.

"You must know, then," said the vizier, "that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage.

"The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, 'Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion.'

"To which the father of the daughter replied, 'Instead of fifty, I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud! Whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined villages.'"

The story says that the Sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

Joseph Addison, 1672-1719.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

"He was a friend to man and lived in a house by the side of the road."—Homer.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran —
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by —
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I,
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban —
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears —
Both parts of an infinite plan —
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.

But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by —
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish — so am I.

Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

From "Dreams in Homespun."

Sam Walter Foss, 1858-1911.

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THE RUSSIAN'S DAUGHTER

Prascovia was the daughter of a captain in the Russian army, who for some unknown reason had undergone the sentence of exile to Siberia, from the capricious and insane Czar, Paul I. . . . Her father was condemned to spend his life in this desolate region. His wife, and their little girl of about three years old, accompanied him, and the former adapted herself patiently to her situation, working hard at the common domestic cares which she had been used to trust to servants; and as the little Prascovia grew older, she not only helped her mother, but gained employment in the village. She was very happy, even in this wild, dreary home, amid all the deep snows, iron frosts, and long darkness, until she was nearly fifteen, when she began to understand how wretched her father was in his banishment. . . . His despair awoke Prascovia from her childish enjoyments. She daily prayed that he might be brought home and comforted, and it one day darted into her mind like a flash of lightning, that she might go to Petersburg and obtain his pardon. . . .

Her father listened to her plan in silence, then called out to his wife: "Here is a fine patroness! Our daughter is going off to Petersburg to speak for us to the Emperor," and he related, in a tone of amusement, all the scheme that had been laid before him with such a throbbing heart. . . . Still day after day Prascovia entreated that

her scheme might at least be considered, till her father grew displeased, and forbade her to mention it again. She abstained; but for three whole years she never failed to add to her daily prayers a petition that his consent might be gained. . . .

Without a passport she would have immediately been sent back to Ischim. . . . However, one of their fellow exiles drew up a request in due form for a passport for her, and after six months more of waiting the answer arrived. Her father, however, seized upon it and locked it up, declaring that he had only allowed the application to go in the certainty that it would be refused, and that nothing should induce him to let a girl of eighteen depart alone for such a journey. . . . But at last he yielded. "What shall we do with this child?" he said: "we shall have to let her go." Still he said: "Do you think, poor child, that you can speak to the Emperor as you speak to your father in Siberia? Sentinels guard every entrance to his palace, and you will never pass the threshold. Poor even to beggary, without clothes or introductions, how could you appear, and who will deign to present you?" However, Prascovia trusted that the same Providence that had brought her the passport would smooth other difficulties. And at length the day was fixed for her departure.

At dawn she was dressed, with a little bag over her shoulder, and her father was trying to make her take the whole family store of wealth, one silver rouble, though, as she truly said, this was not enough to take her to Petersburg, and might do some good at home, and she only took it at last when he laid his strict commands on her. . . . When the first sunbeam shone into the room, there was, according to the beautiful old Russian custom, a short, solemn silence for private prayer for the traveler. Then, there was a last embrace, and Prascovia, kneeling down, received her parents' blessing, rose up, and set her face upon her way — a girl with a single rouble in her pocket, to walk through vast expanses of forest, and make her way to the presence of her sovereign. . . .

She often lost her way; and when she asked the road to Petersburg, she was only laughed at. . . . In the lesser hamlets she was usually kindly received, but in the larger places she was often treated as a suspicious-looking vagabond. . . . At one house where she sat down at the door, the mistress drove her off, saying that she harbored neither thieves nor vagabonds. "At least," thought the poor wanderer, "they cannot hunt me from the church;" but she found the door locked, and when she sat down on its stone steps, the village boys came round her, hooting at her, and calling her a thief and runaway; and thus she remained for two whole hours, ready to die with cold and hunger, but inwardly praying for strength to bear this trial.

At last, however, a kind woman came up through the rude little mob, and spoke to her in a gentle manner. The good woman offered to take her home, but on trying to rise Prascovia found her limbs so stiff that she could not move; she had lost one of her shoes, and her feet were terribly swollen. The villagers fetched a cart and lodged her safely with the good woman, with whom she remained several days, and when she was again able to proceed, one of the villagers gave her a pair of boots. She was often obliged to rest for a day or two, according to the state of her strength, the weather, or the reception she met with, and she always endeavored to requite the hospitality she received by little services, such as sweeping, washing, or sewing for her hosts. . . .

Winter began to come on, and an eight days' snow-storm forced her to stop till it was over; but when she wanted to set off again, the peasants declared that to travel on foot alone in the snow would be certain death even for the strongest men, for the wind raises the drifts, and makes the way undistinguishable, so they detained her till the arrival of a convoy of sledges, which were carrying provisions from one town to another. The drivers, on learning her story, offered her a seat in a sledge, but her garments were not adapted for winter traveling, and though they covered her with one of the wrappers of their goods, on the fourth day, when they

arrived at a posting station, the intense cold had so affected her, that she was obliged to be lifted from the sledge, with one cheek frostbitten. The good carriers rubbed it with snow, and took every possible care of her, but it was impossible to take her on without a sheepskin pelisse, since otherwise her death from the increasing cold was certain. She cried bitterly at the thought of missing this excellent escort, so the carriers agreed to club together to buy her a sheepskin, but none could be had. At last an expedient was found. "Let us lend her our pelisses by turns," said one of the carriers. "Or rather, let her always wear mine, and we will change about every verst." To this all agreed; Prascovia was well wrapped up in one of the sheepskin pelisses, whose owner rolled himself in the wrapper, curled his feet under him, and sung at the top of his lungs. . . .

At the inn at which they put up, the hostess told Prascovia the names of the most charitable persons in the town, and so especially praised a certain Madame Milin, that Prascovia resolved to apply to her the next day for advice how to proceed further. First, as it was Sunday, she went to church. Her worn traveling dress, as well as her fervent devotion attracted attention, and as she came out, a lady asked her who she was. Prascovia gave her name, and further requested to be directed where to find Madame Milin, whose beneficence was everywhere talked of. "I am afraid," said the lady, "that this Madame Milin's beneficence is a good deal exaggerated; but come with me, and I will take care of you."

Prascovia did not much like this way of speaking; but the stranger pointed to Madame Milin's door, saying that if she were rejected there, she must return to her. Without answering, Prascovia asked the servants whether Madame Milin were at home, and only when they looked at their mistress in amazement, did she discover that she had been talking to Madame Milin herself all the time.

This good lady kept her as a guest all the rest of the winter, and would not allow her to leave till the spring. She then took a place for her in a barge upon the river Khama, and put her under the care of a man who was going to Nishni Novgorod, with a cargo of iron and salt. . . .

When they reached their destination, the bargemen set her ashore at the usual landing place. She saw a church on a rising ground before her, and, according to her usual custom, she went up to pray before going to seek a lodging. The building was empty, but behind a grating she heard the voices of women at their evening devotions. It was a nunnery, and these female tones refreshed and encouraged her. "If God grants my prayers," she thought, "I shall have nothing to do but to thank and praise Him." After the service, she lingered near the convent until one of the nuns who had remained there told her it was time to close the doors, and Prascovia ventured to beg for a night's shelter in the convent. The sister replied that they did not receive travelers, but that she would take her to the abbess. Her artless story, supported by her passport, filled the good sisterhood with excitement and delight; the abbess made her sleep in her own room, and finding how severely she was suffering from the effects of her exposure, insisted on her remaining a few days to rest. . . .

At last she set off again for Moscow in a covered sledge, with a letter from the abbess to a lady who sent her on again to Petersburg, under the care of a merchant. Thus at length she arrived at the end of her journey, eighteen months after she had set off from Ischim with her rouble and her staff. The merchant took her to his own house, till she could secure an audience with the Czar. . . .

Through the kind aid of the nobles and ladies of the court she at last was presented to the Empress Mother who took her to a private audience of the Emperor himself and his wife, the Empress Elizabeth. No particulars are given of this meeting, except that Prascovia

was most graciously received, and that she came away with a gift of 5,000 roubles, and the promise that her father's trial should be at once revised.

She did not forget the two fellow exiles who had been so kind to her; she mentioned them to every one, but was always advised not to encumber her suit for her father by mentioning them. However, when, after some delay, she received notice that an order had been issued for her father's pardon, and was further told that His Majesty wished to know if she had anything to ask for herself, she replied, that he would overwhelm her with his favors if he would extend the same mercy that he had granted to her father to these two poor old banished gentlemen; and the Emperor, struck by this absence of all selfishness, readily pardoned them for their offence.

Prascovia had always intended to dedicate herself as a nun, believing that this would be her fullest thank-offering for her father's pardon, and her heart was drawn towards the convent at Nishni where she had been so tenderly nursed during her illness. She went to Kief, where she took the monastic vows. . . . From Kief, she returned to Nishni. There she hoped to meet her parents. She had reckoned that about the time of her arrival they might be on their way back from Siberia, and as soon as she met the abbess, she eagerly asked if there were no tidings of them: "Excellent tidings," said the abess. "I will tell you in my rooms." Prascovia followed her to the reception room, and there stood her father and mother! Their first impulse on seeing their daughter who had done so much for them was to fall on their knees; but she cried out with dismay, and, herself kneeling, exclaimed: "What are you doing? It is God, God only, who worked for us. Thanks be to his providence for the wonders he has wrought in our favor."

For one week the parents and child were happy together; but then Captain Lopouloff and his wife were forced to proceed on their journey. . . .

THE STORM WIND

The great South-West drives o'er the earth,
And loosens all his roaring robes
Behind him, over heath and moor. . . .
Now whirring like an eagle's wing
Preparing for a wide blue flight;
Now flapping like a sail that tacks
And chides the wet bewildered mast;
Now screaming like an anguished thing
Chased close by some down-breathing beak;
Now wailing like a breaking heart,
That will not wholly break, but hopes
With hope that knows itself in vain;
Now threatening like a storm-charged cloud;
Now cooing like a woodland dove;
Now up again in roar and wrath
High soaring and wide sweeping; now
With sudden fury dashing down
Full force on the awaiting woods.

George Meredith.

MAY

Would that thou couldst last for aye,
Merry, ever merry May!
Made of sun-gleams, shade, and showers,
Bursting buds, and breathing flowers;
Dripping-locked, and rosy-vested,
Violet-slippered, rainbow-crested;
Girdled with the eglantine,
Festoon'd with the dewy vine;
Merry, ever merry May,
Would that thou couldst last for aye!

W. D. Gallagher.

A SKATER PURSUED BY WOLVES

During the winter of 1844 I had much leisure to devote to the sports of a new country. To none of these was I more passionately addicted than to skating. The deep and lonely lakes, frozen by the intense cold of a northern winter, present a wide field to the lovers of this pastime. Often would I bind on my skates and glide away up the glittering river, and wind each mazy streamlet that flowed beneath its fetters on toward the parent ocean.

I had left my friend's house one evening just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble river which glided directly before the door. The night was beautifully clear. A bright moon rode

through an occasional fleecy cloud, and stars twinkled from the sky and from every frost-covered tree in millions. Light also came glinting from ice, and snow-wreath, and incrusted branches, as the eye followed for miles the broad gleam of the river, that like a jeweled zone swept between the mighty forests on its banks.

And yet all was still. The cold seemed to have frozen tree, and air, and water, and every living thing. Even the ringing of my skates echoed back from the hill with a startling clearness; and the crackle of the ice, as I passed over it in my course, seemed to follow the tide of the river with lightning speed.

I had gone up the river nearly two miles, when, coming to a little stream which empties into the larger, I turned into it to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an archway radiant with frost work. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and, as I peered into an unbroken forest that reared itself on the borders of the stream, I laughed with very joyousness. My wild hurrah rang through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed.

Suddenly a sound arose — it seemed to me to come from beneath the ice; it was low and tremulous at first, but it ended in one long wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. Presently I heard the brushwood on shore crash, as though from the tread of some animal — the blood rushed to my forehead — my energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of escape.

The moon shone through the opening at the mouth of the creek by which I had entered the forest, and, considering this the best means of escape, I darted toward it like an arrow. It was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely have excelled me in flight; yet, as I turned my head to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the brushwood at a pace nearly double in speed to my own. By their great speed, and the short yells which

they occasionally gave, I knew at once that these were the much-dreaded gray wolves.

I had never met with these animals; but, from the description given of them, I had little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untamable fierceness and untiring strength render them objects of dread to every benighted traveler.

With their long gallop they pursue their prey, never straying from the track of their victim; and though, perhaps, the wearied hunter thinks that he has at last outstripped them, he finds that they have but waited for the evening to seize him.

The bushes that skirted the shore flew past with the velocity of lightning as I dashed on in my flight to pass the narrow opening. The outlet was nearly gained — a few seconds more and I would be comparatively safe; but in a moment my pursuers appeared on the bank above me, which here rose to the height of ten feet. There was no time for thought — I bent my head and dashed madly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, fell behind, while I glided out upon the river!

Nature turned me toward home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me I was still their fugitive. I did not look back; I did not feel afraid, or sorry, or glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, and of their tears if they never should see me, and then all the energies of body and mind were exerted for escape.

I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I had spent on my good skates, never thinking that they would thus prove my only means of safety. Every half-minute a furious yelp from my fierce attendants made me but too certain that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and nearer they came; at last I heard their feet ~~pattering~~ on the ice, I even felt their very breath, and heard their snuffing scent! Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension.

The trees along the shore seemed to dance in an uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed; yet still my pursuers seemed to hiss forth their breath with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves, close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn on the smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far ahead.

Their tongues were lolling out; their white tusks were gleaming from their bloody mouths; their dark shaggy breasts were fleeced with foam; and as they passed me their eyes glared, and they howled with fury. The thought flashed on my mind that by this means I could avoid them — namely, by turning aside whenever they came too near; for, by the formation of their feet, they are unable to run on the ice except in a straight line.

I immediately acted upon this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly toward me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed directly past them. A fierce yell greeted this movement, and the wolves, slipping on their haunches, sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards at each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the animals becoming more excited and baffled.

At one time, by my delaying my turning too long, my fierce enemies came so near that they threw their white foam over my dress as they sprang to seize me, and their teeth clashed together like the spring of a fox-trap! Had my skates failed for one instant — had I tripped on a stick, or had my foot been caught in a fissure of the ice — the story I am now telling would never have been told.

I thought all the chances over. I knew where they would first seize me if I fell. I thought how long it would be before I died; and then of the search for my body, that would already have found its tomb; for oh!

how fast man's mind traces out all the dread colors of death's picture, only those who have been near the grim original can tell.

But I soon came opposite the house, and my hounds—I knew their deep voices—roused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. I heard their chains rattle; how I wished they would break them!—then I would have had protectors to match the fiercest denizens of the forest. The wolves, taking the hint conveyed by the dogs, stopped in their mad career, and after a few moments turned and fled. I watched them until their forms disappeared over a neighboring hill.

Not known.

OUR NATIONAL BANNER

O'er the high and o'er the lowly
Floats that banner bright and holy,
In the rays of Freedom's sun,
In the nation's heart embedded,
O'er our Union newly wedded,
One in all, and all in one.
Let that banner wave forever,
May its lustrous stars fade never,
Till the stars shall pale on high;
While there's right the wrong defeating,
While there's hope in true hearts beating,
Truth and freedom shall not die.
As it floated long before us,
Be it ever floating o'er us,
O'er our land from shore to shore:
There are freemen yet to wave it,
Millions who would die to save it,
Wave it, save it, evermore.

William Maxwell Evarts.

THE DAISY

Out in the country, close by the roadside, there was a country house. Close by it, near a ditch, in the midst of the most beautiful green grass, grew a little Daisy. The sun shone as warmly and as brightly upon it as on the great, splendid garden flowers, and so it grew from hour to hour.

And the Daisy was very glad that everything it silently felt was sung so loudly and charmingly by the Lark.

"I can see and hear," it thought: "the sun shines on me, and the forest kisses me. Oh, how richly have I been gifted!"

Within the palings stood many stiff, aristocratic flowers — the less scent they had the more they flaunted. They did not notice the little Daisy outside there, but the Daisy looked at them the more, and thought, "How rich and beautiful they are! Yes, the pretty birds fly across to them, and visit them. I am glad that I stand so near them, for at any rate I can enjoy the sight of their splendor!" And just as she thought that — "keevit!" — down came flying the Lark, but not down to the peonies and tulips — no, down into the grass to the lowly Daisy, which started so with joy that it did not know what to think.

The bird kissed it with his beak, sang to it, and then flew up again into the blue air. The Daisy felt very grateful; and when the sun went down it folded its leaves and went to sleep, and dreamed all night long about the sun and the pretty little bird.

Next morning, when the flower happily stretched out all its white leaves, like little arms, toward the air and the light, it recognized the voice of the bird, but the song he was singing sounded mournfully. Yes, the poor Lark had good reason to be sad; he was caught and now sat in a cage close by the open window.

The little Daisy wished very much to help him. But what was it to do? Yes, that was difficult to make out. It quite forgot how everything was beautiful around, how warm the sun shone, and how splendidly white its own leaves were. Ah! it could think only of the imprisoned bird, and how it was powerless to do anything for him.

Just then two little boys came out of the garden. They went straight up to the little Daisy, which could not at all make out what they wanted.

"Here we may cut a capital piece of turf for the Lark," said one of the boys; and he began to cut off a square patch round about the Daisy, so that the flower

remained standing in its piece of grass and was put into the Lark's cage.

"Here is no water," said the captive Lark. "They have all gone out, and have forgotten to give me anything to drink. My throat is dry and burning. It is like fire and ice within me, and the air is close. Oh, I must die! I must leave the warm sunshine, the fresh green, and all the splendor that God has created!"

And then he thrust his beak into the cool turf to refresh himself a little with it. Then the bird's eye fell upon the Daisy, and he nodded to it, and kissed it with his beak, and said:

"You also must wither in here, you poor little fellow. They have given you to me with a little patch of green grass on which you grow, instead of the whole world which was mine out there! Every little blade of grass shall be a great tree for me, and every one of your fragrant leaves a great flower."

Then, glowing with joy, the Daisy unfolded its arms and held up to its suffering friend — a drop of dew.

Abridged and adapted.

Hans Christian Andersen, 1805-1875.

THE V-A-S-E

From the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had culture ripest grown, —

The Gotham Millions fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree.

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the Soulful Soul from Kalamazoo. —

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A. . . .

Long they worshipped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said, "What a lovely vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word;

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vase!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims, "It is quite a lovely vase!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs, "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vase!"

*Dies erit praeclida
Sinistra quum Bostonia.*

James Jeffrey Roche, 1847-1908.

NO

"P-o Po, p-o po Popo, c-a-t cat Popocat — O dear, what a hard word! Let me see, Po-po-cat-a-petl. I can never pronounce it, I am sure. I wish they would not have such hard names in geography," said George Gould, quite out of patience. "Will you please tell me how to pronounce the name of this mountain, Father?"

"Why, do you call that a hard word to pronounce, George? I know much harder words than that."

"Well, Father, this is the hardest word I ever saw," replied George.

"I do not think so," said his father. "Some of the hardest words I have ever seen are the shortest. I know one little word, with only two letters in it, that very few children, or men either, can always speak."

"O, I suppose it is some French or German word; isn't it, Father?"

"The hardest word," replied his father, "I have ever met with in any language — and I have learned several — is a little word of two letters — N-o, No."

"I can always say it, I know I can," said George with much confidence — "No! Why, it is as easy to say it as to breathe."

"Well, George, I hope you will always find it as easy to pronounce as you think it is now, and be able to speak it when you ought to."

As soon as the school was out the next day the boys all ran to the pond — some to try the ice, and others merely to see it.

"Come, George," said William Green; "now we will have a glorious time sliding."

George hesitated, and said he did not believe it was strong enough, for it had been frozen over only one night.

"O, come on!" said another boy: "I know it is strong enough. I have known it to freeze over in one night, many a time, so it would bear: haven't you, John?"

"Yes," answered John Brown, "it did one night last winter; and it wasn't so cold as it was last night, either."

But George still hesitated, for his father had forbidden him to go on the ice without special permission.

"I know why George won't go," said John, "he's afraid he might fall down and hurt himself." — "Or the ice might crack," said another; "and the noise would frighten him. Perhaps his mother might not like it." — "He's a coward, that's the reason he won't come."

George could stand this no longer, for he was rather proud of his courage. "I am not afraid," said he; and he ran to the pond, and was the first one on the ice. The boys enjoyed the sport very much; running and sliding, and trying to catch one another on its smooth surface.

More boys kept coming on as they saw the sport, and all began to think there was no danger; when suddenly there was a loud cry, "The ice has broken! the ice has broken!" And sure enough, three of the boys had broken through, and were struggling in the water; and one of them was George.

George's father and mother were very much frightened

when he was brought home, and they learned how narrowly he had escaped drowning. But they were so rejoiced to find that he was safe that they did not ask him how he came to go on the ice, until after tea. When they were all gathered together about the cheerful fire, his father asked him how he came to disobey his positive command.

George said he did not want to go, but the boys made him.

"How did they make you? Did they take hold of you, and drag you on?" asked his father.

"No," said George, "but they all wanted me to go."

"When they asked you, why didn't you say 'No'?"

"I was going to; but they called me a coward, and said I was afraid to go; and I couldn't stand that."

"And so," said his father, "you found it easier to disobey me, and run the risk of losing your life, than to say that little word you thought so easy last night. You could not say 'No.'"

George now began to see why this little word "No" was so hard to pronounce. It was not because it was so long, or composed of such difficult sounds; but because it often requires so much real courage to say it — to say "No" when one is tempted to do wrong.

Whenever in after-life George was tempted to do wrong, he remembered his narrow escape from drowning, and the importance of the little word "No." The oftener he said it the easier it became; and in time he could say it, when needed, without much effort.

Not known.

THE IVY GREEN

O, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
On right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Charles Dickens, 1812-1870.

THE BEAR

The children were now walking hand in hand through the forest. I can see exactly how they looked.

Claude was lifting Baby Sister in order to carry her across a muddy place, when — a dreadful thing happened!

Claude saw a bear, a real flesh and blood, fur and claws bear! He was coming at a gentle pace through the trees, a huge bulk of grayish black, with black muzzle and a red, red tongue lolling between two jagged white saws of teeth.

Claude's heart bumped against his ribs. His thin legs shook so that he nearly dropped Baby Sister. Was the Bad Bear come to eat them at last?

In one swift glance he saw the only chance of escape. A log floated on the water of the hollow, one end almost touching the dry ground, the other against a tree.

Baby Sister had seen the bear now. She was sure that it was the Bad Bear coming to eat her because she had been naughty. She clung to Claude, trembling so that she nearly toppled him over, and wailed, "Oh, don't let bear eat Baby!" in a piteous voice.

How poor little Claude was able to carry that fat and frightened baby over the wet log is hard to tell. But he did it, and crawled up beside her on a low branch. Yes, the bear was coming. He was walking on the log.

"Mamma! mamma!" screamed the frightened baby.

"Look! look!" cried Claude; "he's caught in the mud."

Sure enough, the bridge sank under the big bear, and there he was, fast in the mud. He heaved and plunged

until he got two paws upon the log, but he could do no more. He stood looking at the children with a sleepy and gentle stare.

But as Claude looked at his mild eyes, a wonderful thought came to him. Was it the Bad Bear?

"Please, sir," said Claude, "are you the Good Bear?" The bear grunted.

"What, sir?" said Claude with eager politeness.

"Ur-r-r!" said the bear.

"He really looks like the circus bear," thought the little boy — which it is very likely he did, being the circus bear himself. He had escaped, and even now was being looked for by bands of men.

"Please, Mr. Good Bear," said Claude, "won't you get up and go away?"

Never a word answered the bear. He blinked his eyes and that was all. Sadly Claude took out his precious cake.

"If you'll please go away, Mr. Good Bear, I'll give you this," said Claude. "It is a nice cake. I was going to give it to mamma for Christmas, but if you'll let us get by I'll throw it to you. Shall I throw it, sir?"

The bear grunted and reared himself on his hind legs ready to catch. Indeed, this was one of his most famous tricks.

Claude raised the cake. How beautiful it looked with all that white candy on top! He was five years old and he had never tasted plum cake! He couldn't let it all go. He nibbled one wee morsel before he flung the cake, swift and true, at the great black head.

The bear swung his jaws at it and caught it cleverly. And, as if he wished to please such a good little boy, he made a vast heave and splash, trying to climb out of the mud.

In vain! He was held tight.

Up to this moment Baby Sister had been quiet; now she screamed again.

"It's of no use, Mr. Good Bear!" said Claude, "you

can't help it. We'll all scream together for folks to come and help."

The bear seemed ready, for he gave a tremendous howl. Claude screamed his loudest, while Baby Sister yelled like a steam whistle.

Again and again Claude shouted. Baby Sister cried until she could cry no more; then she sobbed. Had not Claude held her, she must have tumbled from the tree.

His thin arms burned with the strain. He knew Baby Sister would never walk past the bear of which he felt now no fear. It did not enter his loyal little heart to escape without her.

There was nothing to do but to keep calling for help. His voice grew faint, and tears of mingled pain and weariness were streaming down his cheeks.

Hark! Away to the left rang an answer to his call, and dashing through the wood came a young man on horseback. In a moment the lasso at his saddle-bow whizzed through the air and settled upon Mr. Good Bear's neck.

"Oh, please don't hurt him!" said Claude. "It's the Good Bear."

Colonel Ormond was close behind. He rolled up another log for the bear, who after a deal of struggling and pulling clambered upon it.

Safe on the shore, the bear put his head down and followed the horses like a dog. Claude called out warmly, "Thank you, Mr. Good Bear; I wish you well, sir."

Later in the day he told Colonel Ormond the whole story and heard in return how Mr. Good Bear had been sent back to his circus home.

"Was he lost?" asked Claude.

"Yes," said his friend, "he was lost and the circus people offered a reward of fifty dollars for him. We think that you should have the reward and here it is. He might have done a great deal of harm if it had not been for you."

"The bear wouldn't hurt anybody," said Claude.
"He was the Good Bear."

Who knows? Perhaps he was. Claude is busy gathering walnuts and pecan-nuts for the next coming of the circus, when he hopes to see his friend and present his gifts.

"Because I love Mr. Good Bear!" says Claude.

Abridged

Alice French (Octave Thanet), 1850- .

"ONE, TWO, THREE"

It was an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy that was half-past three,
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree,
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be —
With an old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You are in the china closet?"
He would cry and laugh with glee —
It wasn't the china closet
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bed-room,
In the chest with the queer old key?"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be —
So it must be the clothes-press, Grandma."
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places
Right under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee —
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

H. C. Bunner, 1855-1896.

WHANG, THE MILLER

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious. Nobody loved money better than he, or respected more those who had it. When people would talk in company of a rich man, Whang would say, "I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate." But if a poor man was ever mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him. But though these were small, they were certain. So long as his mill continued to run, he was sure of a living; and his frugality was such, that each day he laid by some money, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires. He found himself merely above want, whereas he desired to be rich.

One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights in succession. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Hunks goes quietly to bed and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh,

that I could dream like him! With what pleasure I would dig around the pan! How slyly would I carry it home — not even my wife should see me! And then, oh, the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

Such reflections served only to make the miller unhappy. He discontinued his former industry, becoming quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision.

He dreamed that, under a certain part of the foundation of his mill, there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground and covered with a large, flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, — as is usual in money dreams, — in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered. He still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was beyond doubt that he was to become the possessor of a large sum of money. So getting up early the third morning, he repaired, alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall to which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug. Digging still deeper, he turned up a house tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to the broad, flat stone, but so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it.

"Here," cried he, in raptures, to himself, "here it is! Under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed! I must go home to my wife and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up."

Away, therefore, he went, and acquainted his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her delight on this occasion may be easily imagined. She flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy. But these raptures, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum. Returning speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, they found there, not, indeed, the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen.

Oliver Goldsmith, 1728-1774.

CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD LORD

"Now who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock's side, a Shepherd-boy?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
Light as the wind along the grass.
Can this be he who hither came
In secret, like a smothered flame?
O'er whom such thankful tears were shed
For shelter, and a poor man's bread!
God loves the Child; and God hath willed
That those dear words should be fulfilled,
The Lady's words, when forced away,
The last she to her Babe did say:
'My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest
I may not be; but rest thee, rest,
For lowly shepherd's life is best!'

Alas! when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The boy must part from Mosedale's groves,
And leave Blencathara's rugged coves; . . .
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turned to heaviness and fear.

Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!
Hear it, good man, old in days!
Thou tree of covert and of rest
For this young bird that is distrest;
Among thy branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey.

A recreant harp, that sings of fear
And heaviness in Clifford's ear!
I said, when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long,
A weak and cowardly untruth!
Our Clifford was a happy youth,

And thankful through a weary time,
That brought him up to manhood's prime.

Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill:
His garb is humble; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien;
Among the shepherd grooms no mate
Hath he, a child of strength and state!
Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,
Nor yet for higher sympathy.
To his side the fallow-deer
Came, and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea, . . .
Moved to and fro for his delight.
He knew the rocks which angels haunt
Upon the mountains visitant;
He hath kenned them taking wing:
And into caves where faeries sing
He hath entered; and been told
By voices how men lived of old.
Among the heavens his eye can see
The face of thing that is to be;
And, if that men report him right,
His tongue could whisper words of might.

Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armor rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls; —
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the lance —
Bear me to the heart of France,
Is the longing of the shield —
Tell thy name, thou trembling field;
Field of death where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored,
Like a reappearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war! "

Alas! the impassioned minstrel did not know
How, by Heaven's grace this Clifford's heart was framed,
How he, long forced in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed:

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead;
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
The Shepherd-lord was honored more and more;
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
"The good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.

"Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle." William Wordsworth, 1770-1850.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man, barefoot boy with cheek of tan!
with thy turned-up pantaloons, and thy merry whistled tunes; with
thy red lip, redder still kissed by strawberries on the hill; with the
sunshine on thy face through thy torn brim's jaunty grace; from my
heart I give thee joy, — I was once a barefoot boy! Prince thou
art, — the grown-up man only is republican. Let the million-
dollared ride! Barefoot, trudging at his side, thou hast more than
he can buy in the reach of ear and eye, — outward sunshine, inward
joy: blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play, sleep that wakes in laughing day,
health that mocks the doctor's rules, knowledge never learned of
schools, of the wild bee's morning chase, of the wild flower's time and
place, flight of fowl and habitude of the tenants of the wood; how
the tortoise bears his shell, how the woodchuck digs his cell, and the
ground mole sinks his well; how the robin feeds her young, how the
oriole's nest is hung; where the whitest lilies blow, where the freshest
berries grow, where the ground nut trails its vine, where the wood
grape's clusters shine; of the black wasp's cunning way, mason of
his walls of clay, and the architectural plans of gray hornet artisans!
— For, eschewing books and tasks, nature answers all he asks; hand
in hand with her he walks, face to face with her he talks, part and
parcel of her joy, — blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June, crowding years in one brief moon,
when all things I heard or saw, me, their master, waited for. I was
rich in flowers and trees, humming-birds and honey-bees; for my
sport the squirrel played. Plied the snouted mole his spade; for my
taste the blackberry cone purpled over hedge and stone; laughed
the brook for my delight through the day and through the night,
whispering at the garden wall, talked with me from fall to fall; mine
the sand-rimmed pickerel pond, mine the walnut slopes beyond,
mine on bending orchard trees, apples of Hesperides! Still as my

horizon grew, larger grew my riches too, all the world I saw or knew seemed a complex Chinese toy, fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread, like my bowl of milk and bread, — pewter spoon and bowl of wood, on the door-stone gray and rude! O'er me, like a regal tent, cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent, purple-curtained, fringed with gold, looped in many a wind-swung fold; while for music came the play of the pied frog's orchestra; and, to light the noisy choir, lit the fly his lamp of fire. I was monarch: pomp and joy waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man, live and laugh, as boyhood can! though the flinty slopes be hard, stubble-speared the new-mown sward, every morn shall lead thee through fresh baptisms of the dew; every evening from thy feet shall the cool wind kiss the heat. All too soon these feet must hide in the prison cells of pride, lose the freedom of the sod, like a colt's for work be shod, made to tread the mills of toil, up and down in ceaseless moil: happy if their track be found never on forbidden ground; happy if they sink not in quick and treacherous sands of sin. Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy, ere it passes, barefoot boy!

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-1892.

SUPPER AT THE MILL

Mother. Well, Frances.

Frances. Well, good mother, how are you?

M. I'm hearty, lass, but warm; the weather's warm; I think 'tis mostly warm on market days.

I met with George behind the mill; said he,

"Mother, go in and rest awhile."

F. Aye, do,

And stay to supper; put your basket down.

M. Why, now, it is not heavy.

F. Willie, man,

Get up and kiss your grandma. Heavy, no!

Some call good churning luck; but, luck or skill,

Your butter mostly comes as firm and sweet

As if 'twas Christmas. So you sold it all?

M. All but this pat that I put by for George; He always liked my butter.

F. That he did.

M. And has your speckled hen brought off her brood?

F. Not yet, but that old duck I told you of, She hatched eleven out of twelve to-day.

Child. And, grandma, they're so yellow.

M. Aye, my lad,

Yellow as gold — yellow as Willie's hair.

C. They're all mine, grandma — father says they're mine.

M. To think of that!

F. And Willie would not touch them — no, not he;
He knows that father would be angry else.

C. But I want one to play with — Oh, I want
A little yellow duck to take to bed!

M. What! would you rob the poor old mother, then?

F. Now, grandma, if you'll hold the babe awhile;
'T is time I took up Willie to his crib.

[Exit Frances.]

[Enter George.]

George. Well, mother, 'tis a fortnight now, or more,
Since I set eyes on you.

M. Aye, George, my dear,
I reckon you've been busy: so have we.

G. And how does father?

M. He gets through his work,
But he grows stiff, a little stiff, my dear;
He's not so young, you know, by twenty years,
As I am — not so young by twenty years,
And I'm past sixty.

G. Yet he's hale and stout,
And seems to take a pleasure in his cows,
And a pride, too.

M. And well he may, my dear.

G. Give me the little one, he tires your arm;
He's such a kicking, crowing, wakeful rogue,
He almost wears our lives out with his noise
Just at day-dawning, when we wish to sleep.
What! you young villain, would you clench your fist
In father's curls? a dusty father, sure,
And you're as clean as wax.

Aye, you may laugh;
But if you live a seven years more or so,
These hands of yours will all be brown and scratched
With climbing after nest-eggs. They'll go down
As many rat-holes as are round the mere;
And you'll love mud, all manner of mud and dirt,
As your father did afore you, and you'll wade
After young water-birds; and you'll get bogged
Setting of eel-traps, and you'll spoil your clothes,
And come home torn and dripping: then, you know,
You'll feel the stick — you'll feel the stick, my lad!

[Enter Frances.]

F. You should not talk so to the blessed babe —
How can you, George? Why, he may be in heaven
Before the time you tell of.

M. Look at him:
So earnest, such an eager pair of eyes!
He thrives, my dear.

F. Yes, he does!

M. Where is your little lass?

F. Your daughter came
And begged her of us for a week or so. . . .

G. But Hannah must not keep our Fanny long —
She spoils her.

M. Ah! folks spoil their children now;
When I was a young woman 'twas not so;
We made our children fear us, made them work,
Kept them in order.

G. Were not proud of them —
Eh, mother?

M. I set store by mine, 'tis true.
But then I had good cause.

G. My lad, d' ye hear?
Your grandma was not proud, by no means proud!
She never spoilt your father — no, not she,
Nor ever made him sing at harvest-home,
Nor at the forge, nor at the baker's shop,
Nor to the doctor while she lay abed
Sick, and he crept upstairs to share her broth.

M. Well, well, you were my youngest, and, what 's more,
Your father loved to hear you sing — he did,
Although, good man, he could not tell one tune
From the other.

F. No, George got his voice from you:
Do use it, George, and send the child to sleep.

G. What must I sing?

F. The ballad of the man
That is so shy he cannot speak his mind.

G. Aye, of the purple grapes and crimson leaves;
But, mother, put your shawl and bonnet off.
And, Frances, lass, I brought some cresses in:
Just wash them, toast the bacon, break some eggs,
And let's to supper shortly.

[Sings.]

G. Why, you young rascal! who would think it, now?
No sooner do I stop than you look up.
What would you have your poor old father do?
'Twas a brave song, long-winded, and not loud.

M. He heard the bacon sputter on the fork,
And heard his mother's step across the floor.

F. My dear, just lay his head upon your arm,
And if you'll pace and sing two minutes more,
He needs must sleep — his eyes are full of sleep.

G. Do you sing, mother.

F. Aye, good mother, do;
'T is long since we have heard you.

M. Like enough;
I'm an old woman, and the girls and lads

I used to sing to sleep o'ertop me now.

G. Sing in the chimney corner, where you sit,
And I'll pace gently with the little one.

Mother sings.]

F. Asleep at last, and time he was, indeed,
Turn back the cradle quilt and lay him in;
And, mother, will you please to draw your chair? —
The supper 's ready.

Jean Ingelow, 1830-1897.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

By the shores of Gitche Gumee, by the shining Big-Sea-Water,
stood the wigwam of Nokomis, daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest, rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
rose the firs with cones upon them; bright before it beat the water,
beat the clear and sunny water, beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis nursed the little Hiawatha,
rocked him in his linden cradle, bedded soft in moss and rushes,
safely bound with reindeer sinews; stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!" Lulled him into slumber,
singing, "Ewa-yea! my little owlet! who is this that lights the wig-
wam? With his great eyes lights the wigwam? Ewa-yea! my little
owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him of the stars that shine in
heaven; showed him Ishkoodah, the comet, Ishkoodah, with fiery
tresses; showed the Death-Dance of the spirits, warriors with their
plumes and war-clubs, flaring far away to northward in the frosty
nights of winter; showed the broad, white road in heaven, pathway
of the ghosts, the shadows, running straight across the heavens,
crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door, on summer evenings, sat the little Hiawatha; heard
the whispering of the pine-trees, heard the lapping of the water,
sounds of music, words of wonder; "Minnie-wawa!" said the pine-
trees, "Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee, flitting through the dusk of
evening, with the twinkle of its candle, lighting up the brakes and
bushes, and he sang the song of children, sang the song Nokomis
taught him: "Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly, little, flitting, white-
fire insect, little, dancing, white-fire creature, light me with your
little candle, ere upon my bed I lay me, ere in sleep I close my eye-
lids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water rippling, rounding from the
water, saw the flecks and shadows on it, whispered, "What is that,
Nokomis?" and the good Nokomis answered: "once a warrior,
very angry, seized his grandmother, and threw her up into the sky
at midnight; right against the moon he threw her; 'tis her body
that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven, in the eastern sky, the rainbow, whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?" And the good Nokomis answered: "'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there; all the wild-flowers of the forest, all the lilies of the prairie, when on earth they fade and perish, blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight, hooting, laughing in the forest, "What is that?" he cried, in terror; "what is that," he said, "Nokomis?" And the good Nokomis answered: "that is but the owl and owlet, talking in their native language, talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha learned of every bird its language, learned their names and all their secrets, how they built their nests in summer, where they hid themselves in winter, talked with them whene'er he met them, called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language, learned their names and all their secrets, how the beavers built their lodges, where the squirrels hid their acorns, how the reindeer ran so swiftly, why the rabbit was so timid, talked with them whene'er he met them, called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

From "The Song of Hiawatha." Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882.

THERE WAS A CHILD WENT FORTH

There was a child went forth every day;
And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became;
And that object became part of him for the day, or a certain part of
the day, or for many years, or stretching cycles of years.

The early lilacs became part of this child,
And grass, and white and red morning-glories, and white and red
clover, and the song of the phœbe-bird,
And the Third-month lambs, and the sow's pink-faint litter, and the
mare's foal, and the cow's calf,
And the noisy brood of the barn-yard, or by the mire of the pond-
side,
And the fish suspending themselves so curiously below there — and
the beautiful curious liquid,
And the water-plants with their graceful flat heads — all became
part of him.

The field-sprouts of Fourth-month and Fifth-month became part
of him;
Winter-grain sprouts, and those of the light-yellow corn, and the
esculent roots of the garden,
And the apple-trees cover'd with blossoms, and the fruit afterward,
and wood-berries, and the commonest weeds by the road;
And the school-mistress that pass'd on her way to the school,
And the friendly boys that pass'd — and the quarrelsome boys,

And the tidy and fresh-cheek'd girls — and the barefoot negro boy
and girl,
And all the changes of city and country, wherever he went. . .
Vehicles, teams, the heavy-plank'd wharves — the huge crossing at
the ferries,
The village on the highland, seen from afar at sunset — the river
between,
Shadows, aureola and mist, the light falling on roofs and gables of
white or brown, two miles off,
The schooner near by, sleepily dropping down the tide — the little
boat slack-tow'd astern,
The hurrying tumbling waves, quick-broken crests, slapping,
The strata of color'd clouds, the long bar of maroon-tint, away soli-
tary by itself — the spread of purity, it lies motionless in,
The horizon's edge, the flying sea-crow, the fragrance of salt marsh
and shore mud;
These became part of that child who went forth every day, and who
now goes, and will always go forth every day.

Walt Whitman, 1819-1892.

COMING AND GOING

There once came to our field a pair of birds that had never built a nest nor seen a winter. Oh, how beautiful was everything! The fields were full of flowers, and the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere. Then one of the birds fell to singing, and the other bird said: "Who told you to sing?" and he answered: "The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the wind and leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing." Then his mate answered: "When did I tell you to sing?" And he said: "Every time you brought in tender grass for the nest, and every time your soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers to line the nest." Then his mate said: "What are you singing about?" And he answered: "I am singing about everything and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing."

By-and-by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and his mate said: "Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?" Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by, and pitied them because they were not birds, and had no nests with eggs

in them! Then the father-bird sang a melancholy song because he pitied folks that had no nests, but had to live in houses.

In a week or two, one day, when the father-bird came home, the mother-bird said: "Oh, what do you think has happened?" "What?" "One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!" Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, and then another, and another, till five little birds were born!

Now the father-bird sang longer and louder than ever. The mother-bird, too, wanted to sing, but she had no time, and so she turned her song into work. So hungry were these little birds, that it kept both parents feeding them. Away each one flew. The moment the little birds heard their wings fluttering again among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open so wide, that nothing could be seen but five yellow mouths!

"Can anybody be happier?" said the father-bird to the mother-bird. "We will live in this tree always, for there is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy."

Soon the little birds were big enough to fly, and great was their parents' joy to see them leave the nest and sit crumpled up upon the branches. There was then a great time! One would have thought the two old birds were two French dancing-masters — talking and chattering, and scolding the little birds, to make them go alone.

At last they flew away and away, and found their own food and made their own beds, and their parents never saw them any more!

Then the old birds sat silent, and looked at each other a long while. At last the mother-bird said:

"Why don't you sing?"

And he answered: "I can't sing — I can only think and think."

"What are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking how everything changes — the leaves are falling down from off this tree, and soon

there will be no roof over our heads; the flowers are all gone, or going; last night there was a frost; almost all the birds are flown away, and I am very uneasy. Something calls me, and I feel restless as if I would fly far away."

"Let us fly away together."

Then they rose silently, and, lifting themselves high up in the air, they looked to the North. Far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the South. There they saw green leaves! All day they flew, and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter, where there was summer all the time; where flowers always blossom, and the birds always sing.

Abridged from "Norwood."

Henry Ward Beecher, 1813-1887.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

A little boy had sought the pump
From whence the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst.
Then gracefully he touched his cap,
"I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
"For this nice drink you've given me."
This little boy had been well bred.

Then said the Pump: "My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank,
I only help the water run."
"Oh, then," the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be),
"Cold water, please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me."

"Ah!" said Cold Water, "don't thank me!
For up the hillside lives a spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing."
"I'll thank the spring, then," said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.
"Oh! don't thank me, my little man,"
The spring with silvery accents said.

"Oh, don't thank me, for what am I
 Without the dews and summer rain?
 Without their aid I ne'er could quench
 Your thirst, my little boy, again."
 "Oh, well, then," said the little boy,
 "I'll gladly thank the rain and dew."
 "Pray, don't thank us! Without the sun
 We could not fill one cup for you."
 "Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
 For all that you have done for me."
 "Stop," said the Sun, with blushing face,
 "My little fellow, don't thank me.
 'Twas from the ocean's mighty stores
 I drew the draught I gave to thee."
 "O Ocean, thanks," then said the boy.
 It echoed back: "No thanks to me!"
 "Not unto me, but unto Him
 Who formed the depths in which I lie,
 Go give thy thanks, my little boy,
 To Him who will thy wants supply."
 The boy took off his cap and said
 In tones so gentle and subdued,
 "O God, I thank thee for thy gift.
 Thou art the Giver of all good."

Not known.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed, near to the nest of his little dame, over the mountain-side or mead, Robert of Lincoln is telling his name: "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, spink, spank, spink; snug and safe is that nest of ours, hidden among the summer flowers, chee, chee, chee." Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed, wearing a bright black wedding coat; white are his shoulders and white his crest, hear him call in his merry note: "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, spink, spank, spink; look, what a nice new coat is mine, sure there was never a bird so fine, chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife, pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings, passing at home a patient life, broods in the grass while her husband sings: "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, spink, spank, spink; brood, kind creature; you need not fear thieves and robbers while I am here, chee, chee, chee." Modest and shy as a nun is she, one weak chirp is her only note; braggart and prince of braggarts is he, pouring boasts from his little throat: "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, spink, spank, spink; never was I afraid of man; catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can, chee, chee, chee."

Six white eggs on a bed of hay, flecked with purple, a pretty sight! there as the mother sits all day; Robert is singing with all his might: "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, spink, spank, spink; nice good wife, that

never goes out, keeping house while I frolic about, chee, chee, chee." Soon as the little ones chip the shell, six wide mouths are open for food; Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well, gathering seed for the hungry brood: "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, spink, spank, spink; this new life is likely to be hard for a gay young fellow like me, chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln at length is made sober with work and silent with care; off is his holiday garment laid, half forgotten that merry air, "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, spink, spank, spink; nobody knows but my mate and I where our nest and our nestlings lie, chee, chee, chee." Summer wanes; the children are grown; fun and frolic no more he knows; Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone; off he flies, and we sing as he goes: "Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link, spink, spank, spink, when you can pipe that merry old strain, Robert of Lincoln, come back again, chee, chee, chee."

William Cullen Bryant, 1794-1878.

IO VICTIS

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life, —
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the
strife;

Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in
heart,

Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate
part:

Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in
ashes away,

From whose hand slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood
at the dying of day

With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded,
alone,

With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith
overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, — its pæan for those
who have won;

While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze
and the sun

Glad banners are waving, hands clapping and hurrying feet

Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of
defeat,

In the shadow, with those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying,
and there

Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows,
breathe a prayer,

Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper: "They only the victory
win

Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;

Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;

Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight, — if need be, to die."

Speak, history! who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say,

Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of the day?

The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,

Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate — or Christ?

William Wetmore Story, 1819-1894.

THE MAGIC RING

There was once a king so honest and kind and true that his people called him the Good Ruler.

One day when he was walking in the fields, he heard the sound of horns and the tramping feet of horses. Soon he saw a score of men and women, and a great pack of dogs, all running after a little white rabbit.

The timid creature ran to the king and jumped into his arms. "Not even a rabbit which comes to me for help shall be turned away," said the king. With kind words, he soothed the trembling animal. Then he carried it to the palace and ordered his servants to give it the best of care.

That night a woman, tall and beautiful, clad in white flowing robes, stood before him.

"I am Fairy Truth," she said. "I was the rabbit whose life you saved to-day. You are indeed the Good Ruler and I shall always be one of your best friends. You may ask what you will, and I will grant your wish."

"I ask nothing for myself," replied the king, "but I have an only son who is dearer to me than all else. The greatest wish of my life is that he may be happy."

"Shall I make him the handsomest prince in the world?" asked the fairy.

"No," answered the king, "I will not ask that. He might be vain of his good looks and think only of himself."

"Would you like your son to be the richest prince that has ever lived?"

"I do not ask for riches," the king replied, "for riches alone cannot make him happy."

"You have only to wish," said the fairy, "and I will give him greater power than any other prince in the world."

"Ah, no," said the king, "power without goodness will not bring happiness. Make my son the best prince in the whole world, and I shall be content."

"There is no better gift than goodness," the fairy answered, "but I cannot make him good; that he must do for himself. I will promise to watch over him and help him, and when he does wrong, I will punish him. More, I cannot do."

Not long after, the good king died. As the prince sat grieving in his room, Fairy Truth stood before him as she had once stood before his father.

"I have promised to be your best friend," she said, "and I have brought you a magic ring. It will prick your finger every time you do wrong. Heed its touch and you will be happy."

For a long time the prince ruled his kingdom with justice and kindness, and he hardly felt the touch of the ring upon his finger. Every one loved him, and he was called Happy Prince Charming.

But at length evil companions came and offered him all kinds of pleasure. "A prince should do as he pleases without punishment," they said. And because he did not like to be laughed at, he listened to the young men who wished him to do wrong.

The ring pricked his finger again and again until at last he threw it away in anger. "Now," he said, "I shall be happy once more, for I can do as I please." From this time on he grew more wicked and became more unhappy day by day. No one loved him, and even his bad companions cared only for his money.

One day he saw a poor young girl picking up sticks for a fire. The prince saw that she was very beautiful, and he asked her to be the queen of his country. But to his surprise she refused to go with him to the palace.

"Why will you not go with me?" he asked.

"Because you are not like your father, the Good Ruler," answered the young girl. "I do not wish to be your queen, for you are a wicked man, and you would make me unhappy."

The angry prince called his soldiers, and commanded them to put the girl into prison. No sooner was this done than the prince heard a noise like a clap of thunder. Fairy Truth stood again before him, no longer gentle and kind, but stern and terrible.

"Prince," she said in a voice to which he listened with fear, "I promised your father to punish you if you failed to do right. You have been as fierce as a lion, and as cruel as a bear. Your body shall look like your soul all the rest of your life."

Suddenly the prince found himself in a forest by the bank of a river. He heard a voice saying, "Look in the water, and you will see what wrong-doing has done to your soul."

The prince looked and saw a fierce and ugly beast. With a terrible cry of anger he ran into the forest. But he soon fell into a trap, and the hunters put him into a strong iron cage and took him to his own city.

There he saw crowds of people in the street. All were rejoicing because they had been told that their wicked prince was dead. Then he heard the voice of his old teacher speaking to the people. "The prince has a good heart," he was saying. "I do not believe that he is dead. He will some time return and will be as wise a ruler as his father was before him."

Then the people placed the crown on the head of the old man and begged him to be their king. "I will wear the crown," he said, "and govern the kingdom until the prince returns."

These words made the prince sorry for his evil deeds, and he became as gentle as a lamb. But his keeper was

a hard and cruel man, who beat and nearly starved all the animals in his care.

One day a tiger escaped from his cage and was about to spring upon this cruel keeper as he lay asleep. At first the prince was glad, but a better thought came into his mind, and he wished he were free to save the helpless man. No sooner had he felt this kind wish than the doors of his cage opened wide. He sprang out and killed the tiger and thus saved the keeper's life.

Then a voice was heard to say, "A good deed is always rewarded," and the prince found that he had taken the form of a little white dog. How he rejoiced because he was free from the shape of a fierce wild beast!

The keeper carried the beautiful dog to the palace, and now he was petted and praised and cared for. But the queen, wishing to keep her pet dog from growing larger, gave him nothing to eat except a little bread.

One morning when he received his crust of bread for breakfast, he ran with it to the palace gardens. By the wayside he saw a little child almost dead with hunger.

"Poor thing," he thought, "I know what it is to be hungry. I will give her my bread." So he ran to her and laid the bread at her feet. Again he heard a voice say, "A good deed is always rewarded." And oh, wonderful! He was no longer a dog, but a beautiful dove with white wings.

Then his first thought was to find the young girl whom he had put in prison. Day after day he flew many weary miles in his search. At last he found her in a desert cave, talking with an old man. He flew into the cave and perched upon her shoulder.

"My beautiful dove," said the maiden, "stay with me, and I will love you always."

The dove vanished, and Prince Charming was again a man, handsome and tall, with a face as kind as when he was a happy boy. The old man, too, disappeared, and in his place stood Fairy Truth in her pure white robes.

"My children," said the fairy, "I now give back to Prince Charming the crown that he has become good enough to wear. And I will restore to him his kingdom, for he is at last wise enough to govern it."

She had hardly finished speaking when Prince Charming found himself standing in his own palace with his chosen queen by his side. The crown was placed upon his head, and all the people shouted, "Long live the King! Long live the King!"

For many years Prince Charming ruled his kingdom with justice and wisdom. It is said that he always wore the magic ring, and that it never again had reason to prick his finger.

And it is also said that the Prince never grew old in looks, but that year by year, as he became more wise and kind, his face became more beautiful.

Dinah Mulock Craik, 1826-1887.

MR. BULL-FROG'S PARTY

Mr. Bull-Frog gave a party and bade his friends to feast, from the lower world and the upper, fish, insect, bird and beast. The table was spread by the river on a gently sloping ground; guests ran to the water, if ever they heard an alarming sound. The minnows came by the dozens; the turtles came one by one; the frogs brought their aunts and cousins; but the water-rat came alone. Each guest had his seat allotted — birds, butterflies, one, two, and three; and a little field mouse trotted to her place by the side of the bee. They ate every cress and berry and they drank their dew-drop tea to the health of their host, with merry and rousing three-times-three.

Soon after this demonstration the Bull-Frog rose for a speech: "We will hold a consultation; I should like to hear from each. By enemies we're surrounded; (my friends, you feel this is true) we are caught, crushed, lamed, and pounded. To stop this what can we do? Life would be perfect without them (these creatures are all called boys); there's but one good thing about them — their coming is known by their noise. My friends we'll all sign a paper with fin, antenna, or wing, to get us out of the scrape or these boys to sorrow we'll bring. We'll bite, scratch, worry and sting them when we've a chance so to do; and thus to sorrow we'll bring them. Now friends I'll listen to you."

Mistress Mousie spoke; "Remember that all boys are not so bad. One whom I knew last September to hurt would make me quite sad. One of my distant relations he did, I confess, just seize while he made some observations but he gave him lots of cheese. In twenty-four

hours he hurried to open the cage door wide and Mousie home to his worried mamma and family hied."

Miss Mousie ceased, and Bumble-Bee rose with a hum and a buzz: "I speak for myself and friend," said he, "Friend Caterpillar — Miss Fuzz. With eagerness he has sought us but never has hurt us at all — I've only said 'Hum' when he caught us, while Fuzz rolled up in a ball."

Then up rose a gay grass-hopper, so fine in his green dress-coat, "for others I care not a copper on this boy I really dote. Through all the bright summer weather, through all the sunny days long we played in the grass together and he never stopped my song."

When Dorr-Bug knocked on the table, Father Longlegs left his seat; to speak he was quite unable but showed all his legs complete. So Bull-Frog told the story for his venerable guest, adding his mite to the glory of this boy of boys the best.

A gray moth rose; "My friends," said he, "Pray list to this plan of mine; on the right day, next Februar-ee, we'll send him a Valentine. And it shall say — if he takes care to injure no living thing — all beasts and birds of earth and air will join in one offering."

'Twas settled. The supper was ended; the creatures went homeward with glee. The way I heard it was splendid — a little bird told it to me.

Not known.

THE SWALLOWS

Gallant and gay in their doublets gray,
All at a flash like the darting of flame,
Chattering Arabic, African, Indian —
Certain of springtime, the swallows came!
Doublets of gray silk and surcoats of purple,
And ruffs of russet round each little throat,
Wearing such garb they had crossed the waters,
Mariners sailing with never a boat.

Sir Edwin Arnold, 1832-1904.

HOW THE CLIFF WAS CLAD

Between two cliffs lay a deep ravine, with a full stream rolling heavily through it over boulders and rough ground. It was high and steep, and one side was bare, save at the foot, where clustered a thick, fresh wood, so close to the stream that the mist from the water lay upon the foliage in spring and autumn. The trees stood looking upwards and forwards, unable to move either way.

"What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper one day to the foreign Oak that stood next

him. The Oak looked down to find out who was speaking, and then looked up again without answering a word. The Stream worked so hard that it grew white; the Northwind rushed through the ravine, and shrieked in the fissures, and the bare Cliff hung heavily over and felt cold.

"What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper to the Fir on the other side.

"Well, if anybody is to do it, I suppose we must," replied the Fir, stroking his beard; "what dost thou think?" he added, looking over to the Birch.

"Let us clothe it," answered the Birch, glancing timidly towards the Cliff. And thus, although they were but three, they agreed to clothe the Cliff. The Juniper went first.

When they had gone a little way they met the Heather. The Juniper seemed as though he meant to pass her by. "Nay, let us take the Heather with us," said the Fir. So on went the Heather. Soon the Juniper began to slip. "Lay hold on me," said the Heather. The Juniper did so, and where there was only a little crevice the Heather put in one finger, and where she had got in one finger the Juniper put in his whole hand. They crawled and climbed, the Fir, heavily, behind with the Birch. "It is a work of charity," said the Birch.

But the Cliff began to ponder what little things these could be that came clambering up it. And when it had thought over this a few hundred years, it sent down a little Brook to see about it. It was just spring flood, and the Brook rushed on till she met the Heather.

"Dear, dear Heather, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," said the Brook. The Heather, being very busy, only raised herself a little, and worked on. The Brook slipped under her, and ran onwards.

"Dear, dear Juniper, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," said the Brook. The Juniper glanced sharply at her; but as the Heather had let her pass, he thought he might do so as well. The Brook slipped

under him, and ran on till she came where the Fir stood panting on a crag.

"Dear, dear Fir, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," the Brook said, fondly kissing the Fir on his foot. The Fir felt bashful and let her pass. But the Birch made way before the Brook asked.

"He, he, he," laughed the Brook, as she grew larger. "Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Brook again, pushing Heather and Juniper, Fir and Birch forwards and backwards, up and down on the great crags. The Cliff sat for many hundred years after, pondering whether it did not smile a little that day.

It was clear the Cliff did not wish to be clad. The Heather felt so vexed that she turned green again, and then she went on. "Never mind; take courage!" said the Heather.

The Juniper sat up to look at the Heather, and at last he rose to his feet, and clutched so firmly, that he thought the Cliff could not help feeling it. "If thou wilt not take me, then I will take thee," said he.

The Fir examined the path he had come, then where he had been lying, and at last where he had to go.

Then he strode onwards, just as though he had never fallen. The Birch had been splashed very badly, but now she got up and made herself tidy. And so they went rapidly on, upwards and sideways, in sunshine and rain.

"But what in the world is all this?" said the Cliff, when the summer sun shone, the dewdrops glittered, the birds sang, the wood mouse squeaked, the hare bounded, and the weasel hid and screamed among the trees.

Then the day came when the Heather could peep over the Cliff's edge. "O dear me!" said she, and over she went.

"What is it the Heather sees, dear?" said the Juniper, and came forwards till he, too, could peep over. "Dear me!" he cried, and over he went.

"What's the matter with the Juniper to-day?" said the Fir, taking long strides in the hot sun. Soon he,

too, by standing on tiptoe could peep over. "Ah!" — every branch and prickle stood on end with astonishment. He strode onwards, and over he went.

"What is it they all see and not I?" said the Birch, lifting up her skirts, and tripping after. "Ah!" said she, putting her head over, "there is a whole forest, both of Fir and Heather, and Juniper and Birch, waiting for us on the plain;" and her leaves trembled in the sunshine till the dewdrops fell.

"This comes of reaching forwards," said the Juniper.

From "Arne."

Björnstjerne Björnson, 1832-1910.

SOWING

Every one is sowing
Both by word and deed;
All mankind are growing
Either wheat or weed;
Thoughtless ones are throwing
Any sort of seed.

Serious ones are seeking
Seed already sown;
Many eyes are weeping
Now the crop is grown;
Think upon the reaping —
Each one reaps his own.

Surely as the sowing
Shall the harvest be;
See what you are throwing
Over hill and lea;
Words and deeds are growing
For eternity.

Not known.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies, let them live upon their praises; long as there's a sun that sets, primroses will have their glory; long as there are violets, they will have a place in story: there's a flower that shall be mine, 'tis the little Celandine. Eyes of some men travel far for the finding of a star; up and down the heavens they go, men that keep a mighty rout! I'm as great as they, I trow, since the day I found thee out, little flower — I'll make a stir, like a sage astronomer,

Modest, yet withal an elf bold, and lavish of thyself; since we needs must first have met I have seen thee, high and low, thirty years or more, and yet 'twas a face I did not know; thou hast now,

go where I may, fifty greetings in a day. Ere a leaf is on a bush, in the time before the thrush has a thought about her nest, thou wilt come with half a call, spreading out thy glossy breast like a careless Prodigal; telling tales about the sun, when we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood! travel with the multitude: never heed them; I aver that they all are wanton wooers; but the thrifty cottager, who stirs little out of doors, joys to spy thee near her home; spring is coming, thou art come! Comfort have thou of thy merit, kindly, unassuming Spirit! Careless of thy neighborhood, thou dost show thy pleasant face on the moor, and in the wood, in the lane; — there's not a place, howsoever mean it be, but 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers, children of the flaring hours! Buttercups, that will be seen, whether we will see or no; others, too, of lofty mien; they have done as wordlings do, taken praise that should be thine, little, humble Celandine. Prophet of delight and mirth, ill-requited upon earth; herald of a mighty band, of a joyous train ensuing, serving at my heart's command, tasks that are no tasks renewing, I will sing, as doth behove, hymns in praise of what I love!

William Wordsworth, 1770-1850.

A FAREWELL

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray.
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day:

Be good, sweet maid,
And let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand sweet song.

Charles Kingsley, 1819-1875.

DOUGLAS AND JAMES

Then clamour'd loud the royal train, and brandish'd swords and staves amain. But stern the Baron's warning — "Back! back, on your lives, ye menial pack! Beware the Douglas. — Yes! behold, King James! the Douglas, doom'd of old, and vainly sought for near and far, a victim to atone the war, a willing victim, now attends, nor craves thy grace but for his friends." —

"Thus is my clemency repaid? presumptuous lord!" the monarch said; "of thy misproud ambitious clan, thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man, the only man, in whom a foe my woman-mercy would not know: but shall a Monarch's presence brook injurious blow, and haughty look? — What ho! the Captain of our Guard! give the offender fitting ward, — break off the sports!" — for tumult rose, and yeomen 'gan to bend their bows, — "Break off the sports!"

he said, and frown'd, "and bid our horsemen clear the ground." Then uproar wild and misarray marr'd the fair form of festal day. The horsemen prick'd among the crowd repell'd by threats and insults loud; to earth are borne the old and weak, the timorous fly, the women shriek; with flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar, the hardier urge tumultuous war. At once 'round Douglas darkly sweep the royal spears in circle deep, and slowly scale the pathway steep; while on the rear in thunder pour the rabble with disordered roar. With grief the noble Douglas saw the Commons rise against the law, and to the leading soldier said, — "Sir John of Hyndford! 'twas my blade that knighthood on thy shoulder laid; for that good deed, permit me then a word with these misguided men.

"Hear, gentle friends! ere yet for me ye break the bands of fealty. My life, my honour, and my cause, I tender free to Scotland's laws. Are these so weak as must require the aid of your misguided ire. Or, if I suffer causeless wrong, is then my selfish rage so strong, my sense of public weal so low, that, for mean vengeance on a foe, those cords of love I should unbind, which knit my country and my kind? Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower it will not soothe my captive hour, to know those spears our foes should dread, for me, in kindred gore are red; to know, in fruitless brawl begun for me, that mother wails her son; for me, that widow's mate expires; for me, that orphans weep their sires: that patriots mourn insulted laws; and curse the Douglas for the cause. O let your patience ward such ill, and keep your right to love me still!"

The crowd's wild fury sunk again in tears, as tempests melt in rain. With lifted hands and eyes, they pray'd for blessings on his generous head, who for his country felt alone, and prized her blood beyond his own. Old men, upon the verge of life, bless'd him who staid the civil strife; and mothers held their babes on high, the self-devoted Chief to spy, triumphant over wrongs and ire, to whom the prattlers owed a sire: even the rough soldier's heart was moved; as if behind some bier beloved, with trailing arms and drooping head, the Douglas up the hill he led, and at the Castle's battled verge with sighs resign'd his honour'd charge.

From "*The Lady of the Lake*."

Sir Walter Scott, 1771-1832.

HENRY AT AGINCOURT

Gloucester. Where is the King?

Bedford. The King himself is rode to view their battle.

Westmoreland. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.

Exeter. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Salisbury. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God b' wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet till we meet in Heaven,

Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,

My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Ex. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day;

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness:

Princely in both.

[Enter the King.]

West. O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England

That do no work to-day!

King Henry. What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland! No, my fair cousin,

If we are marked to die, we are enow

To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honor;

Heaven's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.

In truth I am not covetous of gold,

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;

It yearns me not if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But if it be a sin to covet honor,

I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor

As one man more methinks would share from me,

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart, his passport shall be made,

And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company

That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called the feast of Crispian:

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand on tiptoe when this day is named,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,

And say "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,

And say "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,

But he'll remember with advantages

What feats he did that day: then shall our names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

This story shall the good man teach his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

"King Henry Fifth," Act IV., Sc. III.

William Shakespeare, 1564-1616.

THE JUDGE'S DEBT

About three hundred years ago, there were two little boys at a famous school in London, called Westminster School. Their names were Nicholas and Wake, and although they were quite different in character, they were great friends.

Nicholas was a shy, timid boy. He was also very idle, and, I am sorry to say, he did not always speak the truth. Wake, on the other hand, was as upright and honest as the day, and although he was full of fun and mischief, he always owned up if he did anything wrong.

One day, when the boys were all seated at their desks in the great hall of the school, the master left the room for a few minutes. As soon as his back was turned, the boys began to play pranks.

The hall was divided into two parts by a heavy curtain, and, as Nicholas was passing this curtain, he gave it a tug. He did not pull it very hard, but the curtain was old, and, to his horror, a great rent appeared in it.

He turned quite white with terror, for the master was a harsh man, and Nicholas knew that he would be punished severely if he were found out. The rest of the boys crowded round him, trying to hide the damage that had been done. At last they arranged the folds of the curtain, so that the rent was hidden, and then they crept back in silence to their seats.

Perhaps the stillness made the master think that something had happened, for as soon as he came back, he looked around him, and his eye fell on the ruffled cur-

tain. He went up to it and shook it, and in a moment he saw the great tear.

In a stern voice he asked the boy who had done the mischief to stand up. But no one moved. Every boy sat still in his place; no one spoke. Then he began to ask each boy in turn if he had been the culprit.

When it came to Nicholas's turn to be asked, his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. He would fain have told the truth, but his courage failed him.

"I did not do it," he muttered. The master passed on, and he was left sitting, trembling and miserable, knowing that all his school-fellows knew that he had told an untruth.

Wake was sitting not far off. Nicholas was his friend, and he determined to shield him. For he knew that if the master found out that Nicholas had both told a lie, and torn the curtain, he would not only be flogged, but he would be turned out of the school as well.

So, when Wake was asked, he remained silent, and the master thought that he was guilty. He ordered him to come into the middle of the hall, and gave him a good flogging in the sight of all his school-fellows.

When it was over, Wake went back to his seat. His face was flushed, and his hands clenched, but he felt very happy. He had by his generous action saved his friend from the evil result of his wrong-doing. As for the flogging — well, a flogging did not so much matter.

But, as you may fancy, Nicholas felt very wretched. He knew that he was a coward, and he knew that all the other boys knew it too. In the playground, he noticed how they shunned him, and whispered to one another as he passed; while they carried Wake round the school on their shoulders, to show him what they thought of him.

Nicholas crept away to his room, and there Wake found him, crying bitterly. "Oh Wake!" he sobbed, "I will never, never forget what you have done. You have saved me, for my father would have driven me from home if I had been turned out of the school. I

will try to grow more like you, and one day, if I live, I will repay you."

Forty years passed away, and the two little Westminster scholars had long since lost sight of each other. Their ways in life lay far apart. England was divided into two parties. The Royalists had been defeated, and the king, Charles I., had been put to death. The Roundheads were in power, and Oliver Cromwell was ruler of England.

Nicholas had become a great lawyer, and, as he was a Roundhead, he had been made a judge. Wake, who had always been fond of fighting, had become a soldier. He was an officer in the Royalist army.

He had been defeated in a battle in the west of England, and, along with other officers, he was put in Exeter prison to be tried for treason. The punishment for treason was death.

The day of the trial came on, and the judge whom Cromwell sent down from London was Judge Nicholas. He looked very grand and solemn, as he sat on a raised platform, wearing his white wig, and his scarlet robes trimmed with ermine. Very worn and weary were the poor, mud-stained soldiers, who were led in to receive their sentence.

Their names were read out. It was noticed that the judge started when he heard the name of Colonel Wake. But he had to do his duty. The men before him were guilty, and he sentenced them to death. They were to be shot in four days.

But when the trial was over, and the men had been led back to their cells, the judge hurried to his room. His servant wondered to see him throw off his scarlet robes, and toss aside his wig. He threw down a handful of silver on the table.

"Fetch me meat and drink," he said, "and then go out and get me a horse. And, mark you, let it be the swiftest horse in Exeter."

Two hours later, a rider booted and spurred, galloped out of the old town, and turned his horse's head towards

London. The watchman at the gate looked at him as he passed, but he did not know the stately judge, who had sat all day in the town-hall, robed in scarlet and ermine. And yet it was he, riding for dear life, to save the life of his friend.

On and on he rode. All through that night, through the next day, and through the next night, he went as fast as horse could gallop. He stopped only three times, and each time it was to get a fresh horse. All the way he repeated one sentence over and over again: "Let me be in time; only let me be in time."

He arrived in London in the morning, and went straight to the great ruler's house. Cromwell stared as the mud-stained rider was shown into his room.

"It is Judge Nicholas," he said in surprise. "What has caused your worship to ride in such haste?"

"I have an old debt to pay," said the judge, "and I come to you to ask liberty to pay it." Then he told the story of the torn curtain, and how Wake had shielded him from blame.

"It was not only the flogging that he saved me from, my lord," he went on. "He set me an example, and he made me think. I saw the difference between a coward and a brave boy. I determined from that day that I would never tell another lie, and, thank God, I have succeeded. Whatever good there is in me to-day is due to my friend's example.

"And now, unless your lordship pardons him, he must die in two days — or I must. For if you cannot grant his pardon, at least grant me leave to suffer in his stead."

The tears stood in Cromwell's eyes. Without a word he took pen and paper, and wrote out a free pardon. "Take it," he said, handing it to the judge. "In such a matter as this, I cannot refuse you."

Once more Judge Nicholas flung himself on his horse's back, and galloped away. He forgot how stiff his limbs were, and how tired he was. For had he not the precious paper safe inside his coat?

When he arrived in Exeter, he lost no time in going to the prison, and demanding to be taken to Colonel Wake's cell. You can fancy how the condemned man looked at him, wondering, as Cromwell had done, what his visitor wanted.

But he soon found out. Pulling the pardon from his pocket, the judge handed it to him, and then, with a sob, he flung his arms round the soldier's neck. "You have forgotten me," he said, "and I deserve to be forgotten. But I have never forgotten you, or what you did for me, and, thank God, I have been able to keep the promise that I made long ago at Westminster School."

Not known.

JUNE

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.
And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebb'd away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

From "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

James Russell Lowell, 1819-1891.

CHANTICLEER

A poor widow, who was somewhat old, lived in a small cottage. She had a yard, enclosed all about with sticks, and in it a rooster, named Chanticleer. In all the land of crowing there was not his equal. This gentle rooster had under his care several hens, of which the fairest was called Dame Pertelote.

And so it happened that once at daybreak, as Chanticleer sat on his perch among all his hens, with Pertelote beside him, he began to groan as a man that is greatly troubled in his sleep. And when Pertelote heard him groan, she was frightened, and said:

"Oh, dear heart, what ails you to groan in this manner? Are you a good sleeper? — for shame!"

And he answered and spoke thus: "Madame, I pray you not to misunderstand me. I dreamed that I was in such distress right now, that even yet my heart is sorely frightened. Now pay attention to my dream,

and keep my body out of foul capture. I dreamed that I was roaming up and down within our yard, when I saw a beast that was like a hound, and that would have pounced on my body and would have made me dead. His color was between yellow and red, and his tail and both his ears were tipped with black, unlike the rest of his hairs; his nose was small, with two glowing eyes. Yet from his look I almost die in fear — doubtless it was this which caused my groaning."

"Go away!" quoth she. "Fie on you, heartless one! Alas, you have now lost my heart and all my love; I can not love a coward, by my faith. For as any woman would say, we all desire, if it may be, to have husbands trusty, hardy and wise. How dared you, for shame, say to your love that anything could make you afraid? Are you a bird, and have you no man's heart? Alas, and can you be afraid of dreams? Nothing, God knows, but vanity is in dreams. Dreams come from ill health, and now, sir," said she, "take some medicine. I shall myself teach you the herbs that will be good for you, and I shall find them in the yard. Pick them up right as they grow, and eat them; be merry, husband, for your father's honor. Dread no dream, I can say no more."

"Madame Pertelote," quoth he, "when I see the beauty of your face it makes all my dread to depart. And when at night I feel your soft side, I am so full of joy and comfort that I defy both vision and dream."

And with that word he flew down from the perch, for it was day; and so did all his hens. And he began to call them, saying, "cluck," for he had found a grain of corn that lay in the yard.

A fox, full of sly iniquity, that had lived in the grove for three years, the same night burst through the hedges into the yard where Chanticleer and his hens were wont to go, and in a bed of worts he lay still, waiting for his time to fall upon Chanticleer. O Chanticleer! accursed be the day that thou flewest into that yard. Thou wast well warned by thy dreams that this day was perilous to thee.

Bathing in the sand lay fair Pertelote, and all her sisters by her in the sun, and Chanticleer sang merrier than the mermaid in the sea. And it so chanced that as he cast his eye among the worts after a butterfly, he was aware of this fox that lay very low. Then he did not want to crow, but he cried, "Cok, cok!" and up he started, as a man that was afraid in his heart. For naturally a man desires to flee from his enemy, if he may see it — though he never before has seen it with his eye.

Chanticleer, when he began to see him, would have fled, had not the fox at once said, "Gentle sir, alas, where are you going? Truly the cause of my coming was only to hear how you sing. My lord your father (may God bless his soul!) and also your mother, have been in my house, and indeed, sir, I would fain please you. But to speak of singing, I will say that I never heard a man sing as did your father in the morning. It was out of his heart, all that he said, and to make his voice the more strong, he would cry so loud that he had to wink with both his eyes, and would stand on his tip-toes at the same time and stretch forth his neck long and small. Let's see, can you imitate your father?"

On this, Chanticleer began to beat his wings as a man that could not espy treason, he was so ravished with flattery. This Chanticleer stood high upon his toes, stretching his neck, and held his eyes closed, and began to crow loud at once; and down the fox started and by the throat seized Chanticleer, and bore him toward the wood on his back.

But nobly Dame Pertelote screamed. Then the widow and her two daughters heard the hens scream and make woe, and out the doors they started at once, and saw the fox going toward the grove and on his back bearing the rooster away. And they cried, "Out! Harrow! Ha, ha! the fox!" and after him they ran, and also many a man with staves. There ran Colle, our dog, and our cow and calf, and even the very hogs, they were so afraid of the dog's barking, and the shouting of the men and women; they ran so they thought their heart would break. The duck cried so men would stop them; the

geese flew over the trees in fear; the swarm of bees came out of the hive, so hideous was the noise. They brought beams of briers and box, of horn and of bone, into which they blew and puffed, and they shrieked and whooped with them.

Now look how fortune turns suddenly the hope and pride of her enemy. This rooster that lay upon the fox's back, in all his dread, spoke unto the fox and said:

"Sir, if I were you, then I should say, 'Turn again, all you proud churls, a very pestilence is falling on you. Now that I am come to this side of the wood, in spite of your pains the rooster will remain here; I will eat him, in faith, and that at once.'"

The fox answered, "In faith, it shall be done," and as he spoke that word, suddenly the rooster broke from his mouth, and at once flew high upon a tree.

And when the fox saw that he was gone, "Alas," he said, "O Chanticleer, I have done you a wrong in making you afraid, when I caught you and brought you out of the yard. But sir, I did it in no wicked design. Come down, and I will tell you what I meant. I shall tell you the truth, God help me so."

"Nay, then," said Chanticleer, "I curse us both, and I curse first myself, blood and bones, if thou beguile me more than once. No more, through thy flattery shalt thou make me to sing and wink my eye. For he that winks wilfully where he should see, God leave him never to thee."

"Nay," quoth the fox, "but God give him misfortune that is so indiscreet that he jangles when he should hold his peace."

Adapted from "The Nun's Priests Tale."

Geoffrey Chaucer, 1340?-1400.

GREEN THINGS GROWING

Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve.
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing!
How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing;
In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight
Or the dim, dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so, — my green things growing!
And I think that they love me, without false showing;
For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,
With the soft mute comfort of green things growing.

Dinah Mulock Craik, 1826-1887.

THE LITTLE BLUE FOX

Once there was a little blue fox, and his name was Eichkao, and he was a thief. So he built his house down deep among the rocks under the moss on the Mist Island, and his little fox children used to stay down among the rocks. There they would gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, whenever they heard anybody walking over their heads.

Eichkao and his fox wife used to run all around over the rocks to find something for them to eat, and whenever he saw anybody coming he would go clin-n-n-g, cling-g-g, and his voice was high and sharp, just like the voice of a buzz-saw.

One day he walked out on the rocks over the water and began to talk to the black sea-parrot, whose name is Epatka, and who sits erect on a lazily built nest with one egg in it, and wears a great big bill like red sealing-wax.

He has a long white quill pen stuck over each ear, and over his face is a white mask, so that nobody can know what kind of face he has, and all you can see behind the mask is a pair of little, foolish, twinkling white eyes. What the two said to each other I don't know, but they did not talk very long; for in a few minutes, when I came back to his house among the rocks, Eichkao was out of sight, and there lay on the bank a bill made of red sealing-wax, a white mask, and two little white quill pens.

There were a few bones and claws and some feathers but they did not seem to belong to anything in particular, and the little foxes in the rocks went gurgle, gurgle, gurgle.

One day I lay down on the moss out by the old fox walk on the Mist Island, and Eichkao saw me there and thought I was some new kind of walrus, which might be

good to eat, and would feed all the little foxes for a month.

So he ran around me in a circle, and then he ran around again, then again and again, always making the circle smaller, till finally the circle was so small that I could reach him with my hand.

As he went around and around, all the time he looked at me with his cold, gray, selfish eye, and not one of the beasts has an eye so cruel-cold as his.

When he thought that he was near enough he gave a snap with his jaws and tried to bite out a morsel to take home to the little foxes, but all I offered him was a piece of rubber boot.

And when I turned around to look at him he was running as fast as he could, calling clin-n-g-g, clin-n-g, clin-n-g, like a scared buzz-saw, all the time as he went out of sight. And I think that he is running yet, and the little foxes still go gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, under the rocks.

From "The Book of Knight and Barbara." David Starr Jordan, 1851-

A SONG OF LOVE

Say, what is the spell, when her fledgelings are cheeping,

That lures the bird home to her nest?

Or wakes the tired mother, whose infant is weeping,

To cuddle and croon it to rest?

What the magic that charms the glad babe in her arms,

Till it cooes with the voice of the dove?

'Tis a secret, and so let us whisper it low —

And the name of the secret is Love!

For I think it is Love,

For I feel it is Love,

For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

Say, whence is the voice that when anger is burning,

Bids the whirl of the tempest to cease?

That stirs the vexed soul with an aching — a yearning

For the brotherly hand-grip of peace?

Whence the music that fills all our being — that thrills

Around us, beneath, and above?

'Tis a secret: none knows how it comes, or it goes —

But the name of the secret is Love!

For I think it is Love,

For I feel it is Love,

For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

Say, whose is the skill that paints valley and hill,
 Like a picture so fair to the sight?
 That flecks the green meadow with sunshine and shadow,
 Till the little lambs leap with delight?
 'Tis a secret untold to hearts cruel and cold,
 Though 'tis sung by the angels above.
 In notes that ring clear for the ears that can hear —
 And the name of the secret is Love!
 For I think it is Love,
 For I feel it is Love,
 For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson), about 1833–1898.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
 Christmas in lands of fir tree and pine;
 Christmas in lands of palm tree and vine;
 Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white;
 Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright:
 Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
 Christmas where children are hopeful and gay;
 Christmas where old men are patient and gray;
 Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,
 Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight:
 Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
 Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,
 Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred for sin,
 Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,
 Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light,
 Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Phillips Brooks, 1835–1893.

THE OLD EARL AND HIS GRANDSON

A few minutes later, the tall footman in livery, who had escorted Cedric to the library door, opened it and announced: "Lord Fauntleroy, my lord," in quite a majestic tone. If he was only a footman, he felt it was rather a grand occasion when the heir came home to his own land and possessions, and was ushered into the presence of the old Earl, whose place and title he was to take.

Cedric crossed the threshold into the room. It was a very large and splendid room, with massive, carved furniture in it, and shelves upon shelves of books. The furniture was so dark and the draperies so heavy, the diamond-paned windows were so deep, and it seemed

such a distance from one end of it to the other, that since the sun had gone down the effect of it all was rather gloomy. For a moment Cedric thought there was nobody in the room, but soon he saw that by the fire burning on the wide hearth there was a large easy-chair, and in that chair some one was sitting — some one who did not at first turn to look at him.

But he had attracted attention in one quarter at least. On the floor by the arm-chair lay a dog, a huge, tawny mastiff with body and limbs almost as big as a lion's, and this great creature rose majestically and slowly and marched toward the little fellow with a heavy step.

Then the person in the chair spoke. "Dougal," he called. "Come back, sir."

But there was no more fear than there was unkindness in little Lord Fauntleroy's heart. He had been a brave little fellow all his life. He put his hand on the big dog's collar in the most natural way in the world, and they strayed forward together, Dougal sniffing as he went.

There was a sudden glow of triumph and exultation in the fiery old Earl's heart, as he saw what a strong, beautiful boy this grandson was, and how unhesitatingly he looked up as he stood with his hand on the big dog's neck.

"Are you the earl?" asked Cedric. "I'm your grandson, you know. I'm Lord Fauntleroy."

He held out his hand because he thought it must be the polite and proper thing to do, even with earls. "I hope you are very well," he continued, with the utmost friendliness. "I'm very glad to see you."

The Earl shook hands with him, with a curious gleam in his eyes; just at first he was so astonished that he scarcely knew what to say.

"Glad to see me, are you?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Lord Fauntleroy, "very."

There was a chair near him and he sat down on it. It was a high-backed, rather tall chair, and his feet did not touch the floor but when he had settled himself in it he

seemed to be quite comfortable as he sat there and regarded his august relative intently but modestly.

"I've kept wondering what you would look like," he remarked. "I used to lie in my berth in the ship and wonder if you would be anything like my father."

"Am I?" asked the Earl.

"Well," Cedric replied, "I was very young when he died, and I may not remember exactly how he looked, but I don't think you are like him."

"You are disappointed, I suppose," suggested his grandfather.

"O, no," responded Cedric, politely. "Of course you would like any one to look like your father; but of course you would enjoy the way your grandfather looked, even if he wasn't like your father. You know how it is yourself about admiring your relations."

The Earl leaned back in his chair and stared. He could not be said to know how it was about admiring his relations. He had employed most of his noble leisure in quarreling violently with them, and they all hated him cordially.

"Any boy would love his grandfather," Lord Fauntleroy went on, "especially one that had been as kind to him as you have been."

Another queer gleam came into the old nobleman's eyes.

"Oh," he said, "I have been kind to you, have I?"

"Yes," answered Lord Fauntleroy, brightly; "I am ever so much obliged to you about Bridget, and the apple woman, and Dick."

"Bridget!" exclaimed the Earl. "Dick! The apple woman!"

"Yes," explained Cedric, "the ones you gave me all that money for — the money you told Mr. Havisham to give me if I wanted it."

"Ah!" ejaculated his lordship. "That's it, is it? The money you were to spend as you liked. What did you buy with it? I should like to hear something about that."

He drew his shaggy eyebrows together and looked at

the child sharply. He was secretly curious to know in what way the lad had indulged himself.

"Oh!" said Lord Fauntleroy, "perhaps you didn't know about Dick and the apple woman and Bridget. They were particular friends of mine. And Michael had the fever —"

"Who's Michael?" asked the Earl.

"Michael is Bridget's husband, and they were in great trouble, and Bridget used to come to our home and cry. When a man is sick and can't work and has twelve children, you know how it is. And Michael has always been a sober man. And the evening Mr. Havisham was there, she was in the kitchen crying because they had almost nothing to eat and couldn't pay the rent. And I went in to see her and Mr. Havisham sent for me and he said you had given him some money for me. And I ran as fast as I could into the kitchen and gave it to Bridget, and that made it all right; and Bridget could scarcely believe her eyes. That's why I'm so obliged to you."

"Oh!" said the Earl, in his deep voice; "that was one of the things you did for yourself, was it? What else?"

Lord Fauntleroy was quite willing to answer all his questions and chatted on in his genial little way quite composedly. He told all about Dick, and Jake, and the apple woman and Mr. Hobbs; he described the Republican Rally in all the glory of its banners and transparencies, torches and rockets. In the course of the conversation, he reached the Fourth of July and the Revolution, and was just becoming enthusiastic, when he suddenly recalled something and stopped very abruptly.

"What is the matter?" demanded his grandfather. "Why don't you go on?"

Lord Fauntleroy moved rather uneasily in his chair. It was evident to the Earl that he was embarrassed by the thought which had just occurred to him.

"I was just thinking that perhaps you mightn't like it," he replied. "Perhaps some one belonging to you might have been there. I forgot you were an Englishman."

"You can go on," said my lord. "No one belonging to me was there. You forgot you were an Englishman too."

"Oh, no!" said Cedric quickly, "I'm an American."

"You are an Englishman," said the Earl grimly. "Your father was an Englishman."

It amused him a little to say this, but it did not amuse Cedric. The lad had never thought of such a development as this. He felt himself grow quite hot up to the roots of his hair.

"I was born in America," he protested. "You have to be an American, if you are born in America. I beg your pardon," with serious politeness and delicacy, "for contradicting you. Mr. Hobbs told me, if there was another war, you know, I should have to be an American."

The Earl gave a grim half laugh — it was short and grim, but it was a laugh.

"You would, would you?" he said. He hated America and Americans, but it amused him to see how serious and interested this small patriot was. He thought that so good an American might make a rather good Englishman when he was a man.

When dinner was announced Cedric left his chair and went to his grandfather. He looked down at the gouty foot.

"Would you like to have me help you?" he said politely. "You could lean on me, you know. Once when Mr. Hobbs hurt his foot with a potato barrel rolling on it, he used to lean on me."

The big footman almost periled his reputation and his situation by smiling. He was an aristocratic footman who had always lived in the best of noble families, and he had never smiled; indeed, he would have felt himself a disgraced and vulgar footman if he had allowed himself to be led by any circumstance whatever into such an indiscretion as a smile. But he had a very narrow escape. He only just saved himself by staring straight over the Earl's head at a very ugly picture.

The Earl looked his valiant relative over from head to foot.

"Do you think you could do it?" he asked gruffly.

"I think I could," said Cedric. "I'm strong. I'm seven, you know. You could lean on your stick on one side and on me on the other. Dick says I've a good deal of muscle for a boy that's only seven." . . .

"Well," said the Earl, "you may try."

He got up slowly and put his hand on the small shoulder presented to him with so much courage. Little Lord Fauntleroy made a careful step forward. It was part of the Earl's experiment to let his grandson feel his burden as no light weight. It was indeed quite a heavy weight, and after a few steps the boy's face grew hot and his heart beat fast, but he braced himself sturdily.

"Don't be afraid of leaning on me," he panted. "I'm all right — if — if it isn't a very long way."

It was not really very far to the dining room, but it seemed a long way to Cedric before they reached the chair at the head of the table. The big dog stalked slowly beside them, and the big footman followed. Several times he looked very queer as he watched the little figure making the most of all its strength, and bearing its burden with such good will.

But they reached the chair at last. The hand was removed from the boy's shoulder and the Earl was seated.

Cedric took out Dick's handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"It is a warm night, isn't it?" said he.

"You have been doing some rather hard work," said the Earl.

"Oh, no," said Lord Fauntleroy, "it wasn't exactly hard, but I got a little warm. A person will get warm in summer time." And he rubbed his damp curls vigorously with the gorgeous handkerchief. . . .

Perhaps he had never seemed so little a fellow as when seated now in his great chair at the end of the table. He looked at the Earl across a glitter of splendid glass and plate that to his unaccustomed eyes seemed quite dazzling.

"You don't wear your coronet all the time?" he remarked respectfully.

"No," said the Earl, with his grim smile; "it is not becoming to me."

"Mr. Hobbs said you always wore it," said Cedric, "but after he had thought it over, he said he supposed you must sometimes take it off to put your hat on."

"Yes," said the Earl, "I take it off occasionally."

And one of the footmen suddenly turned aside and gave a singular little cough behind his hand. . . .

Later in the evening Mr. Havisham was ushered in. The library was very still as he entered. The Earl was leaning back in his armchair, but he moved as Mr. Havisham approached and held up his hand in a gesture of warning. Dougal was asleep on the hearth rug, and close beside the great dog, sleeping also, with his curly head upon his arm, lay little Lord Fauntleroy.

From "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Frances Hodgson Burnett, 1849-

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW

A dog with a piece of meat in his mouth was crossing a smooth stream upon a board. Looking down, he saw what he took to be another dog with another piece of meat. Snapping greedily to get what he saw in the water, he dropped the piece he already had, and lost it in the stream.

Not known.

THE FENCING MATCH

The Count de Guiche. He begins to be tiresome.

The Viscount de Valvert. The boaster!

De Guiche. Will no one answer him?

The Viscount. Not one?

But wait! I'll fling a shaft at him myself.

(He advances toward Cyrano.)

You — you have a nose — a nose that's very big!

Cyrano (gravely). Very.

The Viscount (laughing). Ha!

Cyrano.

Is that all?

The Viscount.

Why not?

Cyrano. Ah, no, young man; that seems a trifle short.

You could have said so many sharper things

By varying the tone a little — thus: —

Aggressive: Were I cursed with such a nose

I'd amputate it e'er the day should close.

Friendly: Does it not bother you to drink?

Curious: For scissors, or to hold your ink?

Descriptive: 'Tis a rock, a cape, a tent —

Did I say cape? Peninsula I meant.

Gracious: A charming perch for little birds!

You must have sympathy beyond all words.

Teasing: When fumes from pipe and nose rise higher

Does no good neighbor ever cry out Fire?

Prudent: Be careful, for a weight like that

Might make you lose your balance, lay you flat.

Tender: Please have a small umbrella made,

Lest in the sunshine that bright hue should fade.

Wise: Only Aristophanes' queer beast,

The Hippo-camel-elephant at least,

Could wear upon his face that lump of bone

And proudly swear it was his very own.

Easy: Is this Dame Fashion's latest crook?

Do hang your hat on such a handy hook!

Weighty: No wind, save when the mistral blows,

Could bring a cold to that majestic nose.

Alarmed: 'Twould be the Red Sea should it bleed!

Admiring: A perfumer's sign indeed!

Lyric: A shell? A Triton bold are you?

Simple: A monument! Is it on view?

Respectful: Let me take a humble tone!

How grand to have a mansion of one's own!

Rustic: Oh, nonsense! Call that thing a nose?

'T is a prize turnip or a cabbage rose.

Military: Aim at the cavalry!

Practical: Prize for a lottery!

Such, my dear sir, is what you might have said,

Had there been room for brains in that small head.

Though let me own that had you had the wit,

You never would have said one word of it.

I take much from myself — that is quite true,

But not a hint of insolence from you.

De Guiche. Viscount, come away!

The Viscount (choking with helpless rage).

But what disgrace!

This country boor, who wears no gloves, no lace,

No ribbons — flouts me to my very face!

Cyrano. 'Tis true my elegance is all inside:

In paltry trappings I take little pride.

I am no dandy in my street array,

And yet I am as well dressed in my way.

Because, you see, although your gems are bright

My honor is unsoiled, my conscience white.

The Viscount (angrily).

Sir!

Cyrano. I have no gloves? — a sad affair!

I had one once, the last of an old pair.

Perhaps, not having for the thing a place
I may have flung it in some upstart's face.

The Viscount. Scoundrel! Stupid fellow! Jumping jack!

Cyrano (taking off his hat and bowing politely as if the Viscount had introduced himself). And I — am Cyrano de Bergerac.

The Viscount (exasperated). Clown!

Cyrano. Oh! Oh!

The Viscount. What is he saying now?

Cyrano. It must be moved; it's very stiff and sore,

Because, you see, I haven't used it more.

The Viscount. What's the matter with you?

Cyrano. 'Tis my sword.

I really fear it has the cramp, my lord.

The Viscount. Excellent! And so has mine, I vow.

Cyrano. A charming stroke I'm going to show you now.

The Viscount (contemptuously). Poet!

Cyrano. Yes, poet, sir. To prove my skill

I'll improvise a neat ballade

While we are fencing — on my word I will!

The Viscount. Ballade? What's that? Ballade?

Cyrano. Know then, my lord, the true ballade contains

Three eight-versed stanzas —

The Viscount. Bother your quatrains!

Cyrano. 'Tis the envoi has four; you apprehend?

The Viscount (impatiently). Oh!

Cyrano. I'll make one while we fight, my friend,

And touch you neatly at the very end.

The Viscount. No!

Cyrano. No? (Declaiming)

Ballade of a duel one day fought

Between a poet and a good-for-naught.

The Viscount. And what may that be, if you please?

Cyrano. That's the title.

Wait till I choose my rhymes — I'm ready now.

(The spectators range themselves around the fencers. Cyrano times his action to his words.)

My cap and cloak with courtly grace

I fling upon the dusty sward;

And stepping forth a little space

I now unsheathe my trusty sword.

Free as the wind harp's lightest chord,

Agile as any Scaramouche,

I warn you, ere we rest on guard,

Upon the envoi's end I touch!

'Twere better you had held your peace;

Now choose where I shall hit, my lord!

Your side? Your thigh? Select the place! —

Perhaps beneath that dangling cord!

Ding-dong! — A jangle sings my sword;
 You think its point may swerve? Not much!
 Beware! the event is drawing toward!
 Upon the envoi's end I touch!

Alack! I need a rhyme for ace;
 Ah, now you blanch and so afford
 Me chance to call you "Flour-face!"
 Tic-tac! You wildly thrust, I ward,
 And, ere your balance is restored,
 I free the heart line thus! Now clutch
 Thy foolish spit, thou scullion froward!
 Upon the envoi's end I touch!

(He announces solemnly)

Envoi

Prince, your defeat will be deplored.
 Come, find excuse for such and such!
 Cut! Feint! Aha! I keep my word,
 Upon the envoi's end I touch!

(Amid great applause Cyrano "touches" his opponent and sheathes his sword as the Viscount is led away by his friends.)

Edmond Rostand.

MOTI GUJ — MUTINEER

Once upon a time there was a coffee planter in India who wished to clear some forest land for coffee planting. When he had cut down all the trees and burned the underwood the stumps still remained.

Dynamite is expensive and slow-fire slow. The happy medium for stump clearing is the elephant, the lord of all beasts. He will either push the stump out of the ground with his tusks, if he has any, or drag it out with ropes. The planter, therefore, hired elephants by ones and twos and threes, and fell to work.

The very best of all the elephants belonged to the very worst of all the drivers or mahouts; and the superior beast's name was Moti Guj.

Deesa sat on Moti Guj's neck and gave him orders, while Moti Guj rooted up the stumps — for he had a magnificent pair of tusks; or he pulled at the end of a rope — for he had a magnificent pair of shoulders — while Deesa kicked him behind the ears and said he was the king of elephants.

At evening time Moti Guj would wash down his

three hundred pounds' weight of green food with a quart of arrack, and Deesa would take a share and sing songs between Moti Guj's legs till it was time to go to bed.

Once a week Deesa led Moti Guj down to the river, and Moti Guj lay on his side luxuriously in the shallows, while Deesa went over him with a coir-swab and a brick. Moti Guj never mistook the pounding blow of the latter for the smack of the former that warned him to get up and turn over on the other side. Then Deesa would look at his feet, and examine his eyes, and turn up the fringes of his mighty ears.

After inspection, the two would "come up with a song from the sea," — Moti Guj all black and shining, waving a torn tree branch twelve feet long in his trunk, and Deesa knotting up his own long, wet hair. It was a peaceful life until Deesa wished to go away on a journey.

"Deesa," said the planter, "I'd give you leave on the spot if anything could be done with Moti Guj while you are away. You know that he will obey only your orders."

"I shall be absent but ten little days. After that, upon my faith and honor, I return. As to the considerable interval, have I the gracious permission of the Heaven-born to call up Moti Guj?"

Permission was granted, and in answer to Deesa's shrill yell, the lordly tusker swung out of the shade of a clump of trees where he had been squirting dust over himself till his master should return.

"Light of my heart, give ear," said Deesa, standing in front of him.

Moti Guj gave ear and saluted with his trunk. "I am going away," said Deesa.

Moti Guj's eyes twinkled. He liked jaunts as well as his master. One could snatch all manner of nice things from the roadside then.

"But you must stay behind and work."

The twinkle died out as Moti Guj tried to look delighted. He hated stump hauling on the plantation. It hurt his teeth.

"I shall be gone for ten days, O Delectable One. Hold up your near forefoot and I'll impress the fact upon it."

Deesa took a tent peg and banged Moti Guj ten times on the nails. Moti Guj grunted and shuffled from foot to foot.

"Ten days," said Deesa, "you must work and haul and root trees as Chihun here shall order you. Take up Chihun and set him on your neck!"

Moti Guj curled the tip of his trunk, Chihun put his foot there and was swung on to the elephant's neck. Deesa handed Chihun the heavy ankus, the iron elephant goad.

Chihun thumped Moti Guj's bald head as a paver thumps a curbstone.

Moti Guj trumpeted.

"Be still. Chihun's your mahout for ten days. And now bid me good-by, beast after mine own heart. Jewel of all created elephants, lily of the herd, preserve your honored health. Adieu!"

Moti Guj lapped his trunk round Deesa and swung him into the air twice. That was his way of bidding the man good-by.

"He'll work now," said Deesa to the planter. "Have I leave to go?"

The planter nodded, and Deesa dived into the woods. Moti Guj went back to haul stumps.

Chihun was very kind to him, but he felt unhappy and forlorn notwithstanding. Chihun gave him balls of spices and tickled him under the chin, and Chihun's little baby cooed to him after work was over, and Chihun's wife called him a darling. But Moti Guj wanted the light of his universe back again — the savage beatings and the savage caresses.

None the less he worked well, and the planter wondered. The morning of the eleventh day dawned, and there returned no Deesa. Moti Guj was loosed from his ropes for the daily stint. He swung clear, looked round, shrugged his shoulders, and began to walk away as one having business elsewhere.

"Hi! ho! Come back, you!" shouted Chihun. "Come back and put me on your neck. Return, Splendor of the Hillsides, Adornment of all India, heave to, or I'll bang every toe off your fat forefoot!"

Moti Guj gurgled gently, but did not obey. Chihun ran after him with a rope and caught him up. Moti Guj put his ears forward, and Chihun knew what that meant.

"None of your nonsense with me," said he. "To your pickets!"

"Hrrump!" said Moti Guj; and that was all — that and the fore-bent ears.

Chihun reported the state of affairs to the planter, who came out with a dog whip and cracked it furiously. Moti Guj paid the white man the compliment of charging him nearly a quarter of a mile across the clearing and "hrrumping" him into the veranda. Then he stood outside the house chuckling to himself and shaking all over with the fun of it, as an elephant will.

"We'll thrash him," said the planter. "Give Kala Nag and Nazim twelve feet of chain apiece, and tell them to lay on twelve blows."

Kala Nag — which means Black Snake — and Nazim were two of the biggest elephants in the lines, and one of their duties was to administer the graver punishments, since no man can beat an elephant properly.

They took the whipping chains and rattled them in their trunks as they sidled up to Moti Guj.

Never in all his life of thirty-nine years had Moti Guj been whipped, and he did not intend to open new experiences. So he waited, waving his head to right and left, and measuring the precise spot in Kala Nag's fat side where a blunt tusk would sink deepest. Kala Nag had no tusks; the chain was his badge of authority; but he judged it wise to swing wide of Moti Guj's at the last minute, as if he had brought out the chain for amusement. Nazim turned around and went home. He did not feel in fighting trim.

That decided the planter to argue no more, and Moti Guj rolled back to his inspection of the clearing,

where he wandered to and fro till sundown, when he returned to his pickets for food.

"If you won't work you sha'n't eat," said Chihun angrily. "You're a wild elephant, and no educated animal at all. Go back to your jungle."

Chihun's little brown baby, rolling on the floor of the hut, stretched its fat arms to the huge shadow in the doorway. Moti Guj knew that it was the dearest thing on earth to Chihun. He swung out his trunk, and the brown baby threw itself shouting upon it. Moti Guj made fast and pulled up till the brown baby was crowing in the air, twelve feet above his father's head.

"Flour cakes of the best shall be yours on the instant and two hundred pounds of fresh-cut sugar-cane," cried Chihun. "Deign only to put down safely that insignificant child, who is my heart and my life to me."

Moti Guj tucked the brown baby comfortably between his forefeet and waited for his food. He ate it, and the brown baby crawled away.

At midnight Moti Guj strode out of his pickets, for a thought had come to him that Deesa might be lying somewhere in the dark forest with none to look after him.

So all that night he chased through the undergrowth, blowing and trumpeting and shaking his ears. He went down to the river and blared across the shallows where Deesa used to wash him, but there was no answer.

At dawn Deesa returned to the plantation. He expected to fall into trouble for outstaying his leave. He drew a long breath when he found that the bungalow and the plantation were still uninjured; for he knew something of Moti Guj's temper.

"Call up your beast," said the planter; and Deesa shouted in the mysterious elephant language that some mahouts believe came from China at the birth of the world, when elephants and not men were masters.

Moti Guj heard and came. He was at the planter's door almost before Chihun noticed that he had left his pickets. He fell into Deesa's arms, trumpeting with

joy, and the man and beast handled each other from head to heel to see that no harm had befallen.

"Now we will get to work," said Deesa. "Lift me up, my son and my joy." Moti Guj swung him up, and the two went to the coffee clearing to look for irksome stumps. The planter was too much astonished to be very angry.

Rudyard Kipling.

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning,
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?
Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.
Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Thomas Carlyle, 1795-1881.

THE WIND AND THE MOON

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out! You stare in the air like a ghost in a chair, always looking what I am about. I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon. So, deep on a heap of clouds, to sleep, down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon — muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again. On high in the sky, with her one ghost eye, the Moon shone white and alive and plain. Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim. "With my sledge and my wedge I have knocked off her edge. If only I blow right fierce and grim, the creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread. "One puff more's enough to blow her to snuff! One good puff more where the last was bred, and glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread." He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone; in the air nowhere was a moonbeam bare; far off and harmless the shy-stars shone: sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more; on down, in town, like a merry-mad clown, he leaped and halloed with whistle and roar, "What's that?" The glimmering thread once more. He flew in a rage — he danced and blew; but in vain was the pain of his bursting brain; for still the broader the moon-scrap grew, the broader he swelled his big cheeks, and blew. Slowly she grew — till she filled the night, and shone on her throne in the sky alone, a matchless, wonderful, silvery light, radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind, "What a marvel of power am I! With my breath, good faith, I blew her to death — first blew her away right out of the sky — then blew her in; what strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair, for, high in the sky, with her one white eye, motionless, miles above the air, she had never heard the great Wind blare.

George Macdonald, 1824-1905.

HOW HANS WAS PROMOTED

Hans was a little shepherd boy who lived a long time ago in Germany. One day he was watching his sheep as they fed in a meadow not far from a great wood, when a hunter came out of the forest and asked: "How far is it to the nearest town, my boy?"

"It is six miles, sir," he answered. "But the road is only a sheep track, and it is very easy to miss it."

The hunter looked about him and said: "My lad, I am very hungry and tired, for I have been lost in this wood. If you will leave your sheep here and show me the way, I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," said the boy. "They would wander into the wood and be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" answered the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two would not be much to your master, and I will give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"Sir, I cannot go," answered Hans. "My time does not belong to me, for my master pays me for it. Besides, if any of the sheep should be lost I would be to blame as much as if I had stolen them."

"Well, then," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get me some food and a guide? I will take care of them for you." But the boy shook his head.

"The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and —" he stopped speaking.

"And what?" asked the hunter. "Cannot you trust me? Do I look like a thief?"

"You are not so bad as that," said Hans, "but you tried to make me break my word to my master. And how do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad was right. Then he said:

"I see, my boy, that you can be trusted. I will not forget you. Show me where to find the sheep path that you spoke about, and I will try to follow it without a guide."

Hans then offered the hunter the food which he had brought for lunch that day; and, coarse as it was, the hungry man ate it gladly. While he was eating, there was a shout in the forest, and several other hunters came up.

Then, to his great surprise, Hans learned that the man to whom he had talked so plainly was the prince, who owned all the country around. The prince was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he soon afterwards sent for him to come to the city.

And so Hans, dressed in his best suit, and carrying his shoes under his arm, went to visit the great man in his fine palace.

"I believe that you are a boy who can always be trusted," said the prince, "and so I want you to live with me. You shall be as one of my family, and shall have books and teachers, and everything else that is needed to help you along the true road to manhood."

Not known.

EYES AND NO EYES

Mr. Andrews. Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon at the close of your holiday?

Robert. I have been, sir, to Broom Heath, and so around by the windmill upon Camp Mount, and home through the meadows by the riverside.

Mr. A. Well, that's a pleasant round.

R. I thought it very dull, sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I had rather by half have gone along the turnpike road.

Mr. A. Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would indeed be better entertained upon the high road. But did you see William?

R. We set out together, but he lagged behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him.

Mr. A. That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

R. Oh, he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that. I had rather walk alone. I dare say he is not home yet.

Mr. A. Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

William. Oh, sir, the pleasantest walk! I went all over Broom Heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river.

Mr. A. Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking, and he complains of its dulness and prefers the high road.

W. I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I brought home my handkerchief full of curiosities.

Mr. A. Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

W. I will, sir. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy, so I did not mind it much but made the best of my way. However, I spied a curious thing enough in the hedge. It was an old crab tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Mr. A. Ah, this is mistletoe, a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids of old in their religious rites.

W. A little farther on I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree and run up the trunk like a cat.

Mr. A. That was to seek for insects in the bark, on which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for that purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it.

W. There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round just over my head, and crying "pewit" so distinctly one might fancy they almost spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings were broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but, as I came near, he always made a shift to get away.

Mr. A. Ha, ha! you were finely taken in, then! This was all an artifice of the bird's to entice you away from its nest; for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed, did they not draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeit lameness.

W. I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel, and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price at which it sells. They gave me, too, a creature I never saw before — a young viper which they had just killed, together with its dam. I have seen several common snakes, but this is thicker in proportion and of a darker color than they are. They are very venomous, are they not?

Mr. A. Enough so to make their wounds painful and dangerous, though they seldom prove fatal.

W. Well, I then took my course up to the windmill on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill in order to get a better view of the country round. What an extensive prospect! From the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a

brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds and flags and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. There were a great many large dragon-flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest, and have him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and every now and then darting down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange color. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

Mr. A. I can tell you what that bird was — a kingfisher, the celebrated halcyon of the ancients, about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the banks, and is a shy, retired bird, never to be seen far from the stream where it lives.

W. I must try to get another sight at him. I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. On the opposite side I observed several little birds running along the shore, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe.

Mr. A. I suppose they were sand-pipers, one of the numerous family of birds that get their living by wading among the shallows, and picking up worms and insects.

W. There were a great many swallows, too, sporting upon the surface of the water. Sometimes they dashed into the stream; sometimes they pursued one another so quick that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high, steep sandbank rose directly above the river, I observed many of them go in and out of holes with which the bank was bored full.

Mr. A. Those were sand-martins, the smallest of our species of swallows. They are of a mouse-color above, and white beneath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

W. A little farther on I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels. While I was looking at him a heron came flying over my head, with his large, flapping wings. He lit at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he darted his long bill into the water and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he alighted.

Mr. A. Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the loftiest trees they can find, and sometimes in society together, like rooks.

W. I think they are the largest wild birds we have.

Mr. A. They are of a great length and spread of wing, but their bodies are comparatively small.

W. I then turned homeward and crossed the cornfields on the way to our house. I got to the high field next our house, just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged with purple and crimson and yellow of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is overhead.

Mr. A. It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising. What a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you! I do not wonder that you found it amusing; it has been very instructive, too. Did you see nothing of all these sights, Robert?

R. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

Mr. A. Why not?

R. I don't know. I did not care about them, and I made the best of my way home.

Mr. A. That would have been right if you had been sent with a message; but as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is: one person walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in the different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the Channel without making some observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant, thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble in town or country. Do you, then, William, continue to use your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.

Anna Letitia Barbauld, 1743-1825.

ALMOND BLOSSOM

Blossom of the almond trees,
April's gift to April's bees,
Birthday ornament of spring,
Flora's fairest daughterling —
Coming when no flowerets dare
Trust the cruel outer air,
When the royal king-cup bold
Dares not don his coat of gold,
And the sturdy blackthorn spray
Keeps his silver for the May —
Almond blossom, sent to teach us
That the spring days soon will reach us,
Lest, with longing overtried —

We die as the violets died —
Blossom, clouding all the tree
With thy crimson 'broidery,
Long before a leaf of green
On the bravest bough is seen —
Ah! when winter winds are swinging
All thy red bells into ringing,
With a bee in every bell,
Almond bloom, we greet thee well!

Sir Edwin Arnold, 1832-1904.

DANIEL

It pleased Darius to set over the kingdom an hundred and twenty princes, which should be over the whole kingdom; and over these three presidents; of whom Daniel was first; that the princes might give accounts unto them and the king should have no damage.

Then this Daniel was preferred above the presidents and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him; and the king thought to set him over the whole realm.

Then the presidents and princes sought to find occasion against Daniel concerning the kingdom; but they could find none occasion nor fault; forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him.

Then said these men, We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.

Then these presidents and princes assembled together to the king, and said thus unto him, King Darius, live forever.

All the presidents of the kingdom, the governors, and the princes, the counsellors, and the captains, have consulted together to establish a royal statute, and to make a firm decree, that whosoever shall ask a petition of any God or man for thirty days, save of thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions.

Now, O king, establish the decree, and sign the writing, that it be not changed, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Wherefore King Darius signed the writing and the decree.

Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed,

he went into his house; and, his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime.

Then these men assembled, and found Daniel praying and making supplication before his God.

Then they came near, and spake before the king concerning the king's decree. Hast thou not signed a decree, that every man that shall ask a petition of any God or man within thirty days, save of thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions?

The king answered and said, The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not.

Then answered they and said, before the king, That Daniel, which is of the children of the captivity of Judah, regardeth not thee, O king, nor the decree that thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day.

Then the king, when he heard these words, was sore displeased with himself, and set his heart on Daniel to deliver him.

Then these men assembled unto the king, and said unto the king: Know, O king, that the law of the Medes and Persians is, That no decree nor statute which the king establisheth may be changed.

Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions. Now the king spake and said unto Daniel, Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee.

And a stone was brought, and laid upon the mouth of the den; and the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the signet of his lords; that the purpose might not be changed concerning Daniel.

Then the king went to his palace, and passed the night fasting: neither were instruments of music brought before him: and his sleep went from him. Then the king arose very early in the morning, and went in haste unto the den of lions.

And when he came to the den, he cried with a lament-

able voice unto Daniel: and the king spake and said to Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?

Then said Daniel unto the king, O king, live forever. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt.

Then was the king exceeding glad for him, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God.

Daniel VI.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;

And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
 They danced by the light of the moon,
 The moon,
 The moon,

They danced by the light of the moon.

From "A Book of Limericks."

Edward Lear, 1812-1888.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river and through the wood, to grandfather's house we go; the horse knows the way to carry the sleigh through the white and drifted snow. Over the river and through the wood, oh, how the wind does blow! It stings the toes and bites the nose, as over the ground we go. Over the river and through the wood, to have a first-rate play; here the bells ring, "Ting-a-ling-ding!" Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood, trot fast, my dapple-gray! Spring over the ground, like a hunting hound, for this is Thanksgiving Day. Over the river and through the wood, and straight through the barnyard gate. We seem to go extremely slow. It is so hard to wait! Over the river and through the wood, now grandmother's cap I spy! Hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done? Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

Lydia Maria Child, 1802-1880.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead —
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day:
 Under the one, the Blue;
 Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory;
 Those, in the gloom of defeat;
 All, with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet —
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day:
 Under the laurel, the Blue;
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers,
 Alike for the friend and the foe —
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day:
 Under the roses, the Blue;
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Broided with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger for ever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

Francis Miles Finch.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

The king was on his throne, the satraps thronged the hall; a thousand bright lamps shone o'er that high festival. A thousand cups of gold, in Judah deemed divine, — Jehovah's vessels hold the godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall, the fingers of a hand came forth against the wall, and wrote as if on sand. The fingers of a man — a solitary hand — along the letters ran, and traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook, and bade no more rejoice; all bloodless waxed his look, and tremulous his voice. "Let the men of lore appear, the wisest of the earth, and expound the words of fear which mar our royal mirth." Chaldea's seers are good, but here they have no skill and the unknown letters stood untold and awful still. And Babel's men of age are wise and deep in lore; but now they were not sage: they saw, but knew no more.

A captive in the land, a stranger and a youth, he heard the king's command, he saw that writing's truth. The lamps around were bright, the prophecy in view: he read it on that night, — the morrow proved it true. Belshazzar's grave is made, his kingdom passed away: he, in the balance weighed, is light and worthless clay: the shroud his robe of state, his canopy in stone; the Mede is at his gate, the Persian on his throne! "

Lord Byron, 1788-1824.

POLLY

Brown eyes, straight nose;	Wide-a-wake; as you hear,
Dirt pies, rumpled clothes.	"Mercy's sake, quiet, dear!"
Torn books, spoilt toys:	New shoes, new frock;
Arch looks, unlike a boy's;	Vague views of what's o'clock
Little rages, obvious arts;	When it's time to go to bed,
(Three her age is) cakes, tarts;	And scorn sublime for what is said
Falling down off chairs;	Folded hands, saying prayers,
Breaking crown down stairs;	Understands not nor cares —
Catching flies on the pane:	Thinks it odd, smiles away;
Deep sighs — cause not plain;	Yet may God hear her pray!
Bribing you with kisses	Bed-gown white, kiss Dolly;
For a few farthing blisses.	Good-night! — that's Polly.

Fast asleep, as you see,
Heaven keep my girl for me!

William Brighty Rands, 1823-1880.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN

"Get out of Mr. Fletcher's road, you idle, lounging little —"

"Vagabond," I think my old nurse, Sally Watkins, was going to say, but she changed her mind.

My father and I both glanced round, surprised at her unusual reticence of epithets, but when the lad addressed turned, fixed his eyes on each of us for a moment, and made way for us, we ceased to wonder. Ragged, muddy, and miserable as he was, the poor boy looked anything but a "vagabond."

"Thee need not go out into the wet, my lad. Keep close to the wall and there will be shelter enough both for us and thee," said my father, as he pulled my little hand carriage into the alley, under cover from the pelting rain. The lad, with a grateful look, put out a hand likewise and pushed me further in. . . .

I do not suppose my father cast a single glance or gave a second thought to the boy whom from a sense of common justice he had made take shelter beside us. He was longing to be in his tanyard close by. He pulled out his great silver watch. . . .

"Twenty-three minutes lost by this shower. Phineas, my son, how am I to get thee safe home, unless thee wilt go with me first to the tanyard?"

I shook my head. It was very hard for Abel Fletcher to have for his only child such a sickly creature as I, who, now at sixteen, was as helpless and useless to him as a baby.

"Well, well, then I must find some one to go home with thee"; for though my father had made me a sort of carriage in which, with a little help, I could propel myself, still he never trusted me anywhere alone. "Here, Sally — Sally Watkins! do any o' thy lads want to earn an honest penny?"

Sally was out of earshot, but I noticed that as the lad near us heard my father's words he started forward. . . . I had not before perceived how wasted and hungry-looking he was. . . .

"Sir, I want work; may I earn the penny?" and taking off his tattered old cap, he looked in a manly, fearless fashion right up into my father's face. The old man scanned him closely.

"What is thy name, lad?"

"John Halifax."

"Where dost thee come from?"

"Cornwall."

"Hast thee any parents living?"

"No."

"How old might thee be, John Halifax?"

"Fourteen, sir."

"Thee art used to work?"

"Yes."

"What sort of work?"

"Anything I can get to do."

"Well, thee shall take my son home, and I'll give thee a groat. Shall I give thee the groat now?"

"Not till I have earned it, sir."

So, drawing his hand back, my father slipped the money into mine, and left us.

It still rained slightly, so we remained under cover. John Halifax leaned in his old place and did not attempt to talk. Once, when the draught through the alley made me shiver, he pulled my cloak round me carefully.

"You are not very strong, I'm afraid."

"No."

As soon as the rain ceased we took our way home — he guiding my carriage along in silence.

"How strong you are!" said I, sighing, when, with a sudden pull, he had saved me from being overturned by a horseman riding past.

"So well and strong, am I not? Well, I shall need my strength."

"How?"

"To earn my living."

"What have you worked at lately?"

"Anything I could get, for I have never learned a trade."

"Should you like to learn one?"

He hesitated a moment. "Once I thought I should like to be what my father was."

"What was he?"

"A scholar and a gentleman."

"Then perhaps you would not like to follow a trade."

"Yes, I should. What would it matter to me?"

"Have you been up and down the country much?"

"A great deal these last three years, doing a hand's turn as best I could at hop picking, apple gathering, and harvesting; only this summer I had typhus fever and could not work."

"What did you do then?"

"I lay in a barn till I got well. I'm quite well now; you need not be afraid."

"No, indeed. I never thought of that."

"Ah!" I cried eagerly, as we crossed the street, "here we are at home!" . . .

The homeless lad just glanced at the flight of spotless stone steps, guarded by ponderous railings, which led to my father's handsome door. "Good-day, then," he said, "which means good-by."

I started. The word pained me. On my sad, lonely life the lad's face had come like a flash of sunshine. To let it go from me was like going back into the dark.

"Not good-by just yet!" said I, trying painfully to lift myself from my little carriage and mount the steps. John Halifax came to my aid.

"Suppose you let me carry you. I could — and — and — it would be great fun, you know."

He tried to turn it into jest, so as not to hurt me. I put my arms round his neck and he lifted me safely and carefully, and set me at my own door. "Is there anything more I can do for you, sir?"

"Don't call me 'sir,'" I answered; "I am only a boy like yourself. I want you; don't go yet. Ah! here comes my father."

John Halifax stood aside and touched his cap as the old man passed.

"So here thee art. Hast thee taken care of my son? Did he give thee thy groat, my lad?"

We had neither of us once thought of the money.

When I acknowledged this my father laughed, and began searching in his pockets for a larger coin. Meanwhile, John Halifax for the second time was going away.

"Stop, lad; here is thy groat, and a shilling added for thy kindness to my son."

"Thank you; but I do not want payment for kindness."

He took the groat and put the shilling back into my father's hand.

"Eh?" said the old man, much astonished, "Thee art an odd lad, but I can't stay talking with thee. Come in to dinner, Phineas, — I say," turning back to John Halifax with a sudden thought, "art thee hungry?"

"Very hungry." Nature gave way at last and the great tears came into the poor boy's eyes.

"Nearly starving! Bless me! Then get in and have thy dinner." . . .

So, holding the lad fast, I brought him into my father's house.

When dinner was over and my father had returned to the tanyard, John Halifax came to my easy-chair and asked me how I felt and if he could do anything for me before he went away.

My entreaty, "You'll not go away?" was so earnest that it apparently touched the friendless boy to the core.

"Thank you," he said, in an unsteady voice, as leaning against the fireplace he drew his hand backward and forward across his face. "You are very kind; I'll stay an hour or so, if you wish it." . . .

"Let us go into the garden. It is pleasant there." I lifted myself and began searching for my crutches. John found them and put them into my hand, with a grave, pitiful look.

"You don't need these things," I said, making pretense to laugh, for I had not grown used to them and often felt ashamed.

"I hope you will not need them always. I think, if you did not mind, I'm sure I could carry you. I carried a meal-sack once weighing eight stone."

I burst out laughing, which maybe was what he wanted, and consented to assume the place of the meal-sack. He took me on his back — what a strong fellow he was, and fairly trotted with me down the garden-walk. We were both very merry.

"Please take me to the clematis arbor, it looks over the Avon. Now, how do you like our garden?"

"It's a nice place. This grass plot is very even — thirty yards square, I should guess. I'd get up and pace it, only I'm rather tired."

"Are you? Yet you would carry —"

"Oh, that's nothing. I've often walked farther than to-day. But still it's a good step across the country since morning."

"How far have you come?"

"From the foot of those hills over there, I forget what they call them. This is a very pretty view."

He stood gazing at it a good while and then went to examine the yew hedge. . . .

Now, far and near, our hedge was noted. There was not its like in the whole country. It was about fifteen feet high and as many thick. Century after century of growth and careful clipping and training had made it as solid as a wall.

John poked in and about it, leaning against its branches but their close shield resisted all his strength.

At length he came back to me, his face glowing with the vain efforts he had made.

"What were you about? Did you want to get through?"

"I wanted just to see if it were possible."

I shook my head. "What would you do, John, if you were shut up here and had to get over the yew hedge? You could not climb it."

"I know that, and therefore I should not waste time in trying."

"Would you give up then?"

He smiled; there was no "giving up" in that smile of his. "I'll tell you what I'd do; I'd begin and break it, twig by twig, till I forced my way through and got out safe on the other side."

"Well done, lad! but if it is all the same to thee, I would rather thee did not try that experiment upon my hedge at present."

My father had come behind and overheard us, unobserved.

"Didst thee say thee wanted work? Well, what work canst thou do?"

"Anything," was the eager answer.

"Anything generally means nothing," sharply said my father. "What hast thee been at all this year? — The truth, mind!"

"Let me think a minute and I'll tell you," John said quietly and respectfully. "All the spring I was at a

farmer's, riding the plow horses and hoeing turnips; then I went up the hills with some sheep. In June I tried haymaking and caught a fever — you need not start, sir; I've been well these six weeks, or I wouldn't have come near your son; then — ”

“That will do, my lad; I'm satisfied.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Thee need not say ‘sir.’ It is folly. I am Abel Fletcher.” For my father retained the Friends' mode of speech.

“Very well; I will remember,” answered the boy, fearlessly. . . . “And now, Abel Fletcher, I shall be willing and thankful for any work you can give me.”

“We'll see about it.”

I looked gratefully at my father, but his next words rather modified my pleasure.

“Phineas, one of my men at the tanyard has enlisted this day. Dost thee think this lad is fit to take his place? ”

“Whose place, father.”

“Bill Watkins's.”

I was dumbfounded. I had occasionally seen the said Bill Watkins whose business it was to collect the skins which my father had bought from the farmers round about. A vision of Bill and his cart on their way to the tanyard presented itself to me, and the idea of John Halifax in such a position was not agreeable. . . .

“But, father, isn't there anything else? ”

“I have nothing else. He that will not work, neither shall he eat.”

“I will work,” said John, sturdily, “I don't care what it is, if only it's honest work.”

Abel Fletcher turned his back on me and addressed himself solely to John Halifax.

“Canst thee drive? ”

“That I can,” said John, and his eyes brightened with boyish delight.

“Tut! it's only a cart, the cart with the skins. Dost thee know anything of tanning? ”

“No, but I can learn.”

"Hey, not so fast! still, better be fast than slow; in the meantime, thee can drive the cart."

"Thank you, sir — Abel Fletcher, I mean. I'll do it well — that is, as well as I can."

"Here is a week's pay in advance, and I will pay thee a shilling less every Saturday till we get straight."

"Very well, sir; and thank you."

John took off his cap as he spoke and Abel Fletcher touched his in return of the salutation. Then he walked away and we had the garden to ourselves.

I grasped John's hand and, looking up at him as he stood thoughtfully by me, whispered, "that I was very glad."

"Thank you, so am I," said he in a low tone. Then all his old manner returned. He threw his battered cap high in the air and shouted out, "Hurrah!" a thorough boy, and I, in my poor quavering voice, shouted too.

From "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Dinah Mulock Craik, 1826-1887.

THE BLOODLESS SPORTSMAN

I go a-gunning, but take no gun;

I fish without a pole;

And I bag good game and catch such fish

As suit a sportman's soul;

For the choicest game that the forest holds,

And the best fish of the brook,

Are never brought down by a rifle shot

And never are caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,

I hunt for game in the trees,

For bigger birds than wing the air

Or fish than swim the seas.

A rodless Walton of the brooks,

A bloodless sportsman, I —

I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,

The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,

The brooks for the fishers of song;

To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game

The streams and the woods belong.

There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine,

And thoughts in a flower bell curled;

And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern

Are as new and as old as the world.

So, away! for the hunt in the fern-scented wood
Till the going down of the sun;
There is plenty of game still left in the woods
For the hunter who has no gun.
So, away! for the fish in the moss-bordered brook
That flows through the velvety sod;
There are plenty of fish still left in the streams
For the angler who has no rod.

Sam Walter Foss, 1858-1911.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN

News of battle! — news of battle! Hark! 'tis ringing down the street: and the archways and the pavement bear the clang of hurrying feet. News of battle! who hath brought it? News of triumph? Who should bring tidings from our noble army, greetings from our gallant King? All last night we watched the beacons blazing on the hills afar, each one bearing, as it kindled, message of the opened war. All night long the northern streamers shot across the trembling sky: fearful lights that never beckon save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle! Who hath brought it? All are thronging to the gate; "warder — warder! open quickly! Man — is this a time to wait?" And the heavy gates are opened: then a murmur long and loud, and a cry of fear and wonder bursts from out the bending crowd. For they see in battered harness only one hard-stricken man; and his weary steed is wounded, and his cheek is pale and wan: spearless hangs a bloody banner in his weak and drooping hand — what! can that be Randolph Murray, Captain of the city band?

Round him crush the people, crying, "Tell us all — oh, tell us true! where are they who went to battle, Randolph Murray, sworn to you? where are they, our brothers — children? Have they met the English foe? Why art thou alone, unfollowed? Is it weal or is it woe?"

Like a corpse the grisly warrior looks from out his helm of steel; but no word he speaks in answer — only with his armed heel chides his weary steed, and onward up the city streets they ride; fathers, sisters, mothers, children, shrieking, praying by his side. "By the God that made thee, Randolph! tell us what mischance hath come." Then he lifts his riven banner, and . . . the asker's voice is dumb.

The elders of the city have met within their hall — the men whom good King James had charged to watch the tower and wall. Then in came Randolph Murray, — his step was slow and weak, and, as he doffed his dinted helm, the tears ran down his cheek. And up then rose the Provost, — a brave old man was he, "Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings, however sharp they be! Woe is written on thy visage, death is looking from thy face. Speak! though it be of overthrow, it cannot be disgrace!"

Right bitter was the agony that wrung that soldier proud: thrice did he strive to answer, and thrice he groaned aloud. Then he gave the riven banner to the old man's shaking hand, saying, "that is all I bring ye from the bravest of the land! Ay, ye may look upon it, —

it was guarded well and long, by your brothers and your children, by the valiant and the strong. One by one they fell around it, as the archers laid them low, grimly dying, still unconquered, with their faces to the foe. Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy, keep it as a sacred thing, for the stain ye see upon it was the life-blood of your King!"

Woe, and woe, and lamentation! What a piteous cry was there! Widows, maidens, mothers, children, shrieking, sobbing in despair! "Woe to us, and woe to Scotland! O our sons, our sons and men! Surely some have 'scaped the Southron, surely some will come again!" "Till the oak that fell last winter shall uprear its shattered stem — wives and mothers of Dunedin — ye may look in vain for them!"

Then the Provost slowly rose, and his lip was ashen white; but a flush was on his brow, and his eye was full of light. "Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray, like a soldier stout and true; thou hast done a deed of daring had been perilled but by few. But speak — how fought the citizens? 'Twere something still to tell that no Scottish foot went backward when the Royal Lion fell!" "No one failed him! He is keeping royal state and semblance still; knight and noble lie around him, cold on Flodden's fatal hill."

All is terror and disorder, till the Provost rises up, calm, as though he had not tasted of the fell and bitter cup. "Rouse ye, Sirs!" he said; "we may not longer mourn for what is done; if our King be taken from us, we are left to guard his son. Gather all our scattered people, fling the banner out once more, — Randolph Murray! do thou bear it, as it erst was borne before: never Scottish heart will leave it, when they see their monarch's gore. Let them cease that dismal knelling; it is time enough to ring, when the fortress-strength of Scotland stoops to ruin like its King."

William Edmondstone Aytoun, 1813-1865.

A SMALL SOLDIER

Hugh John Smith loved the wide road, and every day he ran down the driveway and looked through the bars of the gate to see who was passing. It was a large white gate of strong wood, fine to swing on, if by chance it was left unfastened.

On the great day when Hugh John became a soldier he had been digging all the morning in the sand hole. He had on his red coat, which was his pride, and he was taking a fort protected by high walls of sand. He shouted "Boom!" when he fired off his cannon, and "Bang, whack!" when he knocked down the walls that he had so carefully patted into shape.

Suddenly there came a sound which always made the heart of Hugh John beat fast. It was the sound of the

drum. He had only time to make a dash for his soldier's cap, gird on his London sword with the gold hilt, and fly.

As he ran down the driveway, the sound of the fifes grew louder and louder. It was at this point that Hugh John had a great struggle. His brother and sister were playing under an elm tree on the front lawn. He could not bear that they should miss the soldiers. But then, if he went back, the troops might be past before he reached the gate.

"I must see the soldiers. I must — I must!" he cried.

But in his heart a little voice kept saying, "It is mean to go off without telling your brother and sister."

"I can't be mean! I won't be mean!" thought Hugh John. And so he ran back with all his might, and with a warning cry called the younger children to follow. Then with legs that passed each other so quickly that they could hardly be seen, Hugh John fairly flung himself toward the white gate.

The gate was open, and with a wild cry Hugh John stood on the roadside just as the troops came into view.

The first who passed were soldiers in a dark uniform. No one cast a glance at Hugh John. He stood with his drawn sword, giving the salute as each company went by. Then came red coats and brass bands. Hugh John saluted them all.

No one paid the least attention to him. He did not, indeed, expect any one to notice him. He was only a small dusty boy with a sword too big for him, standing under the shadow of the elms. But he saluted every one of them as they swung past, dust-choked and thirsty.

Then came more companies of soldiers and more and more. And ever the sword of Hugh John flashed to the salute, and his small arm grew weary as it rose and fell.

Then happened something most astonishing. There came to his ear a new sound, the clatter of horse's hoofs. A bugle rang out, and Hugh John's eyes watched the

noble gray horses come tramping along. He stood more erect than ever.

On they came, a fine young officer at their head. He sat erect on a noble horse, leading one of the finest troops of horsemen in the world. He saw the small dusty boy in his red coat standing by the roadside, and he marked his pale face and his erect bearing.

Hugh John had seen soldiers before, but never any so fine as these. He could hardly lift his sword, but his hand was steady and he went through the beautiful movements of the military salute with order and precision.

The young officer smiled and raised his own sword in response, as if Hugh John had been one of his own troopers. The boy's heart stood still. Could this thing be? A real soldier had saluted him.

But there was something more wonderful yet to come. The officer turned in his saddle.

"Attention, men. Draw swords!" he cried, and his voice rang like a trumpet.

There came a glitter of steel as the swords flashed into line. The horses tossed their heads at the stirring sound. "Eyes right! Carry swords!" came again the sharp command. And every blade made a circle of glittering light as it rose to the salute.

Tears welled up in Hugh John's eyes as he stood there in the pride of the honor done to him. He had been treated as a real soldier by the greatest soldier there. He was no longer a little dusty boy. Now he was a soldier indeed.

The regiment passed by, and only the far drum beats came back as Hugh John stood silent under the elm tree. When his father rode up on his way home, he asked the boy what he was doing there.

Hugh John wanted to laugh, but the tears ran down his cheeks. "I'm not hurt, father," he said, "I'm not crying. It was only that the Scots Greys saluted me. But I'm not crying, I'm not indeed!"

Then the stern man gathered the soldier up and set him across his saddle. And thus rode our hero home.

Late that night Hugh John stole down the hushed driveway, his bare feet pattering through the dust which the dew was making cool. He stood again by the roadside where he had seen the troops march by. Then clasping his hands he made a solemn vow.

"The Scots Greys saluted me. Never, never, so long as I live, will I be mean!"

From "Sir Toady Lion."

S. R. Crockett.

THE ROBBERS

Alexander. What! art thou that Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

Robber. I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

A. A soldier! — a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honor thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

R. What have I done of which you can complain?

A. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority, violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

R. Alexander, I am your captive. I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

A. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power, to silence those with whom I deign to converse.

R. I must, then, answer your question by another. How have you passed your life?

A. Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest; among sovereigns, the noblest; among conquerors, the mightiest.

R. And does not Fame speak of me too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever — But I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

A. Still what are you but a robber — a base, dishonest robber?

R. And what is a conqueror? Have not you too gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry, plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable thirst for dominion? All that I have done to a single district, with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations, with a hundred thousand.

If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What, then, is the difference, but that, as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

A. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

R. I too have freely given to the poor what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind, and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world for the mischief we have done it.

A. Leave me. Take off his chains, and use him well. Are we, then, so much alike? Alexander like a robber? Let me reflect.

Not known.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT !

"Mr. Conductor," said a little boy as he pulled at a gilt-buttoned sleeve, "please tell me a story." "Bless me," said the conductor of train No. 55. The train had just pulled out, and as there was a long run without a stop, the tired conductor had dropped into a back seat to rest a bit when Louis came up and asked for a story.

"Bless me," exclaimed the conductor, "I don't know a story except 'Here is the house that Jack built.'"

"Don't tell me that," answered the little boy. "I know that myself," and he began to rattle it off.

This is the house that Jack built. This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built. This is the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat that caught the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built. This is the dog, that worried the cat, that caught the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow, with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that caught the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that caught the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

"Stop right there!" said the conductor; "that reminds me of something. On my last trip East, as I went through one of the coaches to look at tickets I found a little girl about your size sitting by herself. 'Tickets,' I said without thinking.

"Mamma has 'em," she said, "an' she's gone to get a drink of water. But won't you please take my orange

to that little girl back there with the red handkerchief on her head? Her mamma has forgot to give her any."

I looked for the little girl with the red handkerchief, and saw a poor woman with five children. They didn't look as if they had had much to eat, but nobody was paying any attention to them. "Maybe your mamma won't like you to give away your orange," I said.

The little girl opened her eyes very wide and said: "Why, my mamma loves me to give things!"

"All right," said I, and I went back to the little party and gave the orange to the little girl; and I said in a loud tone of voice: "This is from a little girl whose mamma loves her to give things." At that ever so many mothers pricked up their ears, and presently I saw another little girl bring a box of lunch to the poor children. "Ah," said I to myself, "this is like that old song about the house that Jack built. This is the cat, —" then a lady pulled a pretty little cap out of her bag and said: "Won't you let your little girl wear this tam-o'-shanter?" And not only that, here was a boy giving something out of his pocket — I don't know what. So it went on, till those forlorn little chicks had lots of things, all because one little kind heart gave them her orange.

"And now, small boy, get off my knee. I've got to ring the bell for the engineer to whistle. Go and see if you can't start another 'house that Jack built.'"

Not known.

THE MOON-CHILD

A little lonely child am I
That have not any soul;
God made me but a homeless wave,
Without a goal.

A seal my father was, a seal
That once was man;
My mother loved him tho' he was
'Neath mortal ban.

He took a wave and drowned her,
She took a wave and lifted him:
And I was born where shadows are
I' the sea-depths dim.

All through the sunny blue-sweet hours
I swim and glide in waters green:
Never by day the mournful shores
By me are seen.

But when the gloom is on the wave,
A shell unto the shore I bring;
And then upon the rocks I sit
And plaintive sing.

O what is this wild song I sing,
With meanings strange and dim?
No soul am I, a wave am I,
And sing the Moon-Child's hymn.

Fiona Macleod (William Sharp), 1856-1905.

THE FLAX

The Flax stood in blossom; it had pretty little blue flowers, delicate as a moth's wings, and even more delicate. The sun shone on the Flax, and the rain clouds moistened it, and this was just as good for it as it is for little children when they are washed, and afterward get a kiss from their mother; they become much prettier, and so did the Flax.

"The people say that I stand uncommonly well," said the Flax, "and that I'm fine and long, and shall make a capital piece of linen. How happy I am. I'm certainly the happiest of beings. How well I am off! And I may come to something! How the sunshine gladdens, and the rain tastes good and refreshes me! I'm the happiest of beings."

"Yes, yes, yes!" said the Hedge-stake. "You don't know the world, but we do, for we have knots in us;" and then it creaked out mournfully:

"Snip-snap-snurre, Bassellurre! The song is done."

"No, it is not done," said the Flax. "To-morrow the sun will shine, or the rain will refresh us. I feel that I'm growing, I feel that I'm in blossom. I'm the happiest of beings."

But one day the people came and took the Flax by the head and pulled it up by the root. That hurt; and it was laid in water as if they were going to drown it, and then put it on the fire as if it was going to be roasted. It was quite fearful!

"One can't always have good times," said the Flax. "One must make one's own experiences, and so one gets to know something."

But bad times certainly came. The Flax was moistened and roasted, and broken and hackled. Yes, it did not even know what the operations were called that they did with it. It was put on the spinning wheel — whirr! whirr! whirr — it was not possible to collect one's thoughts.

"I have been uncommonly happy!" it thought in all its pain. "One must be content with the good one has enjoyed! Contented! contented! Oh!" And it continued to say that when it was put into the loom, and until it became a large beautiful piece of linen. All the Flax, to the last stalk, was used in making one piece.

"But this is quite remarkable! I should never have believed it! How favorable fortune is to me! The Hedge-stake was well informed, truly, with its

"Snip-snap-snurre, Bassellurre!"

"The song is not done by any means. Now it's beginning in earnest. That's quite remarkable! If I've suffered something, I've been made into something! I'm the happiest of all! How strong and fine I am, and how white and long! That's something different from being a mere plant; even if one bears flowers, one is not attended to, and only gets watered when it rains. Now I'm attended to and cherished: the maid turns me over every morning, and I get a shower bath from the watering pot every evening. Yes, the clergyman's wife has even made a speech about me, and says I'm the best piece in the whole parish. I cannot be happier!"

Now the linen was taken into the house, and put under the scissors: how they cut and tore it and then pricked it with needles! That was not pleasant; but twelve pieces of body linen, of a kind not often mentioned by name, but indispensable to all people, were made of it — a whole dozen!

"Just look! Now something has really been made of me! So that was my destiny. That's a real blessing. Now I shall be of some use in the world, and that's

right, that's a true pleasure! We've been made into twelve things, but yet we're all one and the same; we're just a dozen: how remarkably charming that is!"

Years rolled on, and now they would hold together no longer.

"It must be over one day," said each piece, "I would gladly have held together a little longer, but one must not expect impossibilities."

They were now torn into pieces and fragments. They thought it was all over now, for they were hacked to shreds, and softened and boiled; yes, they themselves did not know all that was done to them; and then they became beautiful white paper.

"Now, that is a surprise, and a glorious surprise!" said the paper. "Now, I'm finer than before, and I shall be written on: that is remarkably good fortune."

And really the most beautiful stories and verses were written upon it, and only once there came a blot; that was certainly remarkably good fortune. And the people heard what was upon it; it was sensible and good, and made people much more sensible and better: there was a great blessing in the words that were on this paper.

"That is more than I ever imagined when I was a little blue flower in the fields. How could I fancy that I should ever spread joy and knowledge among men? I can't yet understand it myself, but it is really so. I have done nothing but what I was obliged with my weak powers to do for my own preservation, and yet I have been promoted from one joy and honor to another. Each time when I think 'the song is done,' it begins again in a higher and better way. Now I shall certainly be sent about to journey through the world, so that all people may read me. That cannot be otherwise; it's the only probable thing. I've splendid thoughts, as many as I had pretty flowers, in the old times. I'm the happiest of beings."

But the paper was not sent on its travels; it was sent to the printer, and everything that was written upon it was set up in type for a book, or rather for many

hundreds of books, for in this way a far greater number could derive pleasure and profit from the book than if the one paper on which it was written had run about the world, to be worn out before it had got half-way.

"Yes, that is certainly the wisest way," thought the Written Paper. "I really did not think of that. I shall stay at home, and be held in honor, just like an old grandfather; and I am really the grandfather of all these books. Now something can be effected: I could not have wandered about thus. He who wrote all this looked at me; every word flowed from his pen right into me. I am the happiest of all."

Then the Paper was tied together in a bundle, and thrown into a tub that stood in the wash house.

"It's good resting after work," said the Paper. "It is very right that one should collect one's thoughts. Now I'm able for the first time to think of what is in me, and to know oneself is true progress. What will be done with me now? At any rate I shall go forward again; I'm always going forward. I've found that out."

Now, one day all the Paper was taken out, and laid by on the hearth; it was to be burned, for it might not be sold to hucksters to be used for covering for butter and eggs, they said. And all the children in the house stood round about, for they wanted to see the Paper burn, that flamed up so prettily, and afterward one could see so many red sparks among the ashes, careering here and there. One after another faded out quick as the wind, and that they called "seeing the children come out of school," and the last spark was the school-master. All the old Paper, the whole bundle, was laid upon the fire, and it was soon alight. "Ugh!" it said, and burst out into bright flame. "Ugh! that was not very agreeable;" but when the whole was wrapped in bright flames these mounted up higher than the Flax had ever been able to lift its little blue flowers, and glittered as the White Linen had never been able to glitter. All the written letters turned for a moment

quite red, and all the words and thoughts turned to flame.

"Now I'm mounting straight up to the sun," said a voice in the flame; and it was as if a thousand voices said this in unison; and the flames mounted up through the chimney and out at the top, and, more delicate than the flames, invisible to human eyes, little tiny beings floated there, as many as there had been blossoms on the Flax. They were lighter even than the flames from which they were born; and when the flame was extinguished, and nothing remained of the Paper but black ashes, they danced over it once more, and where they touched the black mass the little red sparks appeared. The children came out of school, and the school-master was the last of all. That was fun! and the children sang over the dead ashes:

"Snip-snap-snurre, Bassellurre! The song is done."

But the little invisible beings all said:

"The song is never done, that is the best of all. I know it, and therefore I'm the happiest of all."

But the children could neither hear that nor understand it, nor ought they, for children must not know everything.

From "Fairy Tales and Stories."

Hans Christian Andersen, 1805-1875.

A RIDDLE

I have only one foot, but thousands of toes;
My one foot stands, but never goes;
I have many arms and they're mighty all;
And hundreds of fingers, large and small.
None e'er saw me eat — I've no mouth to bite;
Yet I feed all day in the full sunlight;
In the summer with song I shake and quiver,
But in winter I fast and groan and shiver.

George Macdonald, 1824-1905.

THE CORN SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard! Heap high the golden corn! No richer gift has Autumn poured from out her lavish horn!
Let other lands, exulting, glean the apple from the pine, the orange from its glossy green, the cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift our rugged vales bestow, to cheer us when the storm shall drift our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers, our ploughs their

furrows made, while on the hills the sun and showers of changeeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain, beneath the sun of May, and frightened from our sprouting grain the robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June its leaves grew green and fair, and waved in hot midsummer's noon its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moon-lit eves, its harvest time has come, we pluck away the frosted leaves, and bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift Apollo showered of old, fair hands the broken grain shall sift, and knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk around their costly board; give us the bowl of samp and milk, by homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth sends up its smoky curls, who will not thank the kindly earth, and bless our farmer girls!

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-1892.

GIVE THEM A PLACE TO PLAY

Plenty of room for dives and dens (glitter and glare and sin!)

Plenty of room for prison pens (gather the criminals in!)

Plenty of room for jails and courts (willing enough to pay!)

But never a place for the lads to race; no, never a place to play!

Plenty of room for shops and stores (Mammon must have the best!)

Plenty of room for the running sores that rot in the city's breast!

Plenty of room for the lures that lead the hearts of our youth astray,

But never a cent on a playground spent; no, never a place to play!

Plenty of room for schools and halls, plenty of room for art;

Plenty of room for teas and balls, platform, stage, and mart.

Proud is the city — she finds a place for many a fad to-day,

But she's more than blind if she fails to find a place for the boys to play!

Give them a chance for innocent sport, give them a chance for fun —
Better a playground plot than a court and a jail when the harm is done!

Give them a chance — if you stint them now, to-morrow you'll have to pay

A larger bill for a darker ill, so give them a place to play!

From "A Round of Rimes," by special permission of the author. Denis A. McCarthy, 1871-

TOMMY'S OPINION OF CROWS

It is very hard to fool a crow. He knows that men and boys are no friends of his; and he knows, too, just as well as any one can, what guns are for. He will let you get pretty close, if you have no gun; but if you have one, he sees it, and the way he calls "caw, caw," to the rest of the crows to look out shows that he knows there is danger. And they do look out.

You go out some morning with a shotgun and you see one of the black fellows perched on a high tree. "Ha," you say to yourself, "I will get behind that wall and creep up and take a shot at him." You try it. You bend down and get all wet by the dew, and the briars scratch you. If you are not careful, you step on a bumblebee's nest, maybe, and all the time you keep thinking, "When I get to that bush I will fix him."

But he has seen you all the time. He saw you before you saw him. That was what he was there for — to look out for boys with guns. He knows just how far the gun will shoot; if you think he is going to stay till you get to the bush, why, you miss your guess.

Pretty soon, when you are about a rod from the bush, and don't dare to look up for fear that he will see you, you hear, "haw! haw! haw!" Then you do look, and — there goes your crow. No, you can't fool a crow. He is smarter than any boy. I have been out day after day to get a shot at a crow, and I have almost got hundreds, but I never quite got one.

I have tried to catch those birds while they were feeding in the corn. I used to think they might be like boys — so busy when they eat that they don't notice what is going on. But, do you know, they keep a watchman out when they feed. He watches from a tree for a while, and then another crow comes and takes the first one's place; the first one goes down, and after some time a third crow relieves the second one, and so on. Oh, you can't fool crows! }

I have slipped down toward the cornfield, and long before I reached it the watchman would caw, and the other crows would come up out of the corn by the dozen. They would fly a little way and light, and wait for me to leave, and then back they would go.

One day Sam and Will went with me into the cornfield; I hid and they went out in such a way that the crows could see them. We thought that the black fellows were not smart enough in arithmetic to tell that two from three left anything. But they could figure that out. We didn't fool them. They knew there was one

boy in that corn, for three boys went in and only two came out.

Next day we tried the crows in figures again, for we took Jim along. But they reckoned it up and yelled to one another that three boys from four boys left one boy — left him in the corn with a gun.

Next day we gave them another sum. That time Ben went with us; five boys in and four boys out. Four from five was farther than they had gone in arithmetic in the crow school, and, as soon as the four boys had gone, back into the corn flew the crows. I jumped up and fired at them, and you never saw such astonished crows in all your life. They thought four boys from five boys left no boy — in the corn with a gun.

I didn't hit any of them, but I found out just how far a crow can figure. No, you can't fool crows — not by any fair means. Of course, when you take them in arithmetic you don't give them a fair chance. I don't blame them for not being sharp in figures. Arithmetic troubles even me sometimes.

Not known.

HARRY'S RICHES

One day, our little Harry spent the morning with his young playmate, Johnny Crane, who lived in a fine house, and on Sundays rode to church in the grandest carriage to be seen in all the country round.

When Harry returned home, he said, "Mother, Johnny has money in both pockets!"

"Has he, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am; and he says he could get ever so much more if he wanted it."

"Well, now, that's very pleasant for him," I returned, cheerfully, as a reply was plainly expected. "Very pleasant; don't you think so?"

"Yes, ma'am; only —"

"Only what, Harry?"

"Why, he has a big pop-gun, and a watch, and a hobby-horse, and lots of things." And Harry looked up at my face with a disconsolate stare.

"Well, my boy, what of that?"

"Nothing, mother," and the tell-tale tears sprang to his eyes, "only I guess we are very poor, aren't we?"

"No, indeed, Harry, we are very far from being poor. We are not so rich as Mr. Crane's family, if that is what you mean."

"O mother!" insisted the little fellow, "I do think we are very poor; anyhow, I am!"

"O Harry!" I exclaimed, reproachfully.

"Yes. I am," he sobbed; "I have scarcely anything — I mean anything that's worth money — except things to eat and wear, and I'd have to have them any way."

"Have to have them?" I echoed, at the same time laying my sewing upon the table, so that I might reason with him on that point; "do you not know, my son —"

Just then Uncle Ben looked up from the paper he had been reading: "Harry," said he, "I want to find out something about eyes; so, if you will let me have yours, I will give you a dollar apiece for them."

"For my eyes!" exclaimed Harry, very much astonished.

"Yes," resumed Uncle Ben, quietly, "for your eyes. I will give you chloroform, so it will not hurt you in the least, and you shall have a beautiful glass pair for nothing, to wear in their place. Come, a dollar apiece, cash down! What do you say? I will take them out as quick as a wink."

"Give you my eyes, uncle!" cried Harry, looking wild at the very thought, "I think not." And the startled little fellow shook his head defiantly.

"Well, five, ten, twenty dollars, then." Harry shook his head at every offer.

"No, sir! I wouldn't let you have them for a thousand dollars! What could I do without my eyes? I couldn't see mother, nor the baby, nor the flowers, nor the horses, nor anything," added Harry, growing warmer and warmer.

"I will give you two thousand," urged Uncle Ben, taking a roll of bank notes out of his pocket. Harry, standing at a respectful distance, shouted that he never would do any such thing.

"Very well," continued the uncle, with a serious air, at the same time writing something in his note book, "I can't afford to give you more than two thousand dollars, so I shall have to do without your eyes; but," he added, "I will tell you what I will do, I will give you twenty dollars if you will let me put a few drops from this bottle in your ears. It will not hurt, but it will make you deaf. I want to try some experiments with deafness, you see. Come quickly, now! Here are the twenty dollars all ready for you."

"Make me deaf!" shouted Harry, without even looking at the gold pieces temptingly displayed upon the table. "I guess you will not do that, either. Why, I couldn't hear a single word if I were deaf, could I?"

"Probably not," replied Uncle Ben. So, of course, Harry refused again. He would never give up his hearing, he said, "no, not for three thousand dollars."

Uncle Ben made another note in his book, and then came out with large bids for "a right arm," then "left arm," "hands," "feet," "nose," finally ending with an offer of ten thousand dollars for "mother," and five thousand for "the baby."

To all of these offers Harry shook his head, his eyes flashing, and exclamations of surprise and indignation bursting from his lips. At last, Uncle Ben said he must give up his experiments, for Harry's prices were entirely too high.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the boy, exultingly, and he folded his dimpled arms and looked as if to say, "I'd like to see the man who could pay them!"

"Why, Harry, look here!" exclaimed Uncle Ben, peeping into his note book, "here is a big addition sum, I tell you!" He added the numbers, and they amounted to thirty-two thousand dollars.

"There, Harry," said Uncle Ben, "don't you think you are foolish not to accept some of my offers?" "No, sir, I don't," answered Harry, resolutely. "Then," said Uncle Ben, "you talk of being poor, and by your own showing you have treasures for which you will not take thirty-two thousand dollars. What do you say to that?"

Harry didn't know exactly what to say. So he blushed for a second, and just then tears came rolling down his cheeks, and he threw his arms around my neck. "Mother," he whispered, "isn't God good to make everybody so rich?"

Not known.

CONSCIENCE

In my fourth year, one fine day in spring my father led me by the hand to a distant part of the farm — but soon sent me home alone. On the way I had to pass a little "pond-hole" then spreading its waters wide. A rhodora in full bloom — a rare flower in my neighborhood — attracted my attention and drew me to the spot.

I saw a little spotted tortoise sunning himself in the shallow water at the foot of the flaming shrub. I lifted the stick I had in my hand, to strike the harmless turtle, for, though I had never killed any creature, I had seen other boys destroy birds, squirrels, and the like, out of sport, and I felt a disposition to follow their example.

But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, "It is wrong!"

I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, — the consciousness of an inward check upon my actions, — till the tortoise and rhodora both vanished from my sight. I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, asking what it was that told me it was wrong.

She wiped a tear from her eye, and, taking me in her arms, said, "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man.

"If you listen to it, and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right. But if you turn a deaf ear and disobey it, it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark and without a guide. Your life depends upon heeding this little voice."

I went off to wonder and to think it over in my poor childish way. But I am sure no other event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me.

Theodore Parker, 1810-1860.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION

Long centuries ago, when it was the custom of the Romans to make slaves of those who were taken in war, a prisoner by the name of Androcles became the slave of a hard-hearted master who beat him cruelly, and in all ways ill-treated him.

At length Androcles, roused by the cruel treatment, raised his hand against his master. As the penalty for so rash an act was instant death, Androcles fled to the desert of Libya, in Africa, hoping that the Roman power would not reach him there.

Weary with the long journey, he was glad to seek refuge in a rocky cave; but scarcely had he laid himself down to rest when he was startled by the roar of a lion. Seeing the terrible beast approaching, he gave himself up for lost, and sank to the earth in terror.

The wild beast, as he entered the cave, gazed fiercely at Androcles for a moment; and then, seeming all at once to lose his fierceness, with plaintive moans, he came limping forward, holding out one of his paws as he did so.

Androcles extended his hand, when the huge beast gently laid his paw in it, at the same time making a whining noise as if in great pain.

Androcles examined the paw, which he found to be much swollen and greatly inflamed. A thorn had penetrated the foot. This he carefully withdrew, then

gently wiped away the blood, and soon relieved the beast of his great suffering.

In every possible way the lion endeavored to express his gratitude. He fawned upon Androcles, licked his hands, put his head in his lap, and lay down with him in the cave to rest; and so tame and gentle was the lion, that all fear on the part of Androcles soon gave way to complete trust.

Except when the lion was off hunting, he was not willing that Androcles should be out of his sight for a moment. The prey which he captured he brought in and laid down at the feet of Androcles, who was glad to share with his companion. In this way, and with the aid of a few roots and berries, Androcles lived for months, without seeing a human being.

But he grew tired of this desert life. He longed for home. Though death threatened him if he should be captured, he resolved to take the risk, and so, one day when the lion was absent, he started on his homeward journey, and, after long wanderings, he found himself in his loved home once more.

He was soon after seized, taken to Rome, and sentenced to be devoured by wild beasts in the arena. For such occasions, wild beasts captured in the jungles of Africa were confined, without food or drink, in cages surrounding the circus, until they were maddened with thirst and hunger, when they were let loose upon their victims.

Such was the terrible death that Androcles was to suffer. He was brought into the open arena, and, the guards having retired, the door of a cage was opened, through which a huge lion leaped into the arena.

Seeing a man before him, he bounded toward him with an angry roar, and had already crouched to make the fatal spring, when, to the astonishment of all, he suddenly stopped short, crept fawningly to the feet of his intended victim, and lavished upon him the fondest tokens of joy and affection.

Androcles, thus suddenly snatched from the very jaws of death, quickly recognized his old friend and com-

panion of the jungles; and his joy was not less than that of the lion. The people, moved with sympathy for the man whom a hungry lion would not harm, shouted, "Pardon! pardon!"

The games were stopped; and when the story of Androcles was told, the Emperor granted him a full pardon, restored him to liberty, and made him a present of the lion. After that the noble animal followed Androcles about the city just as a faithful dog would follow his master.

Not known.

SPRING

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Sings to the world, and thus sings he.

Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word so dear,
So pleasing to each human ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughman's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo, then, on every tree,
Sings in the grove, and thus sings he.

Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, — Thy song I hear,
That pleases every human ear!

Adapted from "Love's Labor's Lost."

Shakespeare, 1564-1616.

THE LOST AX

A workman was cutting wood by the side of a river. By chance his ax dropped into a deep pool. Having now lost the means of earning his living, he sat down and wept.

Then, Mercury came to him and asked him why he sat there in tears. The workman said, "I have lost my ax in the water."

When Mercury heard this, he jumped into the stream; and, bringing up a golden ax, said, "Is this the ax you have lost?"

"No," said the honest workman, "it is not." Mercury dived beneath the water a second time, and, bringing up a silver ax, said, "Is this the ax you have lost?"

"No," said the workman again, "it is not." Mercury then dived into the pool a third time, and brought up the ax that the poor workman had dropped into the water.

Then the honest workman said, "Ah, this is my own ax! It is the one I lost." How happy he was to have it once more!

Mercury was so much pleased with the honesty of this good workman that he gave him the gold ax and the silver ax also.

The workman returned home and told his friends what had happened.

One of them at once said, "I will go to the river and drop my ax into it. I may secure the same good fortune." So he ran to the river, and, at the same place, he threw his own ax into the water. He then sat down upon the bank and wept.

Just as he had hoped, Mercury came to him. Having heard the cause of the man's grief, Mercury jumped into the river and brought up an ax of gold. "Is this the ax you have lost?" said he.

This workman seized it greedily, and said, "Truly, this is the very same ax I lost!"

Mercury was not pleased with this untruth. So he not only took away the ax of gold, but he would not dive for the man's own ax.

Æsop.

I LIVE FOR THOSE WHO LOVE ME

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the hopes not left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;

When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

G. Linnaeus Banks.

A LESSON IN COURAGE

Mississippi pilots wisely train their apprentices by various strategic tricks to look danger in the face calmly. A favorite way of theirs is to play a friendly swindle upon the candidate.

I was served in this fashion once, and for years afterwards I used to blush even in my sleep when I thought of it. I had become a good steersman; so good, indeed, that I had all the work to do on our watch, night and day. Mr. Bixby seldom made a suggestion to me; all he ever did was to take the wheel on particularly bad nights or in particularly bad crossings, land the boat when she needed to be landed, play gentleman of leisure nine tenths of the watch, and collect the wages. The lower river was about bank-full and if anybody had questioned my ability to run any crossing between Cairo and New Orleans, without help or instruction, I should have felt irreparably hurt. The idea of being afraid of any crossing in the lot, in the day time, was a thing too preposterous for contemplation. Well, one matchless summer's day I was bowling down the bend above Island 66, brimful of self-conceit and carrying my nose as high as a giraffe's, when Mr. Bixby said:

"I am going below a while. I suppose you know the next crossing?"

This was almost an affront. It was about the plainest and simplest crossing in the whole river. One couldn't come to any harm, whether he ran it right or not; and

as for depth, there never had been any bottom there. I knew all this — perfectly well.

"Know how to run it? Why I can run it with my eyes shut."

"How much water is there in it?"

"Well that is an odd question. I couldn't get bottom there with a church steeple."

"You think so, do you?"

The very tone of the question shook my confidence. That was what Mr. Bixby was expecting. He left, without saying anything more. I began to imagine all sorts of things. Mr. Bixby, unknown to me, of course, sent somebody down to the forecastle with some mysterious instructions to the leadsmen, another messenger was sent to whisper among the officers, and then Mr. Bixby went into hiding behind a smoke stack where he could observe results. Presently the captain stepped out on the hurricane deck; next the chief mate appeared; then a clerk. Every moment or two a straggler was added to my audience; and before I had got to the head of the island I had twenty or thirty people assembled down there under my nose. I began to wonder what the trouble was. As I started across the captain glanced aloft at me and said, with a sham uneasiness in his voice:

"Where is Mr. Bixby?"

"Gone below, sir."

But that did the business for me. My imagination began to construct dangers out of nothing, and they multiplied faster than I could keep the run of them. All at once I imagined I saw shoal water ahead. The wave of coward agony that surged through me then came near dislocating every joint in me. All my confidence vanished. I seized the bell rope; dropped it, ashamed; seized it again; dropped it once more; clutched it tremblingly once again, and pulled it so feebly that I could hardly hear the stroke myself. Captain and mate sang out instantly, and both together:

"Starboard lead there, and quick about it."

This was another shock. I began to climb the wheel

like a squirrel; but I would hardly get the boat started to port before I would see new dangers on that side, and away I would spin to the other; only to find perils accumulating to starboard, and be crazy to get to port again. Then came the leadsman's sepulchral cry:

"D-e-e-p four."

Deep four in a bottomless crossing. The terror of it took my breath away.

"M-a-r-k three. . . . M-a-r-k three. . . . Quarter less three. . . . Half twain."

This was frightful. I seized the bell ropes and stopped the engines.

"Quarter twain. Quarter twain. Mark twain."

I was helpless. I did not know what in the world to do. I was quaking from head to foot, and I could have hung my hat on my eyes, they stuck out so far.

"Quarter less twain. Nine and a half."

We were drawing nine. My hands were in a nerveless flutter. I could not ring a bell intelligibly with them. I flew to the speaking-tube and shouted to the engineer:

"Oh, Ben, if you love me, back her. Quick, Ben."

I heard the door close gently. I looked around, and there stood Mr. Bixby, smiling a bland sweet smile. Then the audience on the hurricane deck sent up a thundergust of humiliating laughter. I saw it all, now, and I felt meaner than the meanest man in human history. I laid in the lead, set the boat in her marks, came ahead on the engines, and said:

"It was a fine trick to play on an orphan, wasn't it? I suppose I'll never hear the last of how I was so foolish as to heave the lead at the head of 66."

"Well, no, you won't, maybe. In fact I hope you won't; for I want you to learn something by that experience. Did not you know there was no bottom in that crossing?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Very well, then. You shouldn't have allowed me or anybody else to shake your confidence in that knowledge. Try to remember that. And another thing:

when you get into a dangerous place, don't turn coward. That isn't going to help matters any."

It was a good enough lesson, but pretty hardly learned. Yet about the hardest part of it was that for months I so often had to hear a phrase which I had conceived a particular distaste for. It was, "Oh, Ben, if you love me, back her."

Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens), 1835-1910.

WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail, —
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who,

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parsons's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who,

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

"Love's Labor's Lost."

Shakespeare, 1564-1616.

DYING IN HARNESS

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road,
Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy load;
Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
Watching the frightened teamster goading the beast to rise.

Hold! for his toil is over; no more labor for him;
See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow dim;
See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests the head,
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead;
After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load, waiting only to die.

Watchers, he died in harness, died in the shafts and straps,
Fell, and the burden killed him: one of the day's mishaps;
One of the passing wonders marking the city road,
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile,
What is the symbol? Only death; why should we cease to smile
At death for a beast of burden? On, through the busy street
That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet.

John Boyle O'Reilly, 1844-1890.

SPRING SONG IN THE CITY

Little barefoot maiden, selling violets blue,
Hast thou ever pictur'd where the sweetlings grew?
Oh, the warm wild woodland ways, deep in dewy grasses,
Where the wind-blown shadow strays, scented as it passes!

Pedlar breathing deeply, toiling into town,
With the dusty highway you are dusky brown;
Hast thou seen by daisied leas, and by rivers flowing,
Lilac-ringlets which the breeze loosens lightly blowing?

Out of yonder wagon pleasant hay-scents float,
He who drives it carries a daisy in his coat;
Oh, the English meadows, fair far beyond all praises!
Freckled orchids everywhere 'mid the snow of daisies!

Robert Buchanan, 1841-1901.

JACKANAPES AND THE GYPSY'S PONY

Once a year the Goose Green became the scene of a carnival, and it was after that Annual Fair that Jackanapes, out rambling one morning by himself on the Green, was knocked over by the Gypsy's son, riding the Gypsy's red-haired pony at breakneck pace across the common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse except for being head over heels in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine!

The gypsy boy had had a fright, and he was willing enough to reward Jackanapes for not having been hurt, by consenting to let him have a ride.

"Do you mean to kill the little fine gentleman, and swing us all on the gibbet, you rascal?" screamed the Gypsy mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

"He would get on," replied her son. "It'll not kill him. He'll fall on his yellow head, and it's as tough as a cocoanut."

But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony. Just as his legs were beginning to feel as if he did not feel them, the Gypsy boy cried "Lollo!" Round went the pony so unceremoniously that with as little ceremony Jackanapes clung to his neck; and he did not properly recover himself before Lollo stopped with a jerk at the place where they had started.

"Is his name Lollo?" asked Jackanapes, his hand lingering on the wiry mane.

"Yes."

"What does Lollo mean?"

"Red."

"Is Lollo your pony?"

"No. My father's." And the Gypsy boy led Lollo away.

At the first opportunity Jackanapes stole away again to the common. This time he saw the Gypsy father, smoking a dirty pipe.

"Lollo is your pony, isn't he?" said Jackanapes.

"Yes."

"He's a very nice one."

"He's a racer."

"You don't want to sell him, do you?"

"Fifteen pounds," said the Gypsy father; and Jackanapes sighed and went home again.

Soon afterwards Jackanapes' grandfather, the General, arrived, and as they sat talking one day the General remarked, "Pretty place this," and looked out of the lattice on to the Green, where the grass was vivid with sunset, and the shadows were long and peaceful.

"You should see it in Fair week, sir," said Jackanapes.

"A fine time that, eh?" said the General, with a twinkle in his eye.

Jackanapes shook his yellow mop. "I enjoyed this last one best of all," he said. "I'd so much money."

"You don't want money except at Fair times, I suppose?" said the General.

Jackanapes shook his head once more. "If I could

have as much as I want, I should know what to buy," said he.

"And how much do you want if you could get it?"

"Fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and ten-pence, then, is what I want," said Jackanapes.

"Bless my soul! What for?"

"To buy Lollo with — the Gypsy's red-haired pony, sir. You should see his mane! You should see his tail! Such a dear face too; and eyes like a mouse! But he's a racer, and the Gypsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

"If he's a racer you couldn't ride him, could you?"

"No-o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

"You did! Well, I'm fond of riding, myself; and if the beast is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eye.

"I can double up my legs, I suppose. We'll have a look at him to-morrow."

The General was as good as his word. Next morning the Gypsy and Lollo, Jackanapes and his grandfather, and his dog Spitfire were all gathered at one end of the Green. The General talked to the Gypsy, and Jackanapes fondled Lollo's mane.

"Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I've bought Lollo; but I believe you were right. He stands hardly high enough for me. If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I'll give him to you."

How Jackanapes tumbled on to Lollo's back he never knew. He had just gathered up the reins when the Gypsy father took him by the arm.

"If you want to make Lollo go fast, my little gentleman —"

"I can make him go!" said Jackanapes; and drawing from his pocket the trumpet he had bought in the Fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo, and away went Jackanapes' hat.

His golden hair flew out, making an aureole from which his cheeks shone red and distended with trumpeting. Away went Spitfire, mad with the rapture of the race and the wind in his silky ears.

"Good, my little gentleman, good!" said the Gypsy when Jackanapes and Lollo came back, Spitfire panting behind. "You were born to the saddle."

From "Jackanapes."

Juliana Horatia Ewing.

THE WATER-LILY

In the slimy bed of a sluggish mere
Its root had humble birth,
And the slender stem that upward grew
Was coarse of fibre and dull of hue,
With naught of grace or worth.

The gelid fish that floated near
Saw only the vulgar stem.
The clumsy turtle paddling by,
The water snake with his lidless eye, —
It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and the honeybee,
The sun and sky and air,
They marked its heart of virgin gold
In the satin leaves of spotless fold,
And its odor rich and rare.

So the fragrant soul in its purity,
To sordid life tied down,
May bloom to heaven, and no man know,
Seeing the coarse, vile stem below,
How God hath seen the crown.

James Jeffrey Roche, 1847-1908.

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT

The king was sick! His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.
But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And the doctors came by the score.
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat, —
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;
His patients gave him no trouble:
If they recovered, they paid him well;
If they died, their heir's paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the king on his couch reclined;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old Sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
"Hang him up," roared the king in a gale-
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;
The other leech grew a shade pale;
But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran —
The king will be well, if he sleeps one night
In the shirt of a Happy Man.

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no Happy Man.
They found poor men who would fain be rich,
And rich men who thought they were poor;
And men who twisted their waists in stays,
And women who short hose wore.

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there;
He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and rolled
On the grass, in the soft June air.
The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay;
And one of them said, "Heaven save you, friend!
You seem to be happy to-day."

"O yes, fair Sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad;
"An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."
"This is our man," the courier said;
"Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black;
"I would do it, God wot," and he roared with the fun,
"But I haven't a shirt to my back." . . .

Each day to the king the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.
And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom;
He opened his windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.
And out he went in the world, and toiled
In his own appointed way;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the king was well and gay.

John Hay, 1838-1905.

THE DERVIS AND THE LOST CAMEL

Two merchants met a dervis in the desert, who was traveling alone.

"You have lost a camel," he said to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," one of the merchants replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" continued the dervis.

"He was," answered the merchants.

"Had he not lost a front tooth?" added the dervis.

"He had," replied the merchants, beginning to think that the lost animal was found.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side and corn on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," the merchants said; "and as you have seen him lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him."

The dervis responded, "I have never seen your camel, nor even heard of him but from you."

"A pretty story, truly!" exclaimed the merchants, supposing they were standing face to face with a thief or robber. "But where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden?"

"I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels," insisted the dervis.

Satisfied that the dervis was a robber, the merchants seized him, and carried him before the *cadi* for examination. Nothing was found upon his person to convict him, nor could any evidence of guilt be discovered.

"A sorcerer! a sorcerer!" exclaimed the merchants; and they hastened to get him indicted for sorcery. But the dervis put an end to their proceedings.

"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of the path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand. I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the center of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

Not known.

MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR

My little neighbor's table's set,
And slyly he comes down the tree,
His feet firm in each tiny fret
The bark has fashioned cunningly.
He pauses on a favorite knot;
Beneath the oak his feast is spread;
He asks no friend to share his lot,
Or dine with him on acorn bread.
He keeps his whiskers trim and neat,
His tail with care he brushes through;
He runs about on all four feet —
When dining he sits up on two.
He has the latest stripe in furs,
And wears them all the year around;
He does not mind the prick of burs
When there are chestnuts to be found.
I watch his home and guard his store,
A cozy hollow in a tree;
He often sits within his door
And chatters wondrous things to me.

Mary Augusta Mason.

Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after as before, —
And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified, —
Victor over death and pain,
Forever.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

TWO BIRD NEIGHBORS

Orioles are in great plenty with me. I have seen seven males flashing about the garden at once. A merry crew of them swing their hammocks from the pendulous boughs. During one of these later years, when the cankerworms stripped our elms as bare as winter, these birds went to the trouble of rebuilding their unroofed nests, and chose for their purpose trees which are safe from those swarming vandals, such as the ash and the buttonwood. One year a pair (disturbed, I suppose, elsewhere) built a second nest in an elm within a few yards of the house. My friend, Edward Everett Hale, told me once that the oriole rejected from his web all strands of brilliant color, and I thought it a striking example of that instinct of concealment noticeable in many birds, though it should seem in this instance that the nest was amply protected by its position from all marauders but owls and squirrels. Last year, however, I had the fullest proof that Mr. Hale was mistaken. A pair of orioles built on the lowest trailer of a weeping elm, which hung within ten feet of our drawing-room window, and so low that I could reach it from the ground. The nest was wholly woven and felted with ravelings of woolen carpet in which scarlet predominated. Would the same thing have happened in the woods? Or did the nearness of a human dwelling perhaps, give the birds a greater feeling of security?

They are very bold, by the way, in quest of cordage, and I have often watched them stripping the fibrous bark from a honeysuckle growing over the very door. But, indeed, all my birds look upon me as if I were a

mere tenant at will, and they were landlords. With shame I confess it, I have been bullied even by a humming bird. This spring, as I was cleansing a pear tree of its lichens, one of these little zig-zagging blurs came purring toward me, couching his long bill like a lance, his throat sparkling with angry fire, to warn me off from a Missouri currant whose honey he was sipping. And many a time he has driven me out of a flower bed.

This summer by the way a pair of these winged emeralds fastened their mossy acorn cup upon a bough of the same elm which the orioles had enlivened the year before. We watched all their proceedings from the window through an opera glass, and saw their two nestlings grow from black needles with a tuft of down at the lower end, till they whirled away on their first short experimental flights. They became strong of wing in a surprisingly short time, and I never saw them or the male bird after, though the female was regular as usual in her visits to our petunias and verbenas.

I do not think it ground enough for a generalization, but in the many times when I watched the old birds feeding their young, the mother always alighted, while the father as uniformly remained upon the wing.

From "My Garden Acquaintance."

James Russell Lowell, 1819-1891.

THE OWL CRITIC

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop;
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The "Daily," the "Herald," the "Post," little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is, —
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis?
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.

I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilled fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll be the laughing-stock all over town! "
And the barber kept on shaving.

" I've studied owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true;
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't do it, because
'Tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business.
And the barber kept on shaving.

" Examine those eyes!
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down!
Have him stuffed again, Brown! "
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather,
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl very gravely got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say,
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

James T. Fields, 1817-1881.

THE CHURCH-CLOCK AND THE SUN-DIAL

It was a gloomy day, and the sun had hidden himself behind the clouds. A church, which stood in the middle of the churchyard, had a very pretty clock, which was very proud of its looks and its bright face with letters all over it in gold.

Not far from the church stood a sun-dial. And on this day, when the sun was hiding his face, the clock began to talk to the sun-dial.

"How stupid you are!" said the clock; "you stand there as dull as a post, and as dumb as a stone. You never tell the hour till the sun looks out and gives you a hint to speak. I go merrily round, day and night, summer and winter, never stopping — whether the sun shines or not.

"I tell the people the time to rise, the time to go to dinner, the time to go to bed; and I tell them when to come to church. Just listen, I am going to strike now — one — two — three — four. There! How stupid you look! You cannot say a single word!"

The sun at that very moment looked out from behind a dark cloud, through a clear blue rift in the sky. It shone upon the sun-dial, and showed, by the shadow

cast from the metal plate, that the clock was fully half-an-hour behind the right time.

The clock was now silent, and felt very sorry for what he had said; but the dial smiled at his boastful rashness. A thoughtful silence is better than much talking or boasting.

Not known.

THE LOST LAMB

Storm upon the mountain,
Night upon its throne!
And the little snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone!
Storm upon the mountain,
Rainy torrents beating,
And the little snow-white lamb
Bleating, ever bleating!
Down the glen the shepherd
Drives his flock afar;
Through the murky mist and cloud,
Shines no beacon star.
Fast he hurries onward,
Never hears the moan
Of the pretty snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone!
At the shepherd's doorway
Stands his little son;
Sees the sheep come trooping home,
Counts them one by one;
Counts them full and fairly —
Trace he findeth none
Of the little snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone!
Up the glen he races,
Breasts the bitter wind,
Scours across the plain and leaves
Wood and wold behind; —
Storm upon the mountain
Night upon its throne, —
There he finds the little lamb,
Left alone, alone!
Struggling, panting, sobbing,
Kneeling on the ground,
Round the pretty creature's neck
Both his arms are wound:

Soon within his bosom,
All its bleating done,
Home he bears the little lamb,
Left alone, alone!

Oh! the happy faces
By the shepherd's fire!
High without the tempest roars,
But the laugh rings higher.
Young and old together
Make that joy their own —
In their midst the little lamb,
Now no more alone!

Thomas Westwood, 1814-1888.

HOW THE NAUTILUS LEFT HER SHIP

The nautilus was crawling around her home at the bottom of the ocean. It was far, far down, through the gleaming, deep blue water, to the floor of hard white sand below. All about her shone a soft green light, and over the white floor lay shells of wonderful colors — crimson, orange, and pearly white. Here and there on the rocks were sea flowers tinted like rainbows, waving their filmy petals to and fro, while groups of jelly-fish floated by, like trailing sparks of fire. Other fishes of strange shapes, big and little, gleamed like silver as they swam through the water. The nautilus was talking to herself, and taking no notice of a great old crab that was perched upon a rock and watching her.

"What a queer little creature!" said the crab. "She looks a good deal like her cousin, the cuttlefish; eight legs, or perhaps arms, must be awkward to manage. I like her color, though it is white with rose-colored spots. And her shell does make a nice boat, though I'd hate to have to be thinking about it all the time. I guess I'll speak to her. "Ahem!" said the old crab, to attract attention.

Into her shell went the nautilus at a bound. Out of sight went arms and legs, and all but a bright eye, left to peep out and see who it was that called.

"Oh, don't mind me," said the crab; "I just wanted to know what seemed to be worrying you."

Out came the nautilus again, glad to find a friend, and she rested, rocking in her shell while she talked.

"It was many days ago," said the nautilus, dreamily, "when I was sailing through those upper seas. Just at sunset I passed a great, ugly boat, filled with those creatures who call themselves men. Among them was a little child, and to him I listened. He reached his hands toward the ocean and talked to it, and as I followed, all his talk was of the ocean and how he loved it, and how he lived in a strange country where there was no sea. The child wanted to take something of the ocean with him, and I thought at once of my ship, knowing I could slip from under it without being seen; but the day before I had happened on a battle between a swordfish and a sawfish, and in the struggle a piece of my ship was broken. I have been all this day mending and making it new, and now, how shall I find the little child again?"

The old crab slid down from the rocks. "Well," he said, "we'll manage it. Come to the sea urchins' house and we'll ask if they know." So off they went together.

But, when they found the sea urchins, those roly-poly, spiny fellows did not know anything at all about the little child who wanted to take the ocean home. So there was nothing for it but to go on to the starfish. The starfish lived in a most beautiful home. It was a fairy grotto where clusters of sea anemones grew thickly around the door, and the floor was of shining pebbles. When they entered his house he waved his five fingers in greeting to them. Then both together asked, "Where on earth can we find the little child who wanted to take the ocean home?"

But the starfish was just as surprised as the sea urchins had been. He had seen some children once, he believed — fat little bare-legged things, digging in the sand, but none of them had said anything about the ocean.

He suggested that they ask the oysters, who knew a good deal about men's habits; and here, indeed, they

had hopes of learning something; for there were so many oysters lying about, surely some of them must have picked up some news. However, just now they all seemed to be asleep, and the crab had to rap very hard with his claws on their shells before he could rouse them.

No one knew what he wanted, however, till he reached a fat oyster in a corner. This oyster, as it happened, had been drawn up in a dredging net the day before, and had slipped over the side of the boat down to his home again. As he had lain in the boat, he had seen a little child, on the sand at the water's edge, stretch out his hands as if talking to the waves.

"It must be the same child," cried the nautilus.

For five minutes the nautilus and the crab looked at each other without speaking.

"I can think of but one place more," said the nautilus, "and that is the coral reef."

"Let us go there, by all means," said the crab.

This was a long walk, up a steep hill, and with many things to stop their way. The sardine school was out for a picnic, and an enormous shark was lying right across their path, so that they had to go ever so far around to pass him. There were a great many troubles besides, so that they were quite out of breath when they reached the coral reef.

It stood like a great temple, strong and steady, reaching far up through the water to the light above, and it was ivory white in the clear shining of the sea.

The crab and the nautilus had hard work sending their message by a sunfish all the way to the top of the reef, where the polyp family were living, but back the messenger came to say that a little child played each day on a sandy beach not far from the reef, and that every evening, just at sunset, he ran down to say good night to the ocean.

You may imagine how happy the nautilus was. She thanked the old crab, and fell to polishing her boat until it shone like mother-of-pearl, so that it would be in readiness.

And that evening the nautilus sailed through the upper seas straight toward the beach near the reef. There, to be sure, as she drew nearer, was the child she had tried so hard to find; but the child's face was turned away, and he seemed to be singing softly to himself.

Then all at once the nautilus felt very shy. When she had sailed up close to the beach, she gave her ship a little push to send it further in. Then she slipped from under it, and dropped down to her home at the bottom of the sea. There she would have to make another boat.

The child, as he turned to walk along the beach, saw something shining on the wet sand. He ran to pick it up. It was a wonderful, beautiful shell, pearly white, with delicate curving lines, and so frail and fair that it seemed as if a breath might hurt it.

"It is a ship!" cried the child; "a ship the fairies have sent me;" and he laughed aloud with delight.

Then he held it up to his ear, and his eyes grew bright with wonder, for deep from the heart of the shell came the voice of the ocean. And the child with the fairy ship in his hands knew that however far he might go, still he would have ever with him something of the murmur and the mystery of the sea.

Abridged.

Mary E. Blakewell.

THE LION AND THE CUB

A lion cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
'Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in everything but ears!
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise;
"Goodness! how natural he brays!"

Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays; the lion starts.

"Puppy! that curs'd vociferation:
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace."
"Why so severe?" the cub replies;
"Our senate always held me wise!"
"How weak is pride," returns the sire:
"All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise."

John Gay, 1685-1732.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

I have known few things in the world more delightful than to meet people who have met and conversed with Sir Walter Scott. It has been my good fortune to make the acquaintance of several persons who were on intimate terms with him. To hear them describe his noble character, imitate the tones of his sympathetic voice, and dwell upon his genius, was indeed something to delight in.

An old Edinburgh friend, the excellent Adam Black, told me that when Scott came stumping along the road with his cane and his dogs, and raised his cheery voice of greeting, it seemed as if his merry laugh cleared the whole air, and Nature herself rejoiced to have him abroad amid her glories. Mr. Black declared him to be the best-humored man that ever lived; a man whose sympathy was always ready, and whose kindness was enduring.

One who knew him well, said that it was impossible to decide whether he had the clearest head or the soundest heart in all Scotland. How they loved him on Tweedside, we may gather from his son-in-law's beautiful anecdote of the poor music-master who offered Scott all his savings when the great novelist fell into money difficulties.

It was something to be remembered to hear Washington Irving discourse of Scott. To the end of his life this charming writer could not speak of his friend without enthusiasm.

"The glorious old minstrel," said Irving, "came limping (for he was very lame) to the gate, took me by the hand, and we were friends in a moment. I cannot express to you my delight as to his character and manners. He was a sterling, golden-hearted old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth, and his deportment toward his family, his neighbors, his domestics, the very dogs and cats, I can never forget; everything that came within his influence seemed to catch a beam of the sunshine which played around his heart.

"He entered into every passing scene and pleasure with the simple enjoyment of a child; nothing seemed too high or remote for the grasp of his mind, and nothing too trivial for the kindness and pleasantry of his spirit."

Sir Walter Scott's boyhood has been most pleasantly described by himself, and is full of interest. At Bath he lived a year to get the benefit of the waters, and it was there he first learned to read at a dame's school. I think his lameness gave him many hours of leisure within doors which he might not have had if his limb had been sound. At any rate, he devoured books at a rapid rate, and early became interested in deeds of chivalry, as the character of his writings clearly indicates.

He read with avidity everything that he could lay his hands upon in the form of history and poetry. When some odd volumes of Shakespeare first fell in his way he read the plays with a kind of rapture, sitting up half-dressed, and rapidly perusing them by the light of a midnight fire when the family had retired to bed.

As Scott grew older, a kind old man who owned a library recommended him to read Ossian and Spenser, and these books excited him to a wonderful degree. All this time he was a scholar in the High School of Edinburgh. Soon he became inspired by the beauties of the natural scenery on the banks of the Tweed and the Teviot, and this early love of the beautiful never deserted him.

After he left college and his father had entered him a student at law, he began to compose romances and stirring ballads, which he repeated with much applause to a knot of cronies, who were never tired of listening to Watty Scott, as they called the young man.

Lame as he was, he was a great walker in those days, and frequently accomplished thirty miles a day in visiting ruins and old battle-fields. Wandering over the field of Bannockburn gave him exquisite pleasure, and he explored many an old castle with James Ramsey, his fellow law apprentice. Sir Walter lamented all his life long that he had not studied more thoroughly the essentials of a good education, and often said he had neglected his school advantages in early youth. But during his school days he certainly learned many things worth knowing.

When Walter was a boy of fifteen, Robert Burns, the famous Scottish poet, came to Edinburgh for a first visit to the capital. Scott was very anxious to meet Burns, he so loved his poetry and so honored the man, and at last his desire was gratified. Burns came to Professor Ferguson's, one day, when Scott and some half-dozen other youngsters were present. An engraving of a dead soldier in the snow, with his dog by his side, and his widow and his child watching near, was handed about among the company. Under the picture were some lines descriptive of the sad scene.

Burns was so affected by the picture that he shed tears, and asked who was the author of the lines. Nobody but Walter Scott remembered, and he whispered the author's name to a friend standing near, who informed Burns. The poet turned and looked kindly at the lad, and Scott remembered that look all his life.

Walter Scott is indeed a literature in himself. His genius throws a luster on the art of story-telling, and renders fiction a boon to the human race. His imagination had a range of eight centuries to unfold itself in, and he roamed through them with a masterful power and beauty. No good reader ever outgrows Sir Walter. Once take him to your heart, and there is no parting

company with him after that. In age he will be just as fresh as he was to you in childhood, and you will never tire of his delightful companionship, or have a misunderstanding with him.

Lockhart, in his description of Sir Walter's last hours at Abbotsford, says: "As I was dressing on the morning of Monday, the 17th of September, 1832, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last stage of feebleness.

"'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man — be virtuous — be religious — be a good man. Nothing else will give you comfort when you come to lie here.' With this he sank into a tranquil sleep. But the contest was soon to be over.

"About half-past one p.m., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day — so warm that every window was wide open — and so still that the sound most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son closed and kissed his eyes."

James T. Fields, 1817-1881.

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

"I'll tell you how the leaves came down,"
The great tree to his children said:
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red."
"Ah!" begged each silly pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."
So, just for one more merry day
To the great tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
But the great tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children all, to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled.
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed!"

Sarah Chauncey Woolsey (Susan Coolidge), 1845-1905.

THE GOLDEN RULE

"With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you. . . . All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them: for this is the law and the prophets."

As I view it, the Golden Rule is the supreme law of life. It may be paraphrased this way: As you do unto others, others will do unto you. What I give, I get. If I love you, really and truly and actively love you, you are as sure to love me in return as the earth is sure to be warmed by the rays of the midsummer sun. If I hate you, illtreat you and abuse you, I am equally certain to arouse the same kind of antagonism towards me, unless the Divine nature is so developed that it is dominant in you, and you have learned to love your enemies. What can be plainer. The Golden Rule is the law of action and reaction in the field of morals, just as definite, just as certain here as the law is definite and certain in the domain of physics. I think the con-

fusion with respect to the Golden Rule arises from the different conceptions that we have of the word love. I use the word love as synonymous with reason, and so when I speak of doing the loving thing, I mean the reasonable thing. When I speak of dealing with my fellowmen in an unreasonable way, I mean an unloving way. The terms are interchangeable absolutely. The reason why we know so little about the Golden Rule is because we have not practiced it.

Samuel Milton Jones, 1846-1904.

THE PESSIMIST

Nothing to do but work, nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes to keep one from going nude.
Nothing to breathe but air, quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off, nowhere to stand but on.
Nothing to comb but hair, nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears, nothing to bury but dead.
Nothing to sing but songs, Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out, no where to come but back.
Nothing to see but sights, nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got; thus thro' life we are
cursed.
Nothing to strike but a gait; everything moves that goes,
Nothing at all but common sense, can ever withstand these
woes.

Ben King.

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE FAIRIES

A shoemaker once became so very poor — not by any fault of his own — that at last he had only just enough leather to make one pair of shoes. So one evening he cut out the shoes from this piece of leather, and laid them in readiness to begin work early the next morning.

In the morning he rose and went to his work, but how surprised he was to find the shoes lying on the table quite finished. In his surprise he knew not what to think. He took the shoes in his hand and examined them, but they were beautifully made — indeed, a masterpiece of workmanship.

The shoemaker placed them in his window, and very soon a customer came in who was so pleased with them that he offered to purchase them at more than the usual price. The shoemaker could, therefore, with this

money buy leather enough to make two pairs of shoes. He prepared the leather in the evening, that he might begin to work next morning early. But he had no need to begin, for on entering the workshop there stood two pairs of shoes beautifully finished. He had no lack of customers now, for two came in and paid such a good price for the two pairs that he had money enough to buy leather for four pairs. This he cut into four pairs of shoes, which he laid ready for work the next morning; but on coming down, there were the shoes quite finished. And so it went on — what he cut out at night was always completed by the morning, till he had nothing to do but buy the leather and cut out shoes. So much money came pouring in that the poor old shoemaker soon became a wealthy tradesman.

Now it happened one evening, not long before Christmas, that after the shoemaker had been cutting out several pairs of shoes, he said: "My dear, I should like to find out who these good creatures are who help us every night. Suppose we sit up and watch?"

Leaving the candle burning, they hid themselves in a corner of the room. As the clock struck twelve; there came into the room two pretty little fairies; and seating themselves on the shoemaker's table, they took up the leather which he had cut out and set to work with such swiftness that the shoemaker became quite bewildered. They did not stop for a moment till all the shoes were completed; then they skipped off the table and vanished.

The next morning the wife said to her husband: "These little men have made us so rich that we ought to do something for them in return for their kindness. I mean to make them little shirts, trousers, waistcoats, and coats; and if you will get a pair of little shoes ready for each of them I will knit some stockings, and then these good little men will be comfortably clothed from head to foot."

"I shall only be too glad to help you," said the husband.

So they set to work busily, and in a very few days the

clothes were quite ready. In the evening they laid their gifts on the table in the workshop, and hid themselves in a corner. At midnight the little men came bounding in, and jumped on the table, expecting to see the leather cut out for them to begin work. But nothing was to be seen except those beautiful little clothes. At first they were much surprised, but soon began to dress themselves in eager haste, and were so delighted that they danced about the room, and at last danced out through the door, and never came back any more.

But after this the shoemaker, who had been kind to those who helped him, prospered in everything he did, and neither he nor his wife ever wanted money again as long as they lived.

Adapted from "Grimm's Fairy Tales."

THE POET'S SONG

The rain had fallen, the poet arose,
He passed by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun
And the waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place
And chanted a melody loud and sweet
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopped as he hunted the fly,
The snake slipped under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak
And stared with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

Alfred Tennyson, 1809-1892.

THE OLD SCRAP BOOK

Mr. Peters, an eccentric old merchant, stuck up a notice in a window of his store — "boy wanted," but the card remained there a great while before he got the boy he was after.

Mr. Peters had a peculiar way of trying boys who applied. There was a huge long box in the attic, full of old nails and screws, and miscellaneous bits of rusty

hardware, and when a new boy came, the old gentleman presently found occasion to send him up there to set the box to rights. All pottered over it more or less, but soon gave it up in disgust, and reported that there was nothing in the box worth saving.

At last Crawford Mills was hired. He knew none of the other boys, and so did his errands in blissful ignorance of the "long box" until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent to put it in order. The morning passed, dinner-time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called him. "Got through?"

"No, sir; there is ever so much more to do."

"All right; it is dinner-time now; you may go back to it after dinner."

After dinner back he went. All the short afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him again, he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said, "and down at the very bottom of the box I found this." "This" was a five-dollar gold piece, which Crawford handed to Mr. Peters.

"That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters; "it's good you found it. Well, sir, I suppose you will be on hand to-morrow morning?" This he said putting the gold piece into his pocketbook.

After Crawford had said good night and gone, Mr. Peters took the lantern and went slowly up the attic stairs. There was the long deep box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had gathered.

Crawford had evidently been to the bottom of it; he had fitted in pieces of shingle to make compartments, and in the different tills he had placed the articles, with bits of shingle laid on top, labeled thus: "Good screws," "Pretty good nails," "Picture nails," "Small keys, somewhat bent," "Picture hooks," "Pieces of iron;" and so on through the long box.

In perfect order the box was, at last, and very little that could really be called useful was to be found within it. Mr. Peters, as he read the labels, laughed

and said, "If I am not mistaken, I have found a boy, and he has found a place."

Sure enough, the sign disappeared from the window, and was seen no more. Crawford became errand-boy to the well-known firm of Peters & Co. He had a little room neatly fitted up next to the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the foot of the bed hung a motto which Mr. Peters gave him.

"It tells your fortune for you; don't forget it," Mr. Peters said when he handed it to Crawford; and the boy laughed and read it curiously: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

All this happened ten or twelve years ago. Crawford Mills is an errand-boy no more, but the firm is now Peters, Mills, & Co.

From "The Pansy."

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

Tritemius of Herbipolis, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from without a miserable voice, . . .
Thereat the Abbot paused; the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry;
And, looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with grey hair a-flow,
And withered hands held up to him, who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, "For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save —
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis!" — "What I can
I give," Tritemius said: "my prayers." — "O man
Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold,
"Mock me not thus; I ask not prayers, but gold.
Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice;
Even while I speak perchance my first-born dies."

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door
None go unfed; hence are we always poor,
A single soldo is our only store.
Thou hast our prayers; — what can we give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix.
God well may spare them on His errands sped,
Or He can give you golden ones instead."

Then spake Tritemius, "Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon His altar piled!)
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He placed within the beggar's eager palms;
And as she vanished down the linden shade
He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.
So the day passed, and when the twilight came
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

TO A REDBREAST

Little bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee or me;
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee,
Well rewarded if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye;
See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill,
Come, my feathered friend, again,
Well thou know'st the broken pane.

John Langhorne, 1735-1779.

KING JOHN AND THE KNIGHT

Two kings were fiercely contending for the crown of Spain. I do not remember their names, but to make the story simple, let us call one Alfonso and the other John. Of course John declared that Alfonso was a traitor, and Alfonso said that John was a rebel and must be put down. At last, in a great battle, John

overthrew his rival and made himself master of the country. But one strong town true to Alfonso still held out, and although John besieged it with all his army, he could not take it.

"You have done enough for honor," said King John one day to the knight, who commanded the city. "Come, open the gates of the town to my army, and I promise that you shall not suffer."

"If you had read the history of our country," answered he, "you would have learned that no man of my family ever surrenders."

"Then I will starve you where you are!"

"Starve the eagle if you can," said the knight.

"I will put you and your town to the sword."

"Try it," was the reply, and the siege went on.

One morning, as the rising sun was beginning to gild with its rays the highest towers of the city, a trumpet sounded in the camp of the enemy. It was the signal for a parley. The old knight soon appeared on the wall and looked down on the king.

"Surrender," said King John again. "My rival Alfonso is dead, and our dispute is ended."

"Sir," said the knight, "I believe that you speak the truth, but I must see my dead master."

"Go, then, to Seville, where his body lies," said the king. "You have my word that no harm shall befall you."

The knight came out with banners flying and an escort of half-starved warriors. As he rode slowly along, the soldiers who knew of his courage and his many brave deeds, greeted him with loud shouts and gazed after him until the red plume above his helmet had disappeared in the distance.

As soon as he reached Seville, he went straight to the great church where he was told the body of his master was still lying in its open coffin. Gazing awhile with tearful eyes at the pale face which met his look, he thus spoke to the dead Alfonso: "Sir, I promised never to surrender to any one but yourself the keys of the town which you intrusted to my care, Here they are. I

have kept my promise." With that, he laid the keys on the breast of his master, and, mounting his steed, he galloped back to his post.

"Well," said the king, "are you satisfied, and are you willing to give up?"

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"But where are the keys of the town?"

"I have delivered them to my master, King Alfonso, and of him you may get them. Now I ride on, and we shall meet no more."

"Not so," said the king. "You shall hold the town for me and be its governor in my name."

The followers of the king murmured, and complained at his thus rewarding a rebel. "He is no longer a rebel," said King John; "such men when won, become the best of subjects."

Abridged.

Charles E. A. Gayarré, 1805-1895.

SCYTHE SONG

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the Scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?
Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush — 'tis the lullaby Time is singing —
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

Andrew Lang, 1844-1912.

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY

Daffydowndilly was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home,

and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. . . .

The whole day long, this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the schoolroom with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who were behindhand with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil. . . .

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world. . . . But he had gone only a short distance when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very ingenuous disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil; and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of." . . .

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work mowing

down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. . . . Daffydowndilly thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal schoolroom, learning lessons all day long. But, in the midst of these thoughts . . . he started back.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him amongst the hay-makers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field. . . . Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must have been just entering his schoolroom.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the most disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travelers had gone but little farther, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, . . . and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broad-axe, a saw, a plane, and a hammer and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But, just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright.

"Make haste. Quick, quick!" cried he. "There he is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive."

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger; and he saw an elderly man. . . . This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent. . . .

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little farther, . . . and soon met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he was only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great dismay; for this voice sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom. . . . And, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand. . . .

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil, . . . but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life." . . .

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly, "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by and by, they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls were dancing to the sound of a fiddle.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here."

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life! . . .

"Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale, "it seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world."

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who is a fiddler. His real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil.

"Oh, take me back! — take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse!"

"Yonder it is — there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. . . .

And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

Adapted.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1804-1864.

THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS

They were two Princes doomed to death;
Each loved his beauty and his breath:
"Leave us our life and we will bring
Fair gifts unto our lord, the King."

They went together. In the dew
A charmed bird before them flew.
Through sun and thorn one followed it;
Upon the other's arm it lit.

A rose, whose faintest flush was worth
All buds that ever blew on earth,
One climbed the rocks to reach; ah, well,
Into the other's breast it fell.

Weird jewels, such as fairies wear,
When moons go out, to light their hair,
One tried to touch on ghostly ground;
Gems of quick fire the other found.

One with the dragon fought to gain
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain;
The other breathed the garden's air
And gathered precious apples there.

Backward to the imperial gate
One took his fortune, one his fate:
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands,
The other, torn and empty hands.

At bird, and rose, and gem, and fruit,
The King was sad, the King was mute;

At last he slowly said: "My son,
True treasure is not lightly won.

"Your brother's hands, wherein you see
Only these scars, show more to me
Than if a kingdom's price I found
In place of each forgotten wound."

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

PARABLE OF LIFE

One day, when the birds had sung themselves quite weary, a long pause ensued, broken at last by a philosophical chaffinch, in these words, "What is life?"

They were all rather startled at the interruption, but a little warbler answered at once, "Life is a song."

"No, it is a struggle in darkness," said a mole who had just succeeded in getting his head above the ground.

"I think it is a development," said a wild rose-bud, as she unfolded her petals one by one to the delight of a butterfly, who came to kiss her, and exclaimed, "Life is all enjoyment!"

"Call it rather a short summer's day," hummed a little fly as it passed by.

"I cannot see anything but hard work," was the lamentation of a small ant, as she struggled on with a straw ever so much too big for her.

The magpie only laughed to cover his own poverty of thought.

The general indignation at such levity might easily have produced a quarrel, had not at that moment the rain begun to fall, whispering sadly, "Life is made up of tears."

"You are all mistaken," called out the eagle as he sailed through the air on his majestic wings; "Life is freedom and strength."

Meanwhile it had grown dark, and a practically-minded bullfinch proposed that they should all go to rest. And the night-wind rustled softly through the branches, "Life is a dream."

Silence lay over town and country, and dawn was

near, when the scholar in his lonely room extinguished his lamp and sighed, "Life is but a school."

And the youth returning from a night of revelry moaned in his heart, "Life is one long desire ever unfulfilled."

"It is an eternal mystery," whispered fitfully the new-born morning breeze.

Then suddenly a rosy light spread over the horizon, and singed with its glow the tops of the forest trees as it rose in the sky. And as the morning kissed the awakening earth, a mighty harmony rang through the world, "Life is a Beginning."

Not known.

WHIPPOORWILL SONG

Let down the bars; drive in the cows;
The west is barred with burning rose.
Unhitch the horses from the plows,
And from the cart the ox that lows,
And light the lamp within the house:

The whippoorwill is calling,
"Whippoorwill, whippoorwill,"
Where the locust blooms are falling
On the hill!

The sunset's rose is dying,
And the whippoorwill is crying,
"Whippoorwill, whippoorwill,"
Soft, now shrill,
The whippoorwill is crying
"Whippoorwill."

Madison J. Cawein.

LITTLE GARAIINE

"Where do the stars grow, little Garaine?
The garden of moons is it far away?
The orchard of suns, my little Garaine,
Will you take us there some day?"

"If you shut your eyes," quoth little Garaine,
"I will show you the way to go
To the orchard of suns and the garden of moons
And the field where the stars do grow."

"But you must speak soft," quoth little Garaine,
"And still must your footsteps be,
For a great bear prowls in the field of stars,
And the moons they have men to see."

"And the suns have the Children of Signs to guard,
And they have no pity at all —
You must not stumble, you must not speak,
When you come to the orchard wall.
"The gates are locked," quoth little Garaine,
"But the way I am going to tell!
The key of your heart it will open them all
And there's where the darlings dwell!"

Sir Gilbert Parker.

THE TREE

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed;
And when the autumn winds have stripped thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through thy leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam when most we need their love.

Jones Very, 1813-1880.

A BRAVE NEWSPAPER BOY

During the year 1909, the docks at Newport, in South Wales, were being made much larger. In the course of the work a long trench was dug, fifty feet deep, and over thirty feet wide.

As this immense hole was being dug, care was taken to shield from danger the men who were at work. The sides and ends were lined with stout pieces of timber, and everything seemed safe.

But suddenly, when the men were about to leave work one evening, the sides of this huge pit fell in, and between thirty and forty men were buried beneath fallen earth, beams of timber, and overturned cranes and wagons.

Willing hands were soon at work, trying to release the sufferers. But so huge was the mass of earth and timber which had to be removed, that progress was slow. The work, however, went steadily forward, and several of the injured men were set free.

About half-past one in the morning, the rescuers heard cries for help. The voice came from an enclosed space that the timbers had formed in falling. It was thirty feet down, and the spaces between the beams were too narrow for the men to pass through.

They lowered some refreshments; but when the cord was drawn up again, it was seen that the liquids had not been touched. It was plain that the poor sufferer was in such a position that he could not use his hands.

An effort must be made to reach him. One man after another tried to work his way down, but all were too stout. "We must have a small man!" shouted the foreman. At once there stepped forward a newspaper boy named Tom Lewis. "Let me try," he said. "I am not afraid."

The brave boy's offer was accepted, and foot by foot he made his way down through the timbers. When he got near the bottom, he found that the poor sufferer was held fast by his hands and feet. Calling to the men above, the boy was quickly supplied with a saw, a hammer, a chisel, and a number of candles.

Lighting the candles, he was soon hard at work trying to set the poor man free. It was a difficult task that he had undertaken. He had to work lying at full length, with his head and hands below his body. There might be another fall of earth at any time; every moment might be his last. But the noble boy worked steadily on, and after much hard labour set free the prisoner's hands.

Then he turned to the other half of his task. But ere he could complete it, the men at the top shouted to him to return. The sand above was shifting, and to remain longer meant running a great risk for no purpose. Spent and weary, the brave lad made his way to the surface, and threw himself down, almost unable to move. But his labour had not been in vain. With the tools left behind, the imprisoned man was able to free his feet, and an hour later, he, too, found his way to the top in safety.

Some months afterwards, the brave boy was sent for by the king, who with his own hands pinned on the young hero's breast the Albert Medal. This medal, so named after the husband of Queen Victoria, is given for brave deeds done elsewhere than on the field of battle.

Not only was the young newspaper boy rewarded by the king, but the firm of engineers who were building the docks took him into their employ, to train him as an engineer, and we may well believe that the world has not heard the last of Tom Lewis.

Not known.

TO A BUTTERFLY

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time, when in our childish plays,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey; with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush;
But she, God love her, feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

William Wordsworth, 1770-1850.

SCENE FROM ALFRED THE GREAT

[Enter Oddune and Oswald, meeting.]

Oddune. No sign of Alfred?

Oswald. None! Our scouts have all
Returned disheartened with their fruitless search.

Od. Where can he linger, with so fair a welcome
Impatient waiting him, as he would meet
From yonder gallant bands? The spirits now
That tear their crests on high, from this delay,
To lead them on to action, will anon
Begin to droop — perchance, may quite subside.

Osw. How many do we muster?

Od. By the last
Return, six thousand men.

Osw. The field shows fair!

Od. Fair cause — fair field! Who'd e'er expect so soon
To see the armor burnished up again
They cast aside for good! A pity 'twere
What shows such thrift should not be turned to use,
But, bootless, thrown away! They will not fight
Unless the king commands them!

Osw.

See, my lord!

What movement's that?

Od.

Here's one will tell us.

Edgar (entering).

Be

Prepared, my lord. The soldiers clamor for
The king, and doubts are spreading through the ranks;
You humor them — he will not come to lead them.
Their chiefs conduct them hither, from your own lips
Assurance to receive, and fair encouragement.

[Enter Egbert, Kenrick, Arthur, Chief and Soldiers.]

Eg. Now, Kenrick, speak! Say what the soldiers want.

Od. Well, gallant friends! Is England to be free?

Shall we change places with our conquerors,
Or still endure the yoke?

Ken.

We want the king!

Let him appear, we cannot meet the foe
Too soon!

Od. As surely shall you see him, as

You long to see the foe!

Ken.

But when, my lord?

'Tis that we'd know! When was the king the last
Upon the field? Has he not ever, on
The eve of battle, earlier than his chiefs,
Been out — with looks of ardor heartening us? —
Our morning sun, that never clouded rose —
Enduing us with life and vigor new!
At most we muster bare six thousand men
To meet the Danish host! The king among us
Would make our numbers triple! Show us the king.
The only waving of his plume in battle
Were worth a hundred spears in hands as bold
As ever brandished weapon.

Od.

What, and if

Indeed he should not come? Ought you to feel
Your tyrants' feet upon your necks the less?
Your king is present in his cause! Be that
Your king!

[Alfred enters, still disguised.]

Whoever leads you, meet the Dane!

I speak not, friends, because I'm next in place!
I care not for myself! Point out my post;
The van, the rear; I'll be content to take
My stand beside the man of meanest note
Among you! Make your minstrel without helm,
Or sword your leader, I will follow him!
So that I fight, I care not in what rank!
Let him who makes the absence of his king,
Plea to desert his country and his king,
Fall off! So Heaven sustain me in the cause,

Although our Alfred's presence now would add
 Ten thousand richer lives to mine; yet say
 He should not come, this faithful sword I draw;
 I will not sheathe till it has struck a blow
 For liberty!

Eg. I second you, brave Oddune.

Osw. And so do I.

Od. And so will every man,
 Unless there be among the people one
 That does not love his king!

Ken. No, Oddune, no!
 The people live but for their king!

Alfred (discovering himself). The king
 Lives only for his people! Oh, my people!
 You are the drops of blood that make your king!
 And do I see you once again in arms!

[Bursts into tears. The soldiers also seem affected.]
 O, friends! Why draw your hands across your eyes,
 If mine should be ashamed of what they do?
 We've met again, my friends! Who is the foe
 Shall sunder us again? O England! England!
 Too fair — too richly gifted — not to tempt
 The spoiler — well that thou hast sons, too true,
 To leave thee to his raven! Thou'lt be free
 Till thou art childless! Think not, gallant friends,
 An hour I've squandered that was due to you
 And to our common country! I have seen
 The Danish camp!

Od. Their camp, my liege!

Alf. Have stood
 In Guthrum's very presence! That disguise
 Will tell thee how. They'd fall an easy prey
 To half our numbers! Friends! a royal stake
 I've laid upon your heads, that you will win
 The day!

Od. What was't, my liege?

Alf. Your prince and queen!
 They're in the spoiler's power. I might, indeed,
 Have ransomed them, but what he asked, your king
 Could not afford to pay. What was't, my liege?

Od.

Alf. My people, Oddune!

Eg. In the spoiler's power
 Our prince and queen! What wait we for?

Od. For nothing,
 But the king's word to move upon the foe!

Alf. Upon him, then! Now think you on the things
 You most do love! Husbands and fathers on

Their wives and children — lovers upon their mistresses —
And all upon their country!

O, now be men or never! From your hearths
Thrust the unbidden feet, that from their nooks
Your aged fathers drove — your wives and babes!
The couches your fair-handed daughters used
To spread, let not the vaunting stranger press,
Weary from spoiling you! Your roofs that hear
The wanton riot of the intruding guest
That mocks their masters — clear them for the sake
Of manhood, to which all that's precious clings,
Else perishes. The land that bore you — oh!
Do honor to her! Let her glory in
Your breeding! Rescue her! Revenge her, or
Ne'er call her mother more! Come on, my friends!
And where you take your stand upon the field,
Thence, howsoever you advance, resolve
A foot you'll ne'er recede; while from the tongues
Of womanhood and childhood, helplessness
Invokes you to be strong! Come on! Come on!
I'll bring you to the foe! And when you meet him,
Strike hard! Strike home! Strike while a blow
Is in an arm! Strike till you're free, or fall!

Sheridan Knowles.

WHAT MAY SAID TO DECEMBER

Old December in his dotage
Tottered down the hill one day,
Stopped at Widow Worldly's cottage —
Stopped to talk to little May.
May was busy in the dairy,
Old December said, "Good day,"
Thought she looked just like a fairy
Told her not to run away.
"Prithee, dear, do you remember
What I said last Christmas Day?"
But May laughed at old December,
Said she'd taken it in play:

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Said she'd taken it in play,
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Laughed the merry little May.

"Nay, I meant each word I uttered
That day 'neath the mistletoe."
"Do you like your parsnips buttered?"
Little May asked, laughing low.

"Child, I wish that for one moment
 You would try to serious be,
 For I've spoken to your mother
 And she tells me you are free.
 But, my dear, you have one lover —"
 (Here he dropped on gouty knee,
 Nearly knocked the milk-pail over!)
 "Do not laugh, dear — I am he!"

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
 "Do not laugh, dear — I am he."
 Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
 "Are you really — He! He! He!"

"Of my wealth you'll be partaker,
 I can't spend it all myself,
 Gold have I, and many an acre —"
 "Please, sir, put this on the shelf."
 "Child, my wishes are your mother's,
 She has told me so herself,
 She prefers me to all others,
 Think of her, you thoughtless elf."
 "That I will," said May, "for really
 I don't care for lands or pelf,
 And as mother loves you dearly
 She may marry you herself."

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
 "She may marry you herself,"
 Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Mark Ambient.

LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
 Out of the hospital walls as dire,
 Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene
 (Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen!),
 Spectre! such as you seldom see,
 Little Giffen of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said;
 Little the doctor can help the dead!
 So we took him; and brought him where
 The balm was sweet in the summer air;
 And we laid him down on a wholesome bed —
 Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath, —
 Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.

Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't. Nay, more, in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write,
"Dear mother," at first, of course, and then
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say,
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear — his first — as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight;
But none of Giffen. He did not write.

I sometimes fancy, that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen" of Tennessee.

Francis O. Ticknor.

THE FELLOW WHO FIGHTS ALONE

The fellow who fights the fight alone,
With never a word of cheer,
With never a friend his help to lend,
With never a comrade near,
'Tis he has need of a stalwart hand
And a heart not given to moan,
He struggles for life, and more than life —
The fellow who fights alone!

The fellow who fights the fight alone,
With never a father's smile,
With never a mother's kindly tone
His sorrowful hours to guile,
Who joins the fray at the dawn of day,
And battles till light is flown,
Must needs be strong, for the fight is long,
The fellow who fights alone!

Ah, bitter enough the combat is,
With every help at hand,

With friends at need to bid God-speed,
With spirits that understand,
But fiercer far is the fight to one
Who struggles along unknown —
Ah, brave and grim is the heart of him,
The fellow who fights alone!

God bless the fellow who fights alone,
And arm his soul with strength,
Till safely out of the battle rout
He conquering comes at length,
Till far and near into every ear
The fame of his fight is blown,
Till friend and foe in the victor know
The fellow who fights alone!

By special permission of the author.

Denis A. McCarthy.

THE NORTHERN SEAS

Up! up! let us a voyage take;
Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the northern seas.

I long to see the Northern Lights,
With their rushing splendors, fly,
Like living things, with flaming wings,
Wide o'er the wondrous sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crowned with snow,
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,
Two hundred fathoms low.

I long to hear the thundering crash
Of their terrific fall;
And the echoes from a thousand cliffs,
Like lonely voices call.

There we shall see the fierce white bear,
The sleepy seals aground,
And the spouting whales that to and fro
Sail with a dreary sound.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
Where wolves and black bears prowl,
And away to the rocky isles of mist
To rouse the northern fowl.

And there, in the wastes of the silent sky,
With the silent earth below,
We shall see far off to his lonely rock
The lonely eagle go.

Then softly, softly we will tread
By island streams, to see
Where the pelican of the silent North
Sits there all silently.

Wm. Howitt.

THE EAGLE AND THE MAN

A man caught an eagle in a snare. He cut his wings close, and kept him chained to a stump in the yard. A kind-hearted fowler seeing the melancholy-looking bird, took pity on him and bought him. He was now well treated and his wings were allowed to grow. When they had grown again sufficiently for him to fly, the fowler gave him his liberty. The first thing the bird caught was a fine hare, which he brought and gratefully laid at the feet of his benefactor. A fox looking on, said that he would have done better to try to make friends with the first man who had caught him, and who might perhaps catch him yet again, rather than with the second, from whom he had nothing to fear. "Your advice will do very well for a fox," replied the Eagle; "but it is my nature to serve those who have been kind to me, and to let those who choose, be governed by fear."

THE CHEERY CALL

I see you, on the zigzag rails,
You cheery little fellow!
While purple leaves are whirling down,
And scarlet, brown, and yellow.
I hear you when the air is full
Of snow-down of the thistle;
All in your speckled jacket trim,
"Bob White! Bob White!" you whistle.

Tall amber sheaves, in rustling rows,
Are nodding there to greet you;
I know that you are out for play—
How I should like to meet you!

Though blithe of voice, so shy you are,
In this delightful weather;
What splendid playmates you and I,
"Bob White," would make together!
There, you are gone! but far away
I hear your whistle falling.
Ah! may be it is hide-and-seek,
And that's why you are calling.
Along those hazy uplands wide
We'd be such merry rangers;
What! silent now, and hidden too!
"Bob White," don't let's be strangers.
Perhaps you teach your brood the game,
In yonder rainbowed thicket,
While winds are playing with the leaves,
And softly creaks the cricket.
"Bob White! Bob White!" — again I hear
That blithely whistled chorus;
Why should we not companions be?
One Father watches o'er us!

George Cooper.

IN TOWN

Oh, the honeyed breath of heather! Oh, the scent of gorse in bloom!
On the green and sunny uplands by the sea!
The soft wind bears their fragrance through the city's heat and gloom,
And my heart — my heart — is aching to be free.
How I long to wade knee-deep in the cool and pleasant grass
When the happy lark soars up to greet the day,
And the humble daisies curtsy as caressing breezes pass
O'er the fields about the old home far away!
I wonder — oh! I wonder — if the rose still climbs the thatch?
Are the window-ledges gay with flowering musk?
Does my mother ever listen, with her hand upon the latch,
For a footstep coming homeward in the dusk?
If I might but say good-bye to the clamour and the din!
If some bird would lend me wings but for an hour,
Just to reach that quaint, low doorway where the sunlight filters in
Through a screen of yellow jasmine thick with flower!
Oh, the purple of the heather! Oh, the gold of gorse in bloom
On the bright and breezy uplands by the sea!
Kind memory paints their picture in this close and narrow room,
And to think — to think — how far they are from me!

E. Matheson.

THE BELL OF ATRI

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may," —

The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation that whenever wrong
Was done to any man he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unraveled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one who noted this in passing by
Mended the rope with braids of bryony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A Knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved his hounds and horses and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts; —
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.
He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?

Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market place,
Where the great bell upon its crossbeams swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song,
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"
But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of bryony. . . .
Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five and twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?

"He who serves well and speaks not merits more
 Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
 Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
 Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
 To comfort his old age, and to provide
 Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
 Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
 The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
 And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
 Church bells at best but ring us to the door,
 But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:
 It cometh into court and pleads the cause
 Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
 And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
 The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882.

I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW

Is this the world of world-sick souls
 That vainly ask a sign?
 See, emeralds deck all boughs and boles,
 And stars in woodlands shine.

In every bush there sings a bird.
 Oh, listen what they sing!
 For human language cannot word
 The Apocalypse of Spring.

From "Sursum Corda."

F. W. Bourdillon.

THE FISHER BOY

The Fisher Boy lightly leaps to his boat,
 For he loves the sea right well;
 The gulls scream loud, but the wind blows soft,
 And the blue waves gently swell.

The Fisher Boy laughs as he grasps his oar,
 And he sings as he rows along;
 For the sunset glows, and the sky is clear,
 And he knows that his boat is strong.

The fishing boats swiftly shoot through the bay,
 And they steer for the open sea;
 The fleet parts wide, and the nets are cast,
 And the stars blink hazily.

The Fisher Boy happily smiles as the crew
 Haul aboard the glittering heap,
 And the boat sinks lower, and lower yet,
 With the harvest of the deep.

The Fisher Boy keenly marks in the night
Each changing mood and sound;
Now the gulls screech louder, and the winds blow fierce,
And the dark waves surge around.

But the Fisher Boy fears no danger then
On the ocean broad and free;
For the boat is strong, and the harbour near,
And Fisher Boy loves the sea.

THE HAIRY WOODPECKER

Do you say the birds are gone, the leaves have fallen, the bare branches rattle, rains have blackened the tree trunks? What does the woodpecker care? All this makes him rejoice! The merry chickadee hears his shrill call above the moaning of the wind and the rattling of the branches. . . .

If he could speak! The children would gather about him for tales of the wood sprites; the student of trees would learn facts and figures enough to store a book; and the mechanic! Just watch the dexterous bird as he works!

A master of his trade, he has various methods. One day in September he flew past me with a loud scream, and when I came up to him was hard at excavating. His claws were fast in the bark on the edge of the hole and he seemed to be half clinging to it, half lying against it. His stiff tail quills helped to brace him against the tree, and he drilled straight down, making the bark fly with his rapid strokes. When the hole did not clear itself with his blows, he would give a quick scrape with his bill and drill away again. Suddenly he stopped, picked up something, and flew up on a branch with it. He had found what he was after. And what a relish it proved! I could almost see him holding it on his tongue.

Another day in November he had to work harder for his breakfast, and perhaps it was fortunate. . . . The snow that had fallen made it rather cold standing still, and I would have been glad to do part of Mr. Hairy's work myself. But he needed no help. He marched

up the side of the stub, tapping as he went, and when his bill gave back the sound for which he had been listening, he began work without ado. This bark must have been harder or thicker than the other, for instead of boring straight through, he loosened it by drilling, first from one side and then from the other. When he could not get it off in this way, he went above, and below, to try to start it, so that, before he found his worm he had stripped off pieces of bark several inches long and fully two across. He was so engrossed that I came to the very foot of the stub without disturbing him.

Once I was attracted by the cries of a hairy, and creeping up discovered a mother feeding her half-grown baby. She flew off when she saw me, probably warning the little fellow to keep still, for he stayed where she left him for five or ten minutes as if pinioned to the branch, crouching close, and hardly daring to stir even his hand. Then, as she did not come back, and he saw no reason to be afraid of me, he flew off independently to another limb, and marched up the side arching his neck and bowing his head as much as to say, "Just see how well I walk!"

From "Birds through an Opera Glass."

Florence A. Merriam.

ROMANCE

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
Her deck of ivory;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,
The sea was sparkling white,
The waves all clapped their hands and sang
To see so fair a sight.
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,
And stood upon the deck;
In velvet coat, and ruffles white,
Without a spot or speck;
And diamond rings, and triple strings
Of pearls around his neck.

And four-and-twenty sailors
Were round him bowing low;
On every jacket three times three
Gold buttons in a row;
And cutlasses down to their knees;
They made a goodly show.
And then the ship went sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea;
She dived beyond the setting sun,
But never back came she,
For she found the lands of the golden sands,
Where the pearls and diamonds be.

Gabriel Setoun.

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS

Some years ago a little girl discovered that her birthday, occurring on Christmas Day, received no special attention from her friends. Upon expressing regret over this fact she received word from a friend that he would give her his birthday, which occurred in November, the thirteenth day. This friend was Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote the book so greatly loved by young and old — “A Child’s Garden of Verse.” Stevenson deeded to the little girl, in the form of a will, his birthday, asking in return that she add part of his name to her own. At the time, he was living on an island in the Pacific Ocean. He sent the deed to her but it was many months before he received a reply. Her letter was evidently very pleasing to him. This is what he wrote:

Vailima, Samoa, November, 1891.

“My dear Louisa, — Your picture of the church, the photograph of yourself and your sister, and your very witty and pleasing letter, came all in a bundle, and made me feel I had my money’s worth for that birthday. I am now, I must be, one of your nearest relatives; exactly what we are to each other I do not know. I doubt if the case has ever happened before — your papa ought to know, and I don’t believe he does; but I think I ought to call you in the meanwhile, and until we get the advice of counsel learned in the law, my name-daughter. Well, I was extremely pleased to see by the church that my name-daughter could draw; by the

letter, that she was no fool; and by the photograph, that she was a pretty girl, which hurts nothing. See how virtues are rewarded! My first idea of adopting you was entirely charitable; and here I find that I am quite proud of it, and of you, and that I chose just the kind of name-daughter I wanted. For I can draw too, or rather I mean to say I could before I forgot how; and I am very far from being a fool myself, however much I may look it; and I am as beautiful as the day, or at least I once hoped that perhaps I might be going to be. And so I might. So that you see we are well met, and peers on these important points. I am very glad also that you are older than your sister. So should I have been, if I had had one. So that the number of points and virtues which you have inherited from your name-father is already quite surprising.

You are quite wrong as to the effect of the birthday on your age. From the moment the deed was registered (as it was in the public press with every solemnity) the 13th of November became your own and only birthday, and you cease to have been born on Christmas Day. You are thus become a month and twelve days younger than you were, but will go on growing older for the future in the regular and human manner, from one 13th November to the next.

The effect on me is more doubtful; I may, as you suggest, live forever; I might, on the other hand, come to pieces like the one-horse shay at a moment's notice; doubtless the step was risky, but I do not the least regret that which enables me to sign myself your reverend and delighted name-father,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Richard Henry Lee (aged nine) to George Washington.

"Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures he got them in Alexandria they have pictures of dogs and cats and tigers and elephants and ever so many pretty things cousin bids me send you one of them it has a picture of an elephant and a little Indian boy on his back

like uncle jo's sam pa says if I learn my tasks good he will let uncle jo bring me to see you will you ask your ma to let you come to see me.

RICHARD HENRY LEE.

George Washington's Reply

Dear Dickey:

I thank you very much for the pretty picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it; and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you, and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony, Hero if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry.

G. W's compliments to R. H. L.,
And likes his book full well
Henceforth will count him his friend,
And hopes many happy days he may spend.

Your good friend

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

I am going to get a whip top soon, and you may see it and whip it.

TROUBLE IN THE TREES

The birds had a meeting, —
The owl was the judge;
But a jay came along
And said 'twas all fudge.

With a quill in his ear
The shore-lark was clerk;
The wren was a witness,
And how she did perk!

The king-bird was sheriff
And brought in the shrike,
When a goldfinch could scarcely
Conceal her dislike,

What talking and squawking,
 What whetting of bills!
 What ruffling of feathers,
 What bristling of quills!

Till a fox heard the chatter
 And pounced on the jay
 When swallows and sparrows
 And all flew away!

Charles Augustus Keeler.

THE RHODORA

In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
 The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
 Made the black water with their beauty gay;
 Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool
 And court the flower that cheapens his array.
 Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
 This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
 Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
 Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
 Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
 I never thought to ask, I never knew:
 But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
 The selfsame Power that brought me here brought you.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882.

TO AN INSECT

I love to hear thine earnest voice,
 Wherever thou art hid,
 Thou testy little dogmatist,
 Thou pretty Katydid!
 Thou mindest me of gentlefolks, —
 Old gentlefolks are they, —
 Thou say'st an undisputed thing
 In such a solemn way.
 Thou art a female, Katydid!
 I know it by the trill
 That quivers through thy piercing notes,
 So petulant and shrill;
 I think there is a knot of you
 Beneath the hollow tree, —
 A knot of spinster Katydids, —
 Do Katydids drink tea?

Oh, tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked, too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
My fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
So often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of black,
Or wet their eyes of blue, —
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
What did poor Katy do?

Ah, no! the living oak shall crash,
That stood for ages still,
The rock shall rend its mossy base
And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katydid
Shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid
Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race!
And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings
Beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice,
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall hear what Katy did.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809-1894.

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS

I marked them yesternorn,
A flock of finches darting
Beneath the crystal arch,
Piping, as they flew, a march, —
Belike the one they used in parting
Last year from yon oak or larch;
Dusky sparrows in a crowd,
Diving, darting northward free,
Suddenly betook them all,
Every one to his hole in the wall,
Or to his niche in the apple-tree.

I greet with joy the choral trains
 Fresh from palms and Cuba's canes.
 Best gems of Nature's cabinet,
 With dews of tropic morning wet,
 Beloved of children, bards and Spring,
 O birds, your perfect virtues bring,
 Your song, your forms, your rhythmic flight,
 Your manners for the heart's delight;
 Nestle in hedge, or barn, or roof,
 Here weave your chamber weather-proof.

Forgive our harms, and condescend
 To man, as to a lubber friend,
 And, generous, teach his awkward race
 Courage and probity and grace!

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882.

THE THROSTLE

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
 I know it, I know it, I know it.
 Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
 Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue,
 Last year you sang it as gladly.
 "New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
 That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
 Never a prophet so crazy!
 And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
 See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
 O warble unchidden, unbidden!
 Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
 And all the winters are hidden.

Alfred Tennyson, 1809-1892.

WHO LOVES THE TREES BEST?

Who loves the trees best? "I," said the Spring,
 "Their leaves so beautiful to them I bring."
 Who loves the trees best? "I," Summer said,
 "I give them blossoms, white, yellow, red."
 Who loves the trees best? "I," said the Fall,
 "I give luscious fruits, bright tints to all."
 Who loves the trees best? "I love them best,"
 Harsh Winter answered, "I give them rest."

Alice May Douglas.

THE MOUNTAINS

I saw the mountains stand,
Silent, wonderful, and grand,
Looking out across the land
When the golden light was falling
On distant dome and spire.
And I heard a low voice calling
"Come up higher, come up higher.
"From the lowland and the mire,
From the mist of earth desire,
From the vain pursuit of self,
From the attitude of self,
Come up higher, come up higher.
"Think not that we are cold,
Though eternal snows have crowned us;
Underneath our breasts of snow,
Silver fountains sing and flow,
And restore the hungry lands."

James Gowdy Clark.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

Behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood by the highway side.

So I saw in my dream that he made haste and went forward that, if possible, he might get lodging there. Now before he had gone far he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off the Porter's lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the danger that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid and thought nothing but death was before him.

But the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt, as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, "Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none. Keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee."

Then I saw that he went on trembling for fear of the lions; but taking good heed to the directions of the porter, he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate where the porter was. Then said Christian to the porter, "Sir, what house is this? And may I lodge here to-night?"

The porter answered, "This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and he built it for the relief and security of pilgrims." This porter also asked whence he was? and whither he was going? "I am come from the city of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion; but, because the sun is now set, I desire, if I may, to lodge here to-night." . . .

"Well," said the porter, "I will call out one of the virgins of this place who will, if she like your talk, bring you in to the rest of the family according to the rules of the house."

So Watchful, the porter, rang a bell, at the sound of which came out at the door of the house a grave and beautiful damsel, named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

The porter answered, "This man is on a journey from the city of Destruction to Mount Zion; but being weary and benighted he asked me if he might lodge here to-night: so I told him I would call for thee, who, after discourse had with him, mayest do as seemeth thee good, even according to the law of the house."

Then she asked him whence he was, and whither he was going, and he told her. She asked him also how he got into the way, and he told her. Then she asked him what he had seen and met with in the way, and he told her. And at last she asked his name. So he said, "It is Christian: and I have so much the more a desire to lodge here to-night, because, by what I perceive, this place was built by the Lord of the hill for the relief and security of pilgrims." So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes; and after a little pause she said, "I will call forth two or three more of the family." So she ran to the door and called out Prudence, Piety,

and Charity, who after a little more discourse with him, led him in to the family; and many of them meeting him at the threshold of the house said, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; this house was built by the Lord of the hill on purpose to entertain such pilgrims in."

Then he bowed his head and followed them into the house. So when he was come in and set down, they gave him something to drink and consented together that, until supper was ready, some of them should have some particular discourse with him for the best improvement of time. . . .

Now I saw in my dream that thus they sat talking together until supper was ready, . . . and till late at night. And after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they betook themselves to rest. The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sun rising: the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day. . . .

Then he began to go forward: But Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence, would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. . . .

Then I saw in my dream, that these good companions, when Christian was gone down to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

From "The Pilgrim's Progress."

John Bunyan, 1628-1688.

AUTUMN'S MIRTH

'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves,
For, watch the rain among the leaves;
With silver fingers dimly seen
It makes each leaf a tambourine,
And swings and leaps with elfin mirth
To kiss the brow of mother earth;
Or, laughing 'mid the trembling grass,
It nods a greeting as you pass.
Oh! hear the rain amid the leaves,
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves,
For, list the wind among the sheaves;
Far sweeter than the breath of May,
Or storied scents of old Cathay,

It blends the perfumes rare and good
Of spicy pine and hickory wood
And with a voice in gayest chime,
It prates of rifled mint and thyme.
Oh! scent the wind among the sheaves,
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!

'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves,
Behold the wondrous web she weaves!
By viewless hands her thread is spun
Of evening vapors shyly won.
Across the grass from side to side
A myriad unseen shuttles glide
Throughout the night, till on the height
Aurora leads the laggard light.
Behold the wondrous web she weaves,
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

SNOWDROPS

Little ladies, white and green,
With your spears about you,
Will you tell us where you've been
Since we lived without you?

You are sweet, and fresh, and clean,
With your pearly faces;
In the dark earth where you've been,
There are wondrous places:

Yet you come again, serene,
When the leaves are hidden;
Bringing joy from where you've been,
You return unbidden —

Little ladies, white and green,
Are you glad to cheer us?
Hunger not for where you've been,
Stay till Spring be near us!

Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, 1835-1912.

SONG OF THE RIVER

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming wear;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undeiled, for the undeiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea,
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Charles Kingsley, 1819-1875.

SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG

He that is down, needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

John Bunyan.

THE NORTH WIND

Little Diamond lived in a low room over a coach-house. Indeed, I am not sure whether I ought to call it a room at all; for it was just a loft where they kept hay and straw and oats for the horses. There was hay at little Diamond's feet and hay at his head, piled up in great trusses to the very roof.

The back of his bed was of boards only an inch thick, and on the other side of them was the north wind.

Little Diamond found one night, after he lay down, that a knot had come out of one of them, and that the wind was blowing in upon him in a cold and rather imperious fashion. Now he had no fancy for leaving things wrong that might be set right; so he jumped out of bed again, got some hay, twisted it up, folded it in the middle, and having thus made it into a stopper, stuck it into the hole in the wall. But the wind began to blow loudly and angrily, and, as Diamond was falling asleep, out blew his stopper and hit him on the nose, just hard enough to wake him up quite, and let him hear the wind whistling shrill through the hole. He searched for his hay-stopper, found it, stuck it in harder, and was just dropping off once more, when, pop! with an angry whistle, it struck him again, this time on the cheek. He gave it up, drew the clothes above his head, and was soon fast asleep.

But the next day his mother discovered the hole, and pasted a bit of brown paper over it, so that, when Diamond had snuggled down the next night, he had no occasion to think of it.

Presently, however, he lifted his head and listened. Who could that be talking to him? The wind was rising again, and getting very loud, and full of rushes and whistles. He was sure some one was talking — and very near him too it was. He felt about with his hand, and came upon the piece of paper his mother had pasted over the hole. Against this he laid his ear, and then he heard the voice quite distinctly.

“What do you mean, little boy — closing up my window?”

“What window?” asked Diamond. “This isn’t a window; it’s a hole in my bed.”

“It’s not the bed I care about. You just open that window.”

“Well, mother says I shouldn’t be disobliging; but it’s rather hard. You see the north wind will blow right in my face if I do.”

“I am the North Wind.”

“O-o-oh!” said Diamond, thoughtfully. “Then will

you promise not to blow on my face if I open your window? ”

“ I can't promise that.”

“ Well, I can pull the clothes over my head,” said Diamond, and feeling with his little sharp nails, he got hold of the open edge of the paper and tore it off at once.

In came a long whistling spear of cold, and struck his little naked chest. He scrambled under the bedclothes and covered himself up. Then the voice began again; and he could hear it quite plainly, even with his head under the bedclothes. The voice was still more gentle now, although six times as large and loud as it had been, and he thought it sounded a little like his mother's.

“ Will you take your head out of the bedclothes? ” said the voice.

“ No! ” answered Diamond, half peevish, half frightened.

The instant he said the word, a tremendous blast of wind crashed in a board of the wall, and swept the clothes off Diamond. He started up in terror. Leaning over him was the large, beautiful, pale face of a woman. Her dark eyes looked a little angry, for they had just begun to flash; but a quivering in her sweet upper lip made her look as if she were going to cry. What was the most strange was that away from her head streamed out her black hair in every direction, so that the darkness in the hayloft looked as if it were made of her hair; but as Diamond gazed at her in speechless amazement, mingled with confidence — for the boy was entranced with her mighty beauty — her hair began to gather itself out of the darkness, and fell down all about her again, till her face looked out of the midst of it like a moon out of a cloud. From her eyes came all the light by which Diamond saw her face and her hair; and that was all he did see of her yet. The wind was over and gone.

“ Will you go with me now, you little Diamond? I am sorry I was forced to be so rough with you,” said the lady.

"I will; yes, I will," answered Diamond, holding out both his arms. "But," he added, dropping them, "how shall I get my clothes? They are in mother's room and the door is locked."

"Oh, never mind your clothes. You will not be cold. I shall take care of that. Nobody is cold with the North Wind."

"Well, please, North Wind, you are so beautiful, I am quite ready to go with you."

"You must not be ready to go with everything beautiful all at once, Diamond."

"But what's beautiful can't be bad. You're not bad, North Wind?"

"No; I'm not bad. But sometimes beautiful things grow bad by doing bad, and it takes some time for their badness to spoil their beauty. So little boys may be mistaken if they go after things because they are beautiful."

"Well, I will go with you because you are beautiful and good too."

"Ah, but there's another thing, Diamond: — What if I should look ugly without being bad — look ugly myself because I am making ugly things beautiful? — What then?"

"I don't quite understand you, North Wind. You tell me what then."

"Well, I will tell you. If you see me with my face all black, don't be frightened. If you see me flapping wings like a bat's, as big as the whole sky, don't be frightened. If you hear me raging ten times worse than Mrs. Bill, the blacksmith's wife — even if you see me looking in at people's windows like Mrs. Eve Dropper, the gardener's wife — you must believe that I am doing my work. Nay, Diamond, if I change into a serpent or a tiger, you must not let go your hold of me, for my hand will never change in yours if you keep a good hold. If you keep a hold, you will know who I am all the time, even when you look at me and can't see me the least like the North Wind. I may look something very awful. Do you understand?"

"Quite well," said little Diamond.

"Come along, then," said North Wind, and disappeared behind the mountain of hay.

Diamond crept out of bed and followed her.

The stair went close past the loose-box in which Diamond the horse lived. When Diamond the boy was halfway down, he remembered that it was of no use to go this way for the stable door was locked. But at the same moment there was horse Diamond's great head poked out of his box on to the ladder, for he knew boy Diamond although he was in his night-gown, and wanted him to pull his ears for him. This Diamond did very gently for a minute or so, and patted and stroked his neck too, and kissed the big horse, and had begun to take the bits of straw and hay out of his mane, when all at once he recollected that the Lady North Wind was waiting for him in the yard.

"Good-night, Diamond," he said, and darted up the ladder, across the loft, and down the stair to the door. But when he got out into the yard, there was no lady.

Now it is always a dreadful thing to think there is somebody and find nobody. But it was an especial disappointment to Diamond, for his little heart had been beating with joy; the face of the North Wind was so grand! To have a lady like that for a friend — with such long hair, too! Why, it was longer than twenty Diamonds' tails! She was gone. And there he stood, with his bare feet on the stones of the paved yard.

"She shan't say it was my fault anyhow!" said Diamond. "I daresay she is hiding somewhere to see what I will do. I will look for her."

He opened a door, and went through the shrubbery, and out into the middle of the lawn, still hoping to find North Wind. The soft grass was very pleasant to his bare feet, and felt warm after the stones of the yard; but the lady was nowhere to be seen. Then he began to think that after all he must have done wrong, and she was offended with him for not following close after her, but staying to talk to the horse, which certainly was neither wise nor polite.

There he stood in the middle of the lawn, the wind blowing his night-gown till it flapped like a loose sail. The stars were very shiny over his head; but they did not give light enough to show that the grass was green; and Diamond stood alone in the strange night, which looked half solid all about him. He began to wonder whether he was in a dream or not. It was important to determine this; "for," thought Diamond, "if I am in a dream, I am safe in my bed, and I needn't cry. But if I'm not in a dream, I'm out here, and perhaps I had better cry, or, at least, I'm not sure whether I can help it." He came to the conclusion, however, that, whether he was in a dream or not, there could be no harm in not crying for a little while longer; he could begin whenever he liked.

The back of Mr. Coleman's house was to the lawn (Mr. Coleman was the man who owned old Diamond), and one of the drawing-room windows looked out upon it. The ladies had not gone to bed; for the light was still shining in that window. But they had no idea that a little boy was standing on the lawn in his night-gown, or they would have run out in a moment.

All at once the light went nearly out: he could only see a glimmer of the shape of the window. That was more than he could bear. He burst out crying in good earnest, beginning with a wail like that of the wind when it is waking up.

At the very moment when he burst out crying, the old nurse of the Coleman family peered into the night. When she saw Diamond, she made a great exclamation, and threw up her hands. Then without a word, for she thought Diamond was walking in his sleep, she caught hold of him, and led him towards the house. He made no objection, for he was just in the mood to be grateful for notice of any sort, and Mrs. Crump led him straight into the drawing-room.

After their astonishment was over, and Miss Coleman had given him a sponge-cake, it was decreed that Mrs. Crump should take him to his mother, and he was quite satisfied.

His mother had to get out of bed to open the door when Mrs. Crump knocked. She was indeed surprised to see her boy, and when she had taken him in her arms and carried him to his bed, she returned to Mrs. Crump and they were still talking when Diamond fell fast asleep and could hear them no longer.

George Macdonald, 1824-1905.

VIOLETS

Under the green hedges after the snow,
There do the bright little violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Close to the ground the violets lie,
Hiding their heads among leaves thick and green,
Only by watchful eyes can they be seen.

J. Moultrie, 1800-1874.

THE STARS

What do the stars do
Up in the sky,
Higher than the wind can blow,
Or the clouds can fly?

Each star in its own glory
Circles, circles still;
As it was lit to shine and set,
And do its Maker's will.

Christina G. Rossetti, 1830-1894.

THE PIPER

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me: —

“ Pipe a song about a lamb: ”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“ Piper, pipe that song again: ”
So I piped; he wept to hear.

“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer: ”
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book that all may read —"
 So he vanished from my sight;
 And I plucked a hollow reed,

 And I made a rural pen,
 And I stained the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear.

William Blake.

APRIL DAYS

Dip down upon the northern shore,
 O sweet new-year delaying long;
 Thou doest expectant nature wrong;
 Delaying long, delay no more.

 What stays thee from the clouded noons,
 Thy sweetness from its proper place?
 Can trouble live with April days,
 Or sadness in the summer moons?

 Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
 The little speedwell's darling blue,
 Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
 Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

 O thou, new-year, delaying long,
 Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
 That longs to burst a frozen bud,
 And flood a fresher throat with song.

From "In Memoriam."

Alfred Tennyson.

UNDER A PINE-TREE

Beneath the swaying pine-tree,
 That the fitful wind goes through,
 I gaze on the widening landscape,
 That fades in far-off blue.

 And like low music playing
 Above in the organ-loft,
 The wind in the pine-tree moving
 Makes music strange and soft.

 Soft is the voice, but solemn;
 And with a dream-like power
 It sways all thoughts and fancies,
 And hallows the brief hour.

 For the trees have all their voices
 Of light or earnest tone;

The aspen — elfin laughter,
The oak — a Titan's moan.

But the pines have caught the message
Which the wind bears from the sea;
And its voice is the voice of ocean,
And its talk of Eternity.

From "Sursum Corda."

F. W. Bourdillon

WHAT ROBIN TOLD

How do the robins build their nest?

Robin Redbreast told me.

First a wisp of amber hay
In a pretty round they lay;
Then some shreds of downy floss,
Feathers too, and bits of moss,
Woven with a sweet, sweet song,
This way, that way, and across:
That's what Robin told me.

Where do the robins hide their nest?

Robin Redbreast told me.

Up among the leaves so deep,
Where the sunbeams rarely creep.
Long before the winds are cold,
Long before the leaves are gold,
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see
Baby robins one, two, three:
That's what Robin told me.

George Cooper.

THE THREE MINSTRELS

Once in the olden time a king called his heralds together, and sent them forth into every part of the kingdom to sound their trumpets and to call aloud: —

"Hear, O ye minstrels! Our gracious king bids ye come to his court and play before the queen."

The minstrels were men who went about the country singing beautiful songs and playing on harps.

They sang of the brave deeds that the knights had done, of wars and of battles. They sang of the mighty hunters that hunted in the great forests. They sang of fairies and goblins, of giants and elves.

When the minstrels heard the king's message, they made haste to the palace; and it so happened that three of them met on the way and decided to travel together.

One of these minstrels was a young man named Harmonius; and while the others talked of the songs that they would sing, he gathered the wild flowers that grew by the roadside.

"I can sing of drums and battles," said the oldest minstrel, whose hair was white, and whose step was slow.

"I can sing of ladies and their fair faces," said the youngest minstrel. But Harmonius whispered, "Listen! listen!"

"Oh! we hear nothing but the wind in the tree tops," said the others. "We have not time to stop and listen."

Then they hurried on and left Harmonius; and he stood under the trees and listened, for he heard the wind singing of its travels through the wide world. It was telling how it raced over the blue sea, tossing the waves and rocking the white ships. It sang of the hill where the trees made harps of their branches, and of the valleys where all the flowers danced gayly to its music. And this was the chorus of the song: —

"Nobody follows me where I go,
Over the mountains or valley below;
Nobody sees where the wild winds blow, —
Only the Father in Heaven can know."

Harmonius listened until he knew the whole song. Then he ran on, and soon reached his friends, who were still talking of the grand sights that they were to see.

Now their path led them through the wood, and as they talked, Harmonius said, "Hush! listen!"

But the others answered: "Oh! that is only the sound of the brook, trickling over the stones. Let us make haste to the king's court."

But Harmonius stayed to hear the song that the brook was singing, of journeying through mosses and ferns and shady ways, and of tumbling over the rocks in shining waterfalls, on its way to the sea.

"Rippling and bubbling through shade and sun
On to the beautiful sea I run;
Singing forever, though none be near, —
For God in Heaven can always hear."

Harmonius listened until he knew every word, and then he hurried on.

When he reached the others, he found them still talking; but again he heard something wonderfully sweet, and he cried, "Listen! listen!"

"Oh! that is only a bird," the others replied. "Let us make haste to the king's court."

But Harmonius would not go, for the bird sang so joyfully that Harmonius laughed aloud when he heard the song. It was singing a song of green trees; and in every tree there was a nest, and in every nest there were eggs.

"Merrily, merrily, listen to me
Flitting and flying from tree to tree;
Nothing fear I, by land or sea, —
For God in Heaven is watching me."

"Thank you, little bird," said Harmonius; "you have taught me a song." And he made haste to join his comrades.

When they had come into the palace, they received a hearty welcome, and were feasted in the great hall before they came into the throne room.

The king and queen sat on their thrones side by side. The king thought of the queen and the minstrels; but the queen thought of her old home in a far-off country, and of the butterflies she had chased when she was a little child.

One by one the minstrels played before them.

The oldest minstrel sang of battles and drums, and the soldiers of the king shouted with joy. The youngest minstrel sang of ladies and their fair faces, and all the ladies of the court clapped their hands.

Then came Harmonius. And when he touched his harp and sang, the song sounded like the wind blowing, the sea roaring, and the trees creaking. Then it grew very soft, and sounded like a trickling brook, dripping on stones and running over little pebbles. And while the king and queen and all the court listened in surprise, Harmonius's song grew sweeter, sweeter, sweeter. It was as if you heard all the birds in spring.

When the song was ended, the queen clapped her hands, and the king came down from his throne to ask Harmonius if he came from fairyland with such a wonderful song. But Harmonius answered:—

“ Three singers sang along our way,
And I learned the song from them to-day.”

And the oldest minstrel said to the king: “ Harmonius is surely mad! We met no singers on our way to-day.”

But the queen said: “ That is an old, old song. I heard it when I was a little child, and I can name the singers three.”

Maude Lindsay.

THE OWL

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round;
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

Alfred Tennyson, 1809-1892.

IDA AND MRS. OVERTHEWAY

Ida knew her very well by sight, but she did not know her name, so she made up a name for the little old lady, and called her Mrs. Overtheway.

Little Ida's history was a sad one. Her troubles began when she was but a year old, with the greatest of earthly losses—for then her mother died, leaving a sailor husband and their infant child. The sea-captain could face danger, but not an empty home; so he went back to the winds and the waves, leaving his little daughter with relatives. Six long years had he been away, and Ida had had many homes, and yet, somehow,

no home, when one day the postman brought her a large letter, with her own name written upon it in a large hand. This was no make-believe epistle to be put into the post through the nursery door; it was a real letter, with a red seal, real stamps, and a great many post-marks; and when Ida opened it there were two sheets written by the Captain's very own hand, in round fat characters, easy to read, with a sketch of the Captain's very own ship at the top, and — most welcome above all! — the news that the Captain's very own self was coming home.

"I shall have a papa all to myself very soon, Nurse," said Ida. "He has written a letter to me, and made me a picture of his ship; it is the *Bonne Esperance*, which he says means Good Hope. I love this letter better than anything he has ever sent me."

Nevertheless, Ida took out the carved fans and work-boxes, the beads, and handkerchiefs, and feathers, the dainty foreign treasures the sailor-father had sent to her from time to time; dusted them, kissed them, and told them that the Captain was coming home. But the letter she wore in her pocket by day, and kept under her pillow by night.

"Why don't you put your letter into one of your boxes, like a tidy young lady, Miss Ida?" said Nurse. "You'll wear it to bits doing as you do."

"It will last till the ship comes home," said Miss Ida.

It had need then to have been written on the rock, graven with an iron pen for ever; for the *Bonne Esperance* had perished to return no more. She foundered on her homeward voyage, and went down into the great waters, whilst Ida slept through the stormy night, with the Captain's letter beneath her pillow. . . .

Summer passed, and winter came on. The little old lady had no longer a flower to take to church with her. The change went to Ida's heart. At last there came a real spring day, and all the snow was gone.

"You may go and play in the garden, Miss Ida," said Nurse, and Ida went.

All at once some children scampered past the hedge,

and lo! tightly held in the hands of each were primroses. Ida started to her feet, a sudden idea filling her brain. The birds were right. Spring had come, and there were flowers for Mrs. Overthaway.

Ida went into the wood, looking about her as she ran. Presently the wood sloped downwards, and pretty steeply, so that it was somewhat of a scramble. At the bottom of the hill ran a little brook, and on the opposite side of the brook was a bank, and on the top of the bank was a hedge, and under the hedge were the primroses. She scrambled over the stones, and made up a charming bunch of primroses. Ida trembled with excitement when she stood at last before Mrs. Overthaway's green gate. Click! she went up the white steps and gave a valiant rap. The door was opened, and a tall, rather severe-looking housekeeper asked: "What do you want, my dear?"

"These primroses," said Ida, who was almost choking. "They are for Mrs. Overthaway to take to church with her. I am very sorry if you please, but I don't know her name, and I call her Mrs. Overthaway because, you know, she lives over the way. At least —" Ida added, looking back across the road with a sudden confusion in her ideas, "at least — I mean — you know — we live over the way." And overwhelmed with shame at her own stupidity, Ida stuffed the flowers into the woman's hand, and ran home as if a lion were at her heels.

A few days after this something wonderful happened. It was twilight, and Ida sat by the fire. If only there were some one to tell her a story, she thought.

It grew dark, and then steps came outside the door, and a fumbling with the lock which made her nervous.

"Do come in, Nurse!" she cried.

The door opened, and some one spoke; but the voice was not the voice of Nurse. It was a sweet, clear, gentle voice; musical, though no longer young; such a voice as one seldom hears and never forgets, which came out of the darkness, saying:

"It is not Nurse, my dear; she is making tea, and gave me leave to come up alone. I am Mrs. Overthaway."

And there in the firelight stood the little old lady, as she has been before described, except that she carried a large pot hyacinth in her two hands.

"I have brought you one of my pets, my dear," said she. "I think we both love flowers." . . .

One morning, soon after, the little old lady went to church as usual, and Ida was at the window when she returned. When the child had seen her old friend into the house she still kept her place, for the postman was coming down the street, and it was amusing to watch him from door to door, and to see how large a bundle of letters he delivered at each. At Mrs. Overthway's he delivered one, a big one, and an odd curiosity about this letter took possession of Ida. She wished she knew what it was about, and from whom it came. She was still at the window when the door of the opposite house was opened, and the little old lady came hurriedly out, with the letter in her hand. She crossed the street. Then the bell rang, and she entered, but stayed below talking with some one. At last she came upstairs.

"I have something to tell you, my dear."

"A story?" Ida asked. "Oh, thank you, if it is a story."

The old lady was silent, but at last she said, as if to herself —

"Perhaps best so," and added: "Yes, my love, I will tell you a story."

"Let it be about a home, please; if you can," said Ida.

"A home!" said the old lady, "A home! I must begin with a far-away one, a strange one, on the summit of high cliffs, the home of fearless, powerful creatures, white winged like angels."

"It's a fairy tale," said Ida.

"No, my child, it is true."

"It sounds like a fairy tale," Ida said.

"It shall be if you like," said the old lady, after a pause, "but, as I said, the main incidents are true."

"And the white-winged creatures?" Ida asked. "Were they fairies?"

"No, my love; birds, snowy albatrosses with their huge white wings wheeling about a vessel in mid ocean. Fairyland could hardly show anything more beautiful and impressive."

"Do they fly near ships then?" Ida asked. "I wish I could talk to the birds that saw Papa's ship go down, if there were any, and ask them how it was, and if he minded it much, and if he remembered me."

The little old lady kissed her tenderly.

"And now the story, please," said Ida, after a pause. And Mrs. Overtheway began the following story.

"Father Albatross had been out all day, and was come home to his island where his wife was hatching an egg. There was only one egg, but parental affection is not influenced by numbers, and Mother Albatross was as proud as if she had been a hen sitting on a dozen.

"The Father Albatross was very considerate. He generally contrived to bring back some bits of news for her amusement. Their island home lay far out of the common track of ships, but sometimes he sighted a distant vessel. When there was no news he discussed the winds and waves, as we talk of the weather and the crops.

"Bits of news, like misfortunes, are apt to come together. The very day on which the egg hatched, Father Albatross returned from his morning flight so full of what he had seen, that he hardly paid any attention to his mate's announcement of the addition to his family.

"'Could you leave the nest for a quarter of an hour, my dear?' he asked.

"'Certainly not,' said Mother Albatross; 'as I have told you, the egg is hatched at last.'

"'There is a ship within a mere wing-stretch, untold miles out of her course, and going down. I came away just as she was sinking, that you might have a chance of seeing her.'

"'Could none of the men fly away?' the Mother Albatross asked.

"'No men have wings,' replied her mate, 'nor, for that matter, fins or scales either.'

“ ‘ Were there many on the ship you saw? ’ the mother bird asked.

“ ‘ More than one likes to see drowned in a batch,’ said Father Albatross; ‘ and I feel most sorry for the captain. He was a fine fellow, with bright eyes and dark curly plumage, and would have been a handsome creature if he had had wings.’

“ ‘ Have men no contrivance for escaping on these occasions? ’ the mother bird inquired.

“ ‘ They have boats, into which they go when the ship will hold them no longer. I saw one lowered, and quickly filled with men, eager to snatch this last chance of life.’

“ ‘ Was the captain in it? ’

“ ‘ No. He stayed on the ship and gave orders. The dog stayed with him.’

“ ‘ I cannot help grieving for the captain,’ said Mother Albatross. ‘ I hope you will fly in that direction tomorrow, and bring me word whether there are any traces of the catastrophe.’

“ The following morning Father Albatross set forth as he was desired. He returned even sooner than the Mother Albatross had hoped, and descended to the side of their nest with as much agitation as his majestic form was capable of displaying.

“ ‘ Wonders will never cease! ’ he exclaimed.

“ ‘ The captain and one or two men more are here, on the island. You will be able to see him for yourself, and to show the youngster what men are like into the bargain. It’s very strange how they have escaped; and that lazy, self-sufficient dog is with them. A lucky wave has brought them to shore, but it will take a good many lucky waves to bring a ship to carry them home.’

“ Father Albatross was right; but his mate saw the strangers sooner than she expected. Her nest, though built on the ground, was on the highest point of the island, and to this the shipwrecked men soon made their way; and there the Mother Albatross had ample chance of seeing the bright eyes of the captain as they scanned

the horizon with keen anxiety. Presently they fell upon the bird herself.

“ ‘What splendid creatures they are!’ he said to his companion; ‘and so grandly fearless. I was never on one of these islands where they breed before. What a pity it is that they cannot understand one? That fellow there, who is just stretching his noble wings, might take a message and bring us help.’

“ ‘He is a fine creature,’ said the Mother Albatross, peeping at the captain from her nest; ‘that is, he would be if he had wings, and could speak properly.’

“ ‘What is he doing now?’ she asked on one occasion, when the captain was reading a paper which he had taken from the note-book in his pocket.

“ ‘That is a letter,’ said the Father Albatross. ‘And from the look of it I gather that, like ourselves, he has got a young one somewhere, wherever his nest may be.’

“ ‘How do you gather that?’ his mate inquired.

“ ‘Because the writing is so large,’ answered the Father Albatross. ‘It is one of the peculiarities of these creatures that the smaller they are the larger they write. That letter is from a young one; probably his own.’

“ ‘Very remarkable indeed,’ said the Mother Albatross. ‘And what is he doing now?’

“ ‘Now he is writing himself,’ said her mate; ‘and if you will observe you will see my statement confirmed. See how much smaller he writes!’

“ The captain had indeed torn a sheet from his note-book, and was busy scribbling upon his knees. Carlo began to wag his tail, and he wagged it without pause or weariness till the captain had finished. Once he sat up on his haunches and put his nose on the letter.

“ ‘That is right, old fellow, kiss it,’ said the captain. ‘I am just telling her about you. Heaven send she may ever read it, poor child!’

“ And now days became weeks, and weeks ripened into months. The men’s appearance changed, and their clothes began to look shabby and to hang loosely and untidily upon their gaunt frames. The captain’s eyes looked larger and sadder, and his voice grew hollow at

sunset, and threads of white began to show among his dark curls, and increased in number day by day.

“ ‘Are the men going to change their feathers, do you think?’ the Mother Albatross inquired of her mate. ‘They have a most wretched appearance. Only the dog looks like himself.’

“ ‘I detest that dog,’ said Father Albatross. ‘His idleness and arrogance make me quite sick. I think I want exercise, too, and I mean to have a good flight today,’ and, spreading his broad wings, the bird sailed away. When he returned, he settled down by the captain, who was sitting listlessly, as usual, with Carlo at his feet.

“ ‘If you would only exert yourself,’ began Father Albatross, ‘something might come of it. You are getting as bad as the dog. Spread out those arms of yours, and see what you can do with them!’

“ ‘What can be the matter with the birds today?’ said the captain, who was in rather an irritable mood himself. ‘They are silent enough generally’ — for the voice of the albatross is rarely heard at sea.

“ ‘Move your arms, I tell you!’ croaked the albatross. ‘Up and down — so! — and follow me.’

“ ‘He doesn’t understand you,’ said the Mother Albatross. ‘Couldn’t you take a message to the ship yourself? It is nothing to your magnificent wings, and it is not his fault, poor creature, that he is not formed like you.’

“ ‘You speak very sensibly, my dear,’ said Father Albatross; and once more he took flight over the sea.

“ But he returned in even worse mood than before.

“ ‘Nothing can equal the stupidity of human beings,’ he observed. ‘I addressed myself to the captain. “There’s an island with shipwrecked men on it a few miles to the north-east,” said I. “We shall see land in about ten days, ma’am,” says the captain to a lady on deck. “There’s as big a fool as yourself wrecked on an island north-east by north,” I cried. “If you had the skill of a sparrow you could see it with your own eyes in five minutes.” “It’s very remarkable,” said

the captain, "I never heard an albatross make a sound before." "And never will again," said I, and away I came. They are all stupid alike.'

"The captain watched till sunset, and folded his hands, and bent his head as usual, and at last lay down to sleep. He dreamt of England, and of home — of a home that had been his long since, of a young wife, dead years ago. He dreamt that he lay, at early morning, in a sunny room in a little cottage where they had lived, and where, in summer, the morning sun awoke them not much later than the birds. He dreamt that his wife was by him, and that she thought that he was asleep, and that, so thinking, she put her arms round his neck to awaken him — that he lay still, and pretended to be slumbering on, and that, so lying, he saw her face bright with an unearthly beauty and her eyes fixed on him with such an intensity of expression that they held him like a spell. Then he felt her warm face come near to his, and she kissed his cheeks, and he heard her say, 'Wake up, my darling, I have something to show you.' Again she repeated vehemently, 'Awake! Awake! Look! Look!' and then he opened his eyes.

"He was lying at the look-out, and Carlo was licking his face. It was a dream, and yet the voice was strong and clear in his ears, 'Awake! Awake! Look! Look!'

"A heavier hand was on his shoulder, and Barker's rough voice (hoarser than usual), repeated the words of his dream.

"The captain's eyes followed the outstretched hand to the horizon; and then his own voice grew hoarse, as he exclaimed — 'My God! it is a sail!'

Ida was not leaning on the little old lady's footstool now. She sat upright.

"Did the ship take them?"

"Yes, my dear. Their signals were seen, and the ship took them home to their friends who had believed them to be dead. Ida, my dear, remember that, as regards the captain and the crew, this is a true story."

"Oh, Mrs. Overtheway! Do you think papa will ever come home?"

"My child! my dear child!" sobbed the little old lady.
"I think he will." . . .

"And he is alive — he is coming home!" Ida cried, as she recounted Mrs. Overthway's story to Nurse, who knew the principal fact of it already. "And she told it to me in this way not to frighten me."

She was putting out her treasures for him to look at — the carved fans and workboxes, and the beads, handkerchiefs and feathers, the new letter and the old one — when the Captain came.

Abridged from "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances." Juliana Horatia Ewing.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS

Pluck not the wayside flower;
It is the traveler's dower.
A thousand passers-by
Its beauties may espy,
May win a touch of blessing
From Nature's mild caressing.
The sad of heart perceives
A violet under leaves,
Like some fresh-budding hope;
The primrose on the slope
A spot of sunshine dwells
And cheerful message tells
Of kind renewing power;
The nodding bluebell's dye
Is drawn from happy sky,
Then spare the wayside flower!
It is the traveler's dower.

William Allingham.

LOHENGRIN

Once, in the olden times of magic and heroes, there lived a maiden named Elsa, betrothed to her kinsman, the mighty Count Telramund. But in the court there was a wicked lady who wished, herself, to have the Count, and who hated Elsa for her purity and sweetness. She was Ortruda. In her evil heart she pondered how she might steal Telramund's love, and, by leading him to put away Elsa, might persuade him to take herself instead.

Princess Elsa had one little brother, Godfrey, whom she loved more dearly than all the world, and whom she used often to take into the forest to play with her. One day when they were rambling among the trees, Ortruda spied them and followed, but they, not knowing this, sat down to rest beside a pool. Suddenly they were startled by a piercing, pitiful cry, like that of some animal caught in a trap. Godfrey hurried away to give help and Elsa sat waiting for him. Suddenly she heard a rustling in the branches above her, and looking up, saw a great white swan circling round. He waved his wings wildly as though in distress, and then, with a sad cry, flew away.

The time passed and Godfrey did not return. She called aloud to him, but there was no answer; at last, after searching in vain, she made her way back to the palace, sad and alone. Two days passed without a sign of Godfrey, and then Ortruda came to the Count with bitter whisperings, persuading him that Elsa herself had been the cause of Godfrey's death. The deceived Telramund took Ortruda as his wife, and placed Elsa in prison on a charge of having murdered her young brother.

Soon afterward the great King Henry arrived in the country of Telramund, and the Count, to entertain him, brought poor Elsa out of her prison cell, to be tried in state before the King. The people gazed at her as she passed, saying to themselves, "How pure and innocent the maiden looks." As she reached the king he addressed her and asked if she were guilty of the murder of her brother. Elsa only raised her eyes heavenward for answer, and said, "In my misery I knelt one night to ask God's aid, and my woeful cry seemed all at once caught up to the highest heaven. There stood beside me a knight in glittering armour, a golden horn slung about his neck. That knight will be my champion and deliverer."

Suddenly a cry went up from the people standing near the river-bank. "A swan! a swan! drawing a boat! And standing in the prow, a knight in shining armour!"

The boat had now reached the land, and the Shining Knight stepped lightly to the shore.

"I have been sent, O king," he said, "to fight for the honour of an innocent maiden." Then going to Elsa he asked, "Wilt thou take me for thy champion without doubt or fear?" Elsa declared her trust in her deliverer, and he said again, "One promise I must ask thee, if thou art willing to trust me fully: that never shalt thou ask of me my name and race, or whence I come."

"Never will I seek to know thy secret," was Elsa's answer. "Thy love is enough for me."

The signal was given and the combat begun. A few intense moments — then a crash, and the fight was over. Telramund had fallen, and over him like an angel of judgment stood the Shining Knight. "Through heavens victory thy life is mine. I give it thee again that thou mayest use it for repentance," he said, and raised Telramund to his feet. But the vengeful Count did not repent.

That night, in the soft starlight, the door of Elsa's balcony opened, and the maiden stepped out to sing to the night her thanksgiving. She praised heaven for the shining one that had come as her deliverer, and that would soon be with her as her husband. Suddenly she was aware of two dark figures crouched on the ground before her. They were Telramund and Ortruda, thrust out by the King. At sight of her Telramund slunk away, but Elsa, full of forgiveness, went down to meet Ortruda, and to take her in with her for the night. The evil one pretended deepest gratitude, but just before the doors closed upon them she whispered to her benefactress, "Who is this unknown knight that came to thee, and where is his home? Canst thou tell by what magic art he was brought hither? And why, why was it, think you, that he refused to tell even you, the bride-to-be, his name?"

"Come, let me teach thee the bliss that comes of perfect trust," said Elsa, as she drew the false one in with her. But already evil seeds were sown,

On the next day the wedding was gloriously celebrated, and at last Elsa and her Knight were alone together. As she heard him speak her name in tender accents a great wish seized her to know the word which she might call his name. She thought of the sentence Ortruda had whispered in her ear.

"Alas," she cried, "it was by a miracle that thou camest here. Thy path is hidden, like thyself, in mystery."

"Nay, Elsa, cease this," he answered gently. "I will never leave thee if thou trust me."

But Elsa would not be quieted. More and more insistent rose the doubt within her heart. Why, if he were true and loved her, should he be afraid to tell his name? Why should his wife, the nearest one on earth, be kept from knowledge of his race and kindred? At last the longing burst forth with an unrefusable demand. Whatever might be his reason for withholding it, Elsa, his own wife, must learn his name. She commanded him to tell it.

Sadly he looked at her, but he saw no relenting in her will. "By that request I must leave thee," he said, with a voice of sadness, "but meet me before the King to-morrow, and there in the presence of all the people I will declare my name and race."

The hour came; the court assembled; and the Shining Knight approached before the King. "In a distant land," he said, "is a mountain named Mount Salvat. In its midst stands a temple; and in the temple is the Holy Grail. My father is Parsival, the King; I am his warrior, Lohengrin."

When Elsa heard his words, all became dark to her, and the ground seemed heaving under her feet. Lohengrin gazed at her with infinite pity and love. "O Elsa," he cried, "why didst thou tear my secret from me? Now, alas, we are parted forever."

"The swan! the swan!" cried a chorus of voices near the bank of the river.

Lohengrin placed the fainting Elsa in her maidens' arms; stepped to the river bank, and, stooping, unbound

a chain from the swan's neck. The bird dived deep into the waters; another moment, and a tall, fair boy stepped lightly to the land. It was the long lost Godfrey.

Then Lohengrin stepped into the boat, and was drawn slowly down the river by a snow-white dove, to be seen no more.

Retold from the Opera.

Richard Wagner.

THE FOUNTS OF SONG

"What is the song I am singing?"

Said the pine-tree to the wave:

"Do you not know the song

You have sung so long

Down in the dim-green alleys of the sea,

And where the great blind tides go swinging

Mysteriously,

And where the countless herds of the billows are hurl'd

On all the wild and lonely beaches of the world?"

"Ah, pine-tree," sighed the wave,

"I have no song but what I catch from thee:

Far off I hear thy strain

Of infinite sweet pain

That floats along the lovely phantom land.

I sigh, and murmur it o'er and o'er and o'er,

When 'neath the slow compelling hand

That guides me back and far from the loved shore,

I wonder long

Where never falls the breath of any song,

But only the loud, empty, crashing roar

Of seas swung this way and that for evermore."

"What is the song I am singing?"

Said the poet to the pine:

"Do you not know the song

You have sung so long

Here in the dim green alleys of the woods

Where the wild winds go wandering in all moods,

And whisper often o'er and o'er,

Or in tempestuous clamors roar

Their dark eternal secret evermore?"

"Oh, Poet," said the pine,

"Thine

Is that song!

Not mine!

I have known it, loved it, long!

Nothing I know of what the wild winds cry
Through dusk and storm and night,
Or prophesy
When tempests whirl us with their awful might.
Only, I know that when
The poet's voice is heard
Among the woods
The infinite pain from out the hearts of men
Is sweeter than the voice of wave or branch or bird
In these dumb solitudes."

From "The Academy."

Wm. Sharp (Fiona Macleod), 1855-1905.

MAN BORN TO BE KING

So wandering, to a fountain's side he came, and o'er the basin hung, watching the fishes, as he sung some song remembered from of old, ere yet the miller won that gold. But soon made drowsy with his ride, and the warm, hazy autumn-tide, and many a musical sweet sound, he cast him down upon the ground, and watched the glittering water leap, still singing low, nor thought to sleep. But scarce three minutes had gone by before, as if in mockery, the starling chattered o'er his head, and nothing he remembered, nor dreamed of aught that he had seen.

Meanwhile unto that garden green had come the Princess and with her a maiden that she held right dear, . . . so in their walk they drew anigh that fountain in the 'midst, whereby lay Michael sleeping, dreaming naught of such fair things so nigh him brought. . . . And ere the Lady Cecily could speak a word, "Hush! hush!" said she; "did I not say that he would come to woo thee in thy peaceful home before thy father brought him here? Come, and behold him, have no fear! the great bell would not wake him now, right in his ears."

"Nay, what dost thou?" the princess said; "let us go hence; thou know'st I give obedience to what my father bids; but I a maid full fain would live and die, since I am born to be a queen." "Yea, yea, for such as thou hast seen, that may be well," the other said. "But come now, come; for by my head this one must be from Paradise; come swiftly then, if thou art wise ere aught can snatch him back again." She caught her hand, and not in vain she prayed; for now some kindly thought to Cecily's brow fair color brought, and quickly 'gan her heart to beat as Love drew near those eyes to greet, who knew him not till that sweet hour.

So over the fair, pink-edged flower, softly she stepped; but when she came anigh the sleeper, lovely shame cast a soft mist before her eyes full filled of many fantasies. But when she saw him lying there she smiled to see her mate so fair; and in her heart did Love begin to tell his tale, nor thought she sin to gaze on him that was her own, not doubting he was come alone to woo her, whom midst

arms and gold she deemed she should at first behold. . . . As from the place she turned to go, sighing and murmuring words full low. But as her raiment's hem she raised, and for her merry fellow gazed shamefaced and changed, she met her eyes turned grave and sad with ill surprise; who while the princess mazed did stand had drawn from Michael's loosened band the King's scroll, which she held out now to Cecily, and whispered low, "Read, and do quickly what thou wilt, — sad, sad! such fair life to be spilt: come further first."

With that they stepped a pace or two from where he slept, and then she read, "Lord Seneschal, on thee and thine may all good fall; greeting hereby the King sendeth, and biddeth thee to put to death his enemy who beareth this; and as thou lovest life and bliss, and all thy goods thou holdest dear, set thou his head upon a spear a good half-furlong from the gate, our coming hitherward to wait, — so perish the King's enemies!"

She read, and scarcely had her eyes seen clear her father's name and seal, ere all love's power her heart did feel, that drew her back in spite of shame, to him who was not e'en a name unto her a short hour ago. Panting she said, "Wait thou alone beside him, watch him carefully and let him sleep if none draw nigh; if of himself he waketh, then hide him until I come again, when thou hast told him of the snare, — if thou betrayest me, beware! For death shall be the least of all the ills that on thine head shall fall, — what say I? — thou art dear to me, and doubly dear now shalt thou be, thou shalt have power and majesty, and be more queen in all than I. . . . Few words are best, be wise, be wise!"

Withal she turned about her eyes once more, and swiftly as a man betwixt the garden trees she ran, until, her own bower reached at last, she made good haste, and quickly passed unto her secret treasury. There, hurrying since the time was nigh for Folk to come from meat, she took from 'twixt the leaves of a great book a royal scroll, signed, sealed, but blank, then, with a hand that never shrank or trembled, she the scroll did fill with these words, writ with clerkly skill, — "Unto the Seneschal Sir Rafe, who holdeth our fair castle safe, greeting and health! O well-beloved, know that at this time we are moved to wed our daughter, so we send him who bears this, our perfect friend, to be her bridegroom; so do thou ask nought of him, since well we know his race and great nobility, and how he is most fit to be our son; therefore make no delay, but wed the twain upon the day thou readest this: and see that all take oath to him, whate'er shall fall, to do his bidding as our heir; so doing still be lief and dear as I have held thee yet to be."

She cast the pen down hastily at that last letter, for she heard how even now the people stirred within the hall: nor dared she think what bitter potion she must drink if now she failed, so falsely bold that life or death did she infold within its cover, making shift to seal it with her father's gift, a signet of carnelian. Then swiftly down the stairs she ran and reached the garden; but her fears brought shouts and thunder to her ears, that were but lazy words

of men full-fed, far off; nay, even when her limbs caught up her flying gown the noise seemed loud enough to drown the twitter of the autumn birds, and her own muttered breathless words that to her heart seemed loud indeed. Yet therewithal she made good speed and reached the fountain seen of none, where yet abode her friend alone, watching the sleeper, who just now turned in his sleep and muttered low.

Therewith fair Agnes saying naught from out her hand the letter caught; and while she leaned against the stone stole up to Michael's side alone, and with a cool, unshrinking hand thrust the new scroll deep in his band, and turned about unto her friend; who, having come unto the end of all her courage, trembled there with face upturned for fresher air, and parted lips grown gray and pale, and limbs that now began to fail, . . . feebly she said, "Go! let me die and end this sudden misery. . . ." But Agnes took her hand and said, "Nay, Queen, and must we three be dead because thou fearest? All is safe if boldly thou wilt face Sir Rafe." So saying, did she draw her hence, past tree and bower, and high pleached fence and said, "See now thou dost not shrink from this thy deed; let love slay fear now, when thy life shall grow so dear, each minute should seem loss to thee if thou for thy felicity couldst stay to count them; for I say, this day shall be thy happy day. . . ."

And even as she spoke they came, and all the green place was aflame with golden raiment of the lords; while Cecily, noting not their words, rose up to go; and for her part by this had fate so steeled her heart, scarce otherwise she seemed, than when she passed before the eyes of men at tourney or high festival. But when they now had reached the hall, and up its very steps they went, her head a little down she bent; nor raised it till the daïs was gained for fear that love some monster feigned to be a god, and she should be smit by her own bolt wretchedly. But at the rustling, crowded daïs she gathered heart her eyes to raise, and there beheld her love, indeed, clad in her father's serving weed, but proud, and flushed, and calm withal; fearless of aught that might befall, nor too astonished, for he thought, — "From point to point my life is brought through wonders till it comes to this; and trouble cometh after bliss, and I will bear all as I may, and ever, as day passeth day, my life will hammer from the twain, forging a long-enduring chain."

But midst these thoughts their young eyes met, and every word did he forget wherewith men name unhappiness, as read again those words did bless with double blessings his glad ears. And if she trembled with her fears, and if with doubt, and love, and shame, the rosy color went and came in her sweet cheeks and smooth bright brow, little did folk think of it now, but as of maiden modesty, shamefaced to see the bridegroom nigh. And now when Rafe the Seneschal had read the message down the hall, and turned to her, quite calm again her face had grown, and with no pain she raised her serious eyes to his, grown soft and pensive with his bliss, and said: "Prince, thou art welcome here, where all my father loves is

dear, and full trust do I put in thee, for that so great nobility he knoweth in thee; be as kind as I would be to thee, and find a happy life from day to day, till all our days are passed away."

What more than found the bystanders he found within this speech of hers, I know not; some faint quivering in the last words; some little thing that checked the cold words' even flow, but yet they set his heart aglow, and he in turn said eagerly: — "Surely I count it naught to die for him who brought me unto this; for thee, who givest me this bliss; yea, even dost me such a grace to look with kind eyes in my face, and send sweet music to my ears."

But at his words she, mazed with tears, seemed faint, and failing quickly, when above the low hum of the men uprose the sweet bells' sudden clang, as men unto the chapel rang; while just outside the singing folk into most heavenly carols broke. And going softly up the hall boys bore aloft the verges tall before the bishop's gold-clad head. Then forth his bride young Michael led, and naught to him seemed good or bad except the lovely hand he had; but she the while was murmuring low, "If he could know, if he could know, what love, what love, his love should be!"

But while mid mirth and minstrelsy the ancient Castle of the Rose such pageant to the autumn shows the King sits ill at ease at home, for in these days the news is come that he who in his line should wed lies in his own town stark and dead, slain in a tumult in the street. Brooding on this he deemed it meet, since nigh the day was come when she her bridegroom's visage looked to see, to hold the settled day with her, and bid her at the least to wear dull mourning guise for gold and white. So on another morning bright, when the whole promised month was past, he drew anigh the place at last where Michael's dead head, looking down upon the highway with a frown, he doubted not at last to see. So 'twixt the fruitful greenery he rode, scarce touched by care the while, humming a roundel with a smile.

Withal, ere yet he drew anigh, he heard their watch-horn sound from high, nor wondered, for their wont was so, and well his banner they might know amidst the stubble-lands afar: but now a distant point of war he seemed to hear, and bade draw rein, but listening cried, "Push on again! They do but send forth minstrelsy because my daughter thinks to see the man who lieth on his bier." So on they passed, till sharp and clear they heard the pipe and shrill fife sound; and restlessly the King glanced round to see that he had striven for, the crushing of that sage's lore, the last confusion of that fate.

But drawn still higher to the gate they turned a sharp bend of the road, and saw the pageant that abode the solemn coming of the King. For first on each side, maids did sing, dressed in gold raiment; then there came the minstrels in their coats of flame; and then the many-colored lords, the knights' spears, and the swordmen's swords, backed by the glittering wood of bills.

So now, presaging many ills, the King drew rein, yet none the

less he shrank not from his hardiness, but thought, "Well, at the worst I die, and yet perchance long life may lie before me—I will hold my peace; the dumb man's borders still increase." But as he strengthened thus his heart he saw the crowd before him part, and down the long melodious lane, hand locked in hand there passed the twain, as fair as any earth has found, clad as kings' children are, and crowned. Behind them went the chiefest lords, and two old knights with sheathed swords the banners of the kingdom bore.

But now the King had pondered sore, by when they reached him, though, indeed, the time was short unto his need, betwixt his heart's first startled pang and those old banner-bearers' clang anigh his saddle-bow; but he across their heads scowled heavily, not saying aught awhile; at last, ere any glance at them he cast, he said, "Whence come ye? what are ye? what play is this ye play to me?"

None answered—Cecily, faint and white, the rather Michael's hand clutched tight, and seemed to speak, but not one word the nearest to her could have heard. Then the King spoke again,— "Sir Rafe, meseems this youngling came here safe a week ago?" "Yea, sir," he said; "therefore the twain I straight did wed, e'en as thy letters bound me to." "And thus thou didest well to do," the King said. "Tell me on what day her old life she did put away." "Sire, the eleventh day is this since that they gained their earthly bliss," quoth old Sir Rafe. The King said naught, but with his head bowed down in thought, stood a long while; but at the last upward a smiling face he cast, and cried aloud above the folk: "Shout for the joining of the yoke be betwixt these twain! And thou, fair lord, who dost so well my every word, nor makest doubt of anything, wear thou the collar of thy king; and a duke's banner, cut foursquare, henceforth shall men before thee bear in tourney and in stricken field.

"But this mine heir shall bear my shield, carry my banner, wear my crown, ride equal with me through my town, sit on the same step of the throne; in nothing will I reign alone; nor be ye with him discontent, for that with little ornament of gold or folk to you he came; for he is of an ancient name that needeth not the clink of gold—the ancientest the world doth hold; for in the fertile Asian land, where great Damascus now doth stand, ages ago his line was born, ere yet men knew the gift of corn; and there, anigh to Paradise, his ancestors grew stout and wise; and certes he from Asia bore no little of their piercing lore. Look then to have great happiness, for every wrong shall he redress."

So mid sweet song and taboring, and shouts amid the apple-grove, and soft caressing of his love, began the new King Michael's reign. Nor will the poor folk see again a king like him on any throne, or such good deeds to all men done: for them, as saith the chronicle, it was the time, as all men tell, when scarce a man would stop to gaze at gold crowns hung above the ways.

William Morris, 1834–1896.

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